



CLASS R051 BOOK 25  
VOL. 43

FREE  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
DECATUR  
ILLINOIS

ACCESSION 19769



From the collection of the



San Francisco, California  
2006













# HOLIDAY NUMBER

JANUARY 1904

LOOKING BACKWARD FROM THE  
HIGHTS - - - Helen Ellsworth Wright

KERN RIVER CANYON - Josephine Colby

THE PLAINT OF THE PASSING PEOPLES  
- - - - Vincent Harper

# OVERLAND MONTHLY

Leigh Gordon Giltner in  
RELATIVE VALUES

Austin Lewis in  
THE POINT OF VIEW OF  
BERNARD SHAW

Florence Hardiman Miller in  
SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS  
OF WALT WHITMAN

Guy Raymond Halifax in  
THE IMMIGRATON SCOURGE

---

*The* **WESTERN PEOPLE'S  
MAGAZINE**

Profusely Illustrated. Good Stories and  
Entertaining Articles.

15 CENTS A COPY

1.50 A YEAR



"Westward the course of Empire takes  
its way."—BISHOP BERKELEY.

"Go West, Young Man, Go West"—HORACE  
GREELEY.

# SAN BRUNO PARK

Offers an opportunity for a home or investment which you cannot afford to cast aside

## SAN BRUNO PARK

The first available land in the path of San Francisco's growth. Destined to be the residential center of the city, and its greatest commercial shipping point. Surrounded by railways, and upon the completion of the "S. P. Bay Shore Cut-Off," to be but 15 minutes from the heart of the city.

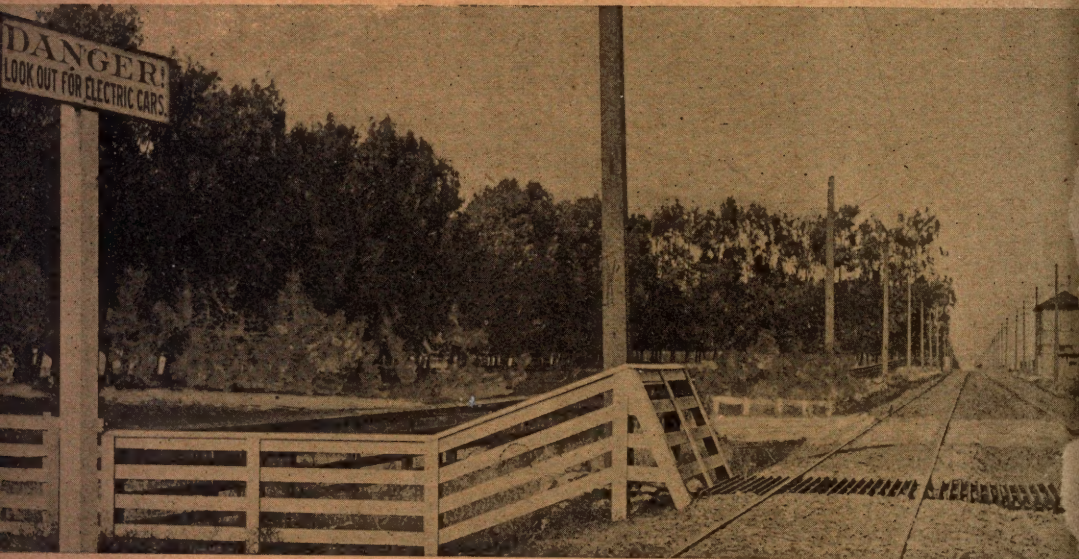
## OUR PROPOSITION

For \$5.00 per month, upon a payment of \$10.00 down (according to location), we will sell you a lot in SAN BRUNO PARK guaranteed to increase 25 per cent yearly in value. PRICES—\$250.00 to \$375.00. TITLE—Title is guaranteed by the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., and a certificate of insurance can be obtained from the California Title Insurance and Trust Company.

GUARANTEE—25 per cent increase on your investment within one year or your money refunded with 6 per cent interest.

## SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco, eighth city in point of size in the Union, the door to the Orient, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, destined to be the world's greatest city, occupying the end of a peninsula by the famous Golden Gate, entrance to the world's greatest harbor, flanked by ocean and bay, is continually growing southward toward SAN BRUNO PARK.



SAN BRUNO PARK, Junction "S.P. Bay Shore Cut-off," facing San Mateo Electric Railway and S.P. Depot

### ALL EYES TURN TO REAL ESTATE WHEN SPECULATIVE INTERESTS FAIL

SAN BRUNO PARK is now the scene of the greatest Real Estate activity upon the Pacific Coast. Since November 17th, the day upon which sales were first made in SAN BRUNO PARK, over 100 lots have been sold, and the value of our property in that time has increased 25 per cent.

Several owners of property in SAN BRUNO PARK and vicinity: L. F. Swift, Pres. of Swift & Co., Chicago; D. O. Mills, New York and San Francisco; Ogden D. Armour, Pres. Armour & Co., Chicago; Daniel Meyer, Banker, San Francisco; W. A. Irwin, Vice-President Federal Trust Co., San Francisco; George R. Sneath, Jersey Farm Co., San Francisco.

DON'T DELAY. Write us at once—to-day—for full particulars.

HENSLEY-GREEN CO., Dept. B. Mills Bldg. San Francisco, Cal., Bankers, Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Unusual opportunities for a limited number of energetic men of unquestioned reputation to act as our permanent representatives in their own community. Write us for particulars, addressing as above.

SEND FOR OUR MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING SAN BRUNO PARK.

"Young man, buy real estate in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual avocation. Your real estate purchases will make your old age comfortable."

—RUSSELL SAGE.

"Few large fortunes can now be made in any part of the world except from one cause—the rise in the value of REAL ESTATE."

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

WE OFFER YOU A FREE TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO



15 Cents Per Copy

\$1.50 Per Year

ESTABLISHED 1868

# Overland Monthly

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

VOLUME XLIII



Jan-June : : : : 1904

OVERLAND MONTHLY CO - - - Publisher

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

R051  
25  
43

23

125

24

25



# INDEX

7178  
17

|                                                                                 |                                 |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----|
| Abraham Lincoln's Knowledge of Shakespeare .....                                | Robert N. Reeves .....          | 336 |
| Along the Trail .....                                                           | Aloysius Coll .....             | 79  |
| American Silk Worm Moth, The .....                                              | Ellen Robertson Miller .....    | 510 |
| Ballad, A .....                                                                 | F. M. Allen .....               | 322 |
| Battle-ship in Action, The .....                                                | J. Olivier Curwood .....        | 444 |
| Becthel Mansion Murder, The .....                                               | Frank Walker Winch .....        | 356 |
| Bell Buoy, The .....                                                            | Foster Gilroy .....             | 423 |
| Big Butter Buddha, The .....                                                    | Minnie D. Kellogg .....         | 164 |
| Blessing in Disguise, A .....                                                   | Charlotte Kelting .....         | 317 |
| California Easter, A .....                                                      | Austin Lewis .....              | 378 |
| California Eve, A .....                                                         | Lucia E. Loring .....           | 410 |
| California Minstrel, A .....                                                    | Virginia Garland .....          | 118 |
| California Venice, A .....                                                      | Tom S. Rice .....               | 99  |
| California Women and Artistic Photography .....                                 |                                 |     |
|                                                                                 | Henrietta S. Breck .....        | 89  |
| Chinese Festival of All Soul's Day, The .....                                   | Chas. E. Lorimer .....          | 303 |
| Colombian Barbarity .....                                                       | Arthur H. Dutton .....          | 107 |
| Coming Conflict, The .....                                                      | Dr. Hugo Erichsen .....         | 204 |
| Correspondent at Hampsted, The .....                                            | Denison Haley Clift .....       | 234 |
| Cowboy Carnival, A .....                                                        | Ella Thorngate .....            | 50  |
| Cry on the Trail, A .....                                                       | George Hyde Preston .....       | 140 |
| Curious Ceremony of Cha-No-Yu .....                                             | C. E. Lorrimer .....            | 297 |
| Curious Facts and Statistical Truths (New York's Historic Land-<br>marks) ..... | H. M. Riseley .....             | 121 |
| Curious Houses of San Francisco .....                                           | J. M. Scanland .....            | 470 |
| Cypress Trees of Monterey, The .....                                            | Richard Scrase .....            | 76  |
| Dairy Industry of California, The .....                                         | Ellsworth C. Smith .....        | 268 |
| Dangers of Unionism, The .....                                                  | Guy Raymond Halifax .....       | 504 |
| Dawn .....                                                                      | F. J. Foster .....              | 405 |
| Dawn .....                                                                      | M. Elisabeth Burns-Howell ..... | 369 |
| Despair .....                                                                   | Charles W. Stevenson .....      | 130 |
| Despair .....                                                                   | Eleanore F. Lewys .....         | 310 |
| Early California Journalism—I .....                                             | David E. Gordon .....           | 364 |
| Early California Journalism—II .....                                            | David E. Gordon .....           | 476 |
| Easter .....                                                                    | Rev. A. J. Baden Jenner .....   | 288 |
| Egyptian Enigma, An .....                                                       | Eleanore F. Lewys .....         | 128 |
| Far Eastern Situation, The .....                                                | Edwin Maxey .....               | 111 |
| Feathered Californians .....                                                    | Virginia Garland .....          | 386 |
| Fish of the Western Sea .....                                                   | Harry R. P. Forbes .....        | 175 |
| Fleur de Lis .....                                                              | Mary F. McMullen .....          | 302 |
| Fortunes of the Midas, The .....                                                | John Delaney .....              | 197 |
| Freight of No. 7, The .....                                                     | John Roberts .....              | 403 |
| Fujiyama .....                                                                  | C. E. Lorrimer .....            | 3   |
| Evolution of a Window, The .....                                                | Helen Ellsworth Wright .....    | 366 |
| Genesis of the Saxon Race, The .....                                            | H. L. Chamberlain .....         | 70  |

# Index.

|                                                                                                        |                                  |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------|
| Ghost of Fan-Tai, The .....                                                                            | Amy M. Parish .....              | 195   |
| Gloriana .....                                                                                         | Wallace A. Gorham .....          | 21    |
| Gold Ladye, The .....                                                                                  | Josephine Coan .....             | 146   |
| Great American Novel, Of the .....                                                                     | Charlton Lawrence Edholm .....   | 402   |
| Greatest of These, The .....                                                                           | George Hardie Squire .....       | 280   |
| Great California Diamond Mines, The .....                                                              | Allen D. Wilson .....            | 291   |
| Greek Theatre at the University of California, The .....                                               | Clotilde Grunsky Fiske .....     | 142   |
| Hadji, the Armenian .....                                                                              | Lloyd Damron .....               | 73    |
| Hermit of the Desert, The .....                                                                        | Beatrice Partridge Wilmans ..... | 385   |
| Honolulu Banyan Tree, A .....                                                                          | .....                            | 166   |
| Housekeeping in Mexico .....                                                                           | Cora Chaffee Babcock .....       | 207   |
| Hygienic Conditions of Colombia .....                                                                  | Henry Bailey Sargeant .....      | 108   |
| Immigration Scourge, The .....                                                                         | Guy Raymond Halifax .....        | 65    |
| In Calm and Storm .....                                                                                | Edna Kingsley Wallace .....      | 109   |
| In Season .....                                                                                        | Sadie Bowman Metcalfe .....      | 210   |
| Inspiration .....                                                                                      | B. F. Bonnell .....              | 287   |
| In the Limelight—E. O. McCormick, Rear-Armiral Uriu, George T. Nicholson, Japanese National Hymn ..... | .....                            | 390   |
| In the Valley of the Yukon .....                                                                       | Elizabeth Florence Gray .....    | 492   |
| Irreverent Guy, The .....                                                                              | Edna A. Daniels .....            | 502   |
| Jack London .....                                                                                      | Henry Meade Bland .....          | 370   |
| Japanese, The .....                                                                                    | Illustrations .....              | 394   |
| John Richard Lee, '62 .....                                                                            | Arthur D. Coulter .....          | 133   |
| Kern River Canyon .....                                                                                | Josephine Colby .....            | 14    |
| King of the Flower Painters, The .....                                                                 | Louis N. Richards .....          | 395   |
| Latin-American Alliance, A .....                                                                       | Adriana Spadoni .....            | 283   |
| Legend of the Sea-Otter, The .....                                                                     | Kathryn Wilson .....             | 78    |
| Looking Backward from the Heights .....                                                                | Helen Ellsworth Wright .....     | 11    |
| Louisiana Purchase Exposition, The .....                                                               | By an Architect .....            | 437   |
| Love .....                                                                                             | M. Blair Coan .....              | 376   |
| Lovers' Tryst, The .....                                                                               | Mabel Porter Pitts .....         | 28    |
| Madrigal of the West, A .....                                                                          | Harley R. Wiley .....            | 60    |
| Maid and Woman .....                                                                                   | E. R. Wynne .....                | 420   |
| Making of a Fortune, The .....                                                                         | Sydney Pell Makinson .....       | 255   |
| Manila To-day .....                                                                                    | .....                            | 324   |
| Masque Sublime, The .....                                                                              | Mary H. Coates .....             | 216   |
| McKinley Road .....                                                                                    | E. T. J. .....                   | 114   |
| Mediator's Salvation .....                                                                             | Charles Ellis Newell .....       | 517   |
| Memorial Windows of San Francisco .....                                                                | Helen Ellsworth Wright .....     | 332   |
| Modern Russia .....                                                                                    | Rockwell Hunt, Ph. D. .....      | 379   |
| Mount Mazama .....                                                                                     | Julia P. A. Prather .....        | 165   |
| Mushalinda Legend, The .....                                                                           | M. D. Kellogg .....              | 222   |
| My Valentine .....                                                                                     | M. H. W. .....                   | 153   |
| 'Neath the Cherry Blossoms of Yeddo .....                                                              | Roy Farrell Greene .....         | 196   |
| Nightingale Nights .....                                                                               | May Byron .....                  | 5     |
| Northwest Mounted Police, The .....                                                                    | L. R. Freeman .....              | ..... |
| Ojai Valley, The .....                                                                                 | F. W. Reid .....                 | 181   |
| Old Tauquitz .....                                                                                     | Helen Lukens Jones .....         | 455   |
| On Watch .....                                                                                         | Captain C. M. Scammon .....      | 516   |
| Percy, the Ranch Foreman .....                                                                         | John Dicks Howe .....            | 211   |
| Plaint of the Passing Peoples, The .....                                                               | Vincent Harper .....             | 22    |
| Plaint of the Passing Peoples, The .....                                                               | Vincent Harper .....             | 101   |
| Plaint of the Passing Peoples, The .....                                                               | Vincent Harper .....             | 463   |



|                                                 |                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|-----|
| Point of Great Historic Interest, A..           | James Mayne Baltimore     | 421 |
| Point of View of Bernard Shaw, The..            | Austin Lewis              | 43  |
| Poso Real, At.....                              | James F. Fellom           | 137 |
| Reincarnation .....                             | C. F. Montgomery          | 355 |
| Relative Values .....                           | Leigh Gordon Giltner      | 37  |
| Resolve .....                                   | Robert B. Grant           | 145 |
| Reverie, A .....                                | Charles E. Jenny          | 19  |
| Rose Arbor .....                                | Elizabeth Florence Gray   | 46  |
| Sagebrush and Sand .....                        | J. Mayne Baltimore        | 343 |
| Sea Life .....                                  | Capt. C. M. Scammon       | 392 |
| Seeking the Christ .....                        | Isabel Darling            | 6   |
| Shakespeare's Plays and Public Opinion..        | L. Ralston Irving         | 187 |
| Some Californian Curiosities .....              |                           | 123 |
| Some Unpublished Letters of Walt Whitman .....  |                           |     |
|                                                 | Florence Hardiman Miller  | 61  |
| Sonnet .....                                    | Orville V. Stapp          | 147 |
| Storm, The .....                                | Illustration by Beringer  | 326 |
| Storm, The .....                                | Grace C. Roberts          | 327 |
| Success and the Schoolmaster.....               | Austin Lewis              | 488 |
| Sutter 8691 .....                               | Lucy Baker Jerome         | 450 |
| Sweet Content .....                             | Alice MacGowan Cooke      | 148 |
| Taking the Census in Alaska.....                | Guy N. Stockslager        | 479 |
| Teaching the Filipino .....                     | Pierre N. Beringer        | 191 |
| Telepathy .....                                 | Kathleen Monica Nicholson | 80  |
| Thing He Feared, The.....                       | Grace MacGowan Cooke      | 415 |
| Thro' the Golden Gate .....                     | Lucius L. Wittich         | 120 |
| Tin Box, The.....                               | Sara Andrews              | 403 |
| Toad Beneath the Harrow, The....                | L. R. Freeman             | 311 |
| To an Inland Cypress .....                      | Priscilla Brewster        | 296 |
| Tule Farming .....                              | W. A. Tenney              | 227 |
| Under the Auspices of the Larkspur Saloon ..... |                           |     |
|                                                 | Alice B. McConnell        | 34  |
| Unfortunate Third, The .....                    | Guy Raymond Halifax       | 154 |
| Up Mount Popocatepetl .....                     | G. F. Paul                | 261 |
| Valentine, A.....                               | Mrs. M. P. Smith          | 131 |
| Washington's Birthday .....                     | William F. Crane          | 160 |
| Whence Came the Anglo-Saxon.....                | H. L. Chamberlain         | 157 |
| Whence Came the Palm.....                       | Edward Wall               | 7   |
| Where Heroes Sleep.....                         | Henrietta S. Breck        | 348 |
| Wilderness, The .....                           | George S. Evans           | 31  |
| Will, The .....                                 | Parma Gentry              | 206 |
| Winter in the Santa Cruz Mountains..            | Clotilde Grunsky Fiske    | 328 |
| Wireless (Marconi System).....                  | Pierre N. Beringer        | 242 |
| Yita San .....                                  | John Myers O'Hara         | 379 |







# WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

keeps the skin smooth

in spite of winter winds.

Pure, soothing, anti-septic, its use prevents chapping and gives to a complexion the clear, vivid hue of perfect health. The skin soap.

Special  
Offer

Booklet, trial size package of Soap and Facial Cream for 5 cents to pay postage; for 10 cents the same and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder and Dental Cream.

The Andrew Jergens Co.

Sole Owners,  
Cincinnati, O.



# Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

JANUARY, 1904

## CONTENTS:

|                                                      |                                 |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Publishers' Column (The Boss) .. J. F. Carrere ..... | 1                               |
| Frontispiece .....                                   | Fujiyama .....                  |
| Fujiyama .....                                       | C. E. Lorrimer .....            |
| Seeking the Christ .....                             | Isabel Darling .....            |
| Whence Came the Palm .....                           | Edward Wall .....               |
| Looking Backward from the Hights ..                  | Helen Ellsworth Wright .....    |
| Kern River Canyon .....                              | Josephine Colby .....           |
| A Reverie .....                                      | Charles E. Jenny .....          |
| Gloriana .....                                       | Wallace A. Gorham .....         |
| The Plaint of the Passing Peoples ..                 | Vincent Harper .....            |
| The Lovers' Tryst .....                              | Mabel Porter Pitts .....        |
| The Wilderness .....                                 | George S. Evans .....           |
| Under the Auspices of the Larkspur Saloon .....      | Alice B. McConnell .....        |
| Relative Values .....                                | Leigh Gordon Giltner .....      |
| The Point of View of Bernard Shaw ..                 | Austin Lewis .....              |
| Rose Arbor .....                                     | Elizabeth Florence Gray .....   |
| A Cowboy Carnival .....                              | Ella Thorngate .....            |
| A Madrigal of the West .....                         | Harley R. Wiley .....           |
| Some Unpublished Letters of Walt Whitman .....       | Florence Hardiman Miller .....  |
| The Immigration Scourge .....                        | Guy Raymond Halifax .....       |
| The Genesis of the Saxon Race .....                  | H. L. Chamberlain .....         |
| Hadji, The Armenian .....                            | Lloyd Damron .....              |
| The Cypress Trees of Monterey ..                     | Richard Scrace .....            |
| The Legend of the Sea-Otter .....                    | Kathryn Wilson .....            |
| Along the Trail .....                                | Aloysius Coll .....             |
| Telepathy .....                                      | Kathleen Monica Nicholson ..... |
| Book Lore .....                                      | By the Editor .....             |

All communications in relation to manuscripts intended for publication or business of any kind should be addressed to the Overland Monthly Company—and not to individuals on the staff.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, an Illustrated Magazine of the West. Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second class matter.

The Overland Monthly subscription price is \$1.50 a year payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.25.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for Overland Monthly, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-office Money-Order, Bank Check or Draft, Express Money-Order or Registered Letter.

Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Discontinuances. Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrearage must be paid.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your magazine is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal.

For back numbers more than three month old, an additional charge of 5c for each month is made.

Contributors are requested to write name and address on first page of MS. and on the back of each photograph or illustration submitted. It is also necessary that in writing to the magazine concerning contributions, the name of the article should be mentioned.

OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, Publishers. 320 Sansome St., S. F.



MADE IN  
SWEDEN

# RAMIE FIBRE HEALTH UNDERWEAR

PLANTATIONS  
IN CHINA

## A GREAT HYGIENIC INVENTION

Made by our secret process from the fiber of the wonderful Ramie plant (vegetable silk), which combines all the good qualities of silk, wool, linen and cotton, but has none of their bad ones.

It has the luster of silk, four times the strength of linen, and is much more absorbent. It keeps the pores active to excrete impurities from the system. Provides Radiation, Ventilation and Evaporation, is absolutely unshrinkable, most pleasant to wear, and

## The Only Really Hygienic Underwear Made

It preserves and restores health, cures Rheumatism and other ailments caused by impure blood, hardens the system, and is the best safeguard against catching cold.

For sale by leading dealers everywhere. (There is no substitute) Made in porous knitted texture, for men, women and children.

Prices for women, \$3.00; men \$3.25; \$3.50 per garment.

Write for our Free Booklet

"ABOUT RAMIE"

RINGHEIM-SCHLICHTEN RAMIE  
MFG. CO.

473-5 Broome Street, New York

Factory: Carlskrona, Sweden

At wholesale also

Wilson Bros., Chicago

Trade Mark



None Genuine  
Without This  
Registered  
Trade Mark



## A TIRE TRIUMPH

IN THE

## Morgan & Wright Clincher

We have turned twenty years' experience to good account for the owners of automobiles.

It has an extremely tough casing and a reinforced shoe which fits the rim perfectly. Extra heavy rubber tread—adding materially to its ease and durability.

Minimizes Tire Troubles. Insist Upon It.

## MORGAN & WRIGHT, CHICAGO

New York Dayton, O. St. Louis San Francisco

## FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE

ASSETS, \$5,400,000

CAPITAL \$1,000,000

**FIREMAN'S FUND INS. CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY ORGANIZED WEST OF NEW YORK

**A PROSPEROUS  
AND PROGRESSIVE CO.**



# DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



## Diamonds on Credit We Are the Largest

under the LOFTIS SYSTEM means that any person of honest intentions, no matter how far away they may live, may open a Confidential Charge Account for a Diamond, Watch or other valuable article of jewelry, and pay the same in a series of easy monthly payments.

**How To Do It.** Write today for our beautifully illustrated Catalogue, and from it select any article that you would like to wear or own; or, perhaps use as a gift to a loved one. We will send your selection on approval to your home, place of business or express office as you may prefer. Examine it as leisurely and as carefully as you wish; then, if it is all that you anticipated, and the best value you ever saw for the money asked—pay one-fifth of the price and keep it. The balance you may send us in eight equal monthly payments.

**On the Other Hand,** if you decide not to buy, simply return the article to us at our expense. Whether you buy or not, we pay all express and other charges—you pay nothing; neither do you assume any risk or obligation whatever. We submit our goods on their merits, with absolute confidence that their quality, low price and our easy terms of payment will command your favor. We ask but one opportunity for adding your name to the largest list of pleased customers with which a Diamond house was ever honored.

**House** in the Diamond business. We are also one of the oldest—Est. 1853. We refer to any bank in America—ask your local bank how we stand in the business world. They will refer to their Commercial Agency books and tell you that we stand very high, and that our representations may be accepted without question.

**Our Guarantee Certificate** given with every Diamond, is the broadest and strongest ever issued by a responsible concern. Further, we give the broad guarantee of complete satisfaction to every purchaser. Our exchange system is the most liberal ever devised, for it permits you to return any Diamond bought of us, and get the full amount paid in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond.

**Your Holiday Plans** will not be completed through our Catalogue and considered what you can do in gift-making in conjunction with the LOFTIS SYSTEM. The \$5.00 which you might pay for something cheap and trashy, will make the first payment on, and put you in immediate possession of a splendid Diamond or Watch. You can thus make gifts that are commensurate with, and appropriate to the circumstances, without any considerable initial outlay. There can be no more favorable time than the present for buying a Diamond. Prices are advancing steadily and a profit of 15 or 20 per cent within a year seems assured. Dealers generally agree in this prediction.

*Write to-day for Catalog*

**To the Cash Buyer of Diamonds** we have a proposition to make which is thoroughly characteristic of our house. It is nothing less than a written agreement to return all that they pay for a Diamond—less ten per cent, at any time within one year. Thus, one might wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a whole year, then send it back and get \$45.00, making the cost of wearing the Diamond less than 10c per week.

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Diamonds--Watches--Jewelry**

Dept. A. 167. 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



# YOST

The Light Running YOST is easy to operate.

Its Beautiful Work is easy to read.

Our Unusual Catalogue is easy to understand.



*Why not send for the Unusual Catalogue and learn of the Beautiful Work done by the Light Running Yost? Sent free.*

Yost Writing Machine Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

For the six months ending December 31, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes and payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after January 1, 1904.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

Office—Corner California and Montgomery Sts.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.

German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending with December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1-4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

Office—526 California Street.

WANTED.—10 men in each State to travel, tack signs and distribute circulars and samples of our goods. Salary \$60.00 per month, \$3.00 per day for expenses. KUHLMAN CO., DEPT. E. ATLAS BLOCK, CHICAGO.

*Edward Hartshorn*

## The Genuine HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

always bears this signature on the label. It insures perfect satisfaction, and is a protection against all the troubles and worries caused by inferior imitations.

The Improved requires no tacks.

Wood rollers. Tin rollers.

## CATARRH=ASTHMA



Throat, Lungs, Deafness, Bad Breath, CURED SLEEPING. Hard Cases preferred. \$60 days FREE. Inexpensive. Pleasant, Private, Safe, Certain. Best in Theory: Best in Practice, as thousands know. Book with ample proof and valuable information Free.

E. C. CURE, 1340 Van Buren, CHICAGO

## Reduced Rates

to and from the East on household goods  
Write or call nearest office

BEKINS VAN & STORAGE COMPANY

11 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. 244 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. 95 Washington St., Chicago

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3 1-2) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

L. VELL WHITE, Cashier.

Office—52 California St., corner Webb.

# DECKER & SON

## ...PIANOS...

For Sale by  
**Pommer-Eilers**  
Music Co.

653 MARKET STREET  
San Francisco. Est. 1856

RAIN COATS

New style Raglans

Gold Seal Rubber Belting  
Packing and Hose is the  
best made

Manufacturers of the genuine Crack-Proof Gold Seal Mining Boots

We manufacture Rubber Goods and Oil Clothing in San Francisco.



# Goodyear Rubber Company

573-575-577-579 MARKET St.,  
San Francisco,  
73 and 75 First St., Portland, Or.

R. M. PEASE, Pres.

F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treas.

C. F. RUNYAN, Sec.

F. G. SARGENT, Mgr.

## PACIFIC COAST AGENCY OF

United States Rubber Co.  
Goodyear Metallic Rubber Shoe Co.  
Woonsocket Rubber Co.  
Connecticut Rubber Co.  
Rhode Island Rubber Co.  
Rubber Clothing Co.

Union India Rubber Co.  
New York Rubber Co.  
American Hard Rubber Co.  
The Butler Hard Rubber Co.  
The Goerich Hard Rubber Co.  
The India Rubber Comb Co.

Eureka Fire Hose Co.  
Sawyer Belting Co.  
California Rubber Co.  
Pacific Rubber Co.  
San Francisco Rubber Co.



# The Oldsmobile

is  
Built  
on the



FOUNDATION STONE  
OF  
EXPERIENCE

The first successful automobile runabout was made in our factory in 1887. Building on this foundation, the experience of each succeeding year has brought the Oldsmobile to a higher standard of excellence, until today it stands alone as the world's standard runabout.

Ask our nearest selling agent, or write direct for full information and booklet to Dept. S

**OLDS MOTOR WORKS**  
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed  
Automobile Manufacturers.

# Skin Diseases

If you suffer from Eczema,  
Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch,  
Acne, or other skin troubles,

# Hydrozone

will cure you.

As these diseases are caused by parasites, killing them without causing injury to the healthy tissue cures the trouble.

It has cured many cases pronounced incurable and is absolutely safe.

Hydrozone is a scientific Germicide. Used and endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet a most powerful healing agent.

Trial bottle at your druggist or by mail on receipt of 25 cents. None genuine without my signature on label.

*Prof. Charles Marchand*

159 Prince St., New York.

Free valuable Booklet on How to Treat Diseases



## LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF MAKES DELICIOUS SOUPS

As well as sauces and delicate invalid dishes. It is the ever ready aid to up-to-date home cooking. Just the thing for the chafing dish.

MISS MARIA PARLOA gives Recipes for a large variety of soups, sauces, made dishes, etc., in LIEBIG COMPANY'S Compact COOK BOOK. Sent free to any housekeeper who will send her address on a postal to Cornelle David & Co., 105 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.



ESTABLISHED 1889

## CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

|                              |              |
|------------------------------|--------------|
| Subscribed Capital.....      | \$13,000,000 |
| Paid-in Capital.....         | 2,500,000    |
| Profit and Reserve Fund..... | 350,000      |
| Monthly Income, over.....    | 100,000      |

### ITS PURPOSE IS

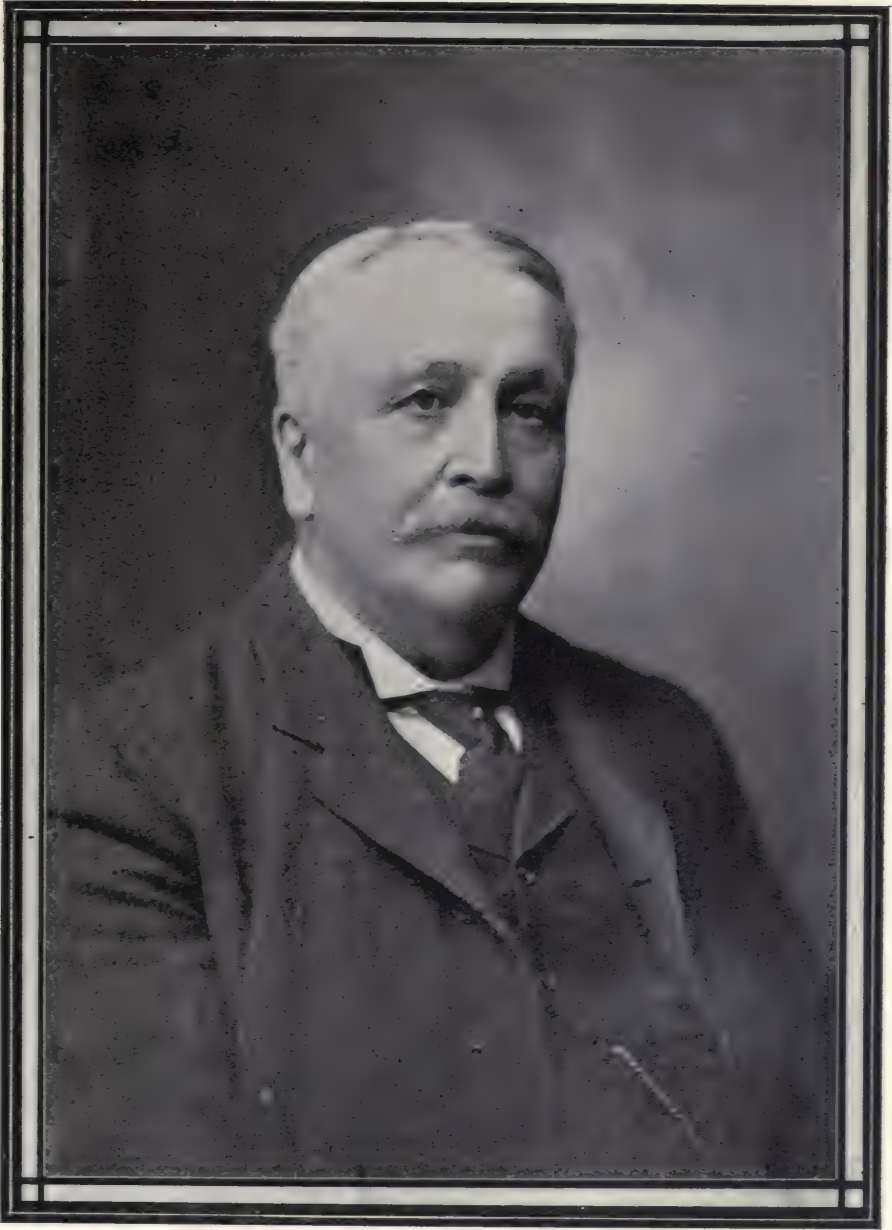
To help its members to build homes, also to make loans on improved property, the members giving first liens on their real estate as security. To help its stockholders to earn from 8 to 12 per cent per annum on their stock, and to allow them to open deposit accounts bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

HOME OFFICE—S. W. Cor. California and Battery Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

Wm. Corbin, Sect'y and Gen. Man.

Hon. Washington Dodge, Pres't.





*United States Senator Addison G. Foster*

(Author of "The Forest Reserve Blanket," in December, 1903, *Overland Monthly*.)



*"Where Anger Sits Enthroned."*





*PETS, a Study by Matilda Lotz, Pupil of Rosa Bonheur.*

## Publisher's Column

In view of the many opinions expressed regarding the outcome of the last political campaign in San Francisco, and its effect upon the State at large during the national campaign, it is of interest, not only to the State of California, but to the nation, that some notice be taken of one of the most remarkable examples of political manipulation.

The people of California should find, in the article printed below, much food for thought and indeed it should point the way to many a young man to success, as it illustrates what may be accomplished by hard and unremitting work against the greatest odds. The Overland Monthly especially disclaims any bias and the article is simply an exposition of one man's methods in the face of overwhelming opposition.—Editorial Note.

---

### THE BOSS

#### A Political Campaign Without Newspapers

BY J. F. CARRERE



Mr. A. Ruef.

**T**HE recent municipal election in San Francisco developed some features in the Mayoralty contest that may not be uninteresting or without value for gentlemen with political ambitions, who are anxious to learn the science of conducting a successful campaign without the aid of newspapers.

The following was the situation

at the opening of the campaign: The Republican nominee was Mr. H. J. Crocker, a business man, avowedly of no political experience: of unblemished personal character, (as were, for the matter of that, both his competitors), supported by the Republican papers and that party organization, with ex-Congressman Julius Kahn as manager of the campaign. The Democrats had nominated Mr. Franklin K. Lane, a newspaper man and lawyer of ability, who had been thrice elected by large majorities City Attorney, and who came within a few votes of being elected Governor, on which occasion he carried San Francisco by nearly ten thousand majority over his Republican competitor. He was supported by the daily and weekly Democratic press, the party organization, which had for its political manager, Mr. Gavin McNab, a shrewd Scotchman, of remarkable political ability. It is true that later, in the stress of political exigency, Mr. Lane denied that Mr. McNab had any particular connection with his campaign, and it was whispered that it was being managed by one of his deputies, Mr. Hugo Asher, but no doubt Mr. Lane continued to have the benefit of Mr. McNab's



advice. The Labor Union candidate was E. E. Schmitz, the present Mayor of the town. No newspapers, daily or weekly, supported him; and while his opponents had well-organized parties behind them, with years of political experience and great prestige, Mr. Schmitz and his campaign manager, Mr. A. Ruef, had only a poor organization which of itself did not absolutely control more than half enough votes to elect its ticket. Mr. Ruef's problem was, therefore, how to double the Mayor's party strength with a very weak organization, and the active opposition of the daily and weekly press to overcome. I may add that the problem was complicated by the open opposition of some of the labor leaders on the one hand and by the fear of labor organizations and their candidates in general, entertained by many conservative voters. How to win a victory under such circumstances was "no cinch," but here is how "Boss" Ruef accomplished it and even won for his candidate a very respectable vote in those localities where the voters are supposed to be most opposed to trade unionism.

When Abraham Ruef took hold of the campaign, obviously the first thing necessary was to organize, and to this end he at once and vigorously set himself. Men were selected to canvass every section of the city. Every effort was made to discover the predilections of each individual voter. The new register was not available, but the old list of voters used in 1902 was taken and every voter's views as far as possible ascertained. Polls were taken of men working on buildings, in the Union Iron Works, in stores, factories and everywhere else that active ingenuity could suggest. Several canvasses of the same voters were made to see if they tallied with each other, or if the voters had changed their views. If a man was a foreigner, men of his own nationality visited him, and perhaps with-

out his knowing it, ascertained how he proposed to vote. An Italian interviewed an Italian, a German a German, a Frenchman a Frenchman, a Greek a Greek. If the voter was a laborer, a fellow wage-earner ascertained his views; if a businessman, his interviewer was a fellow merchant. Every part of the city was divided into districts and persistently canvassed in that way; and so thoroughly was the work done that two weeks before election the "Boss" announced to his lieutenants, after he had received and carefully compiled all the reports, that their man would win by about 7,000 plurality—he actually won by 6,441 plurality over Crocker and 13,470 over Lane.

Of course halls were hired, meetings were held, banners, ranging from electric lights to canvas signs, were hung out everywhere, but strange to say, although the candidate was a musician himself, no bands were hired, but the money that would have been spent in that way was used in sending out postal cards to every individual voter, regardless of his politics, inviting him to attend a meeting at some hall in the vicinity of his home on a given night. The speakers for those meetings were carefully selected from the three parties, and at half a dozen halls, in different parts of the city, frequently on the same night, well-known Republicans, Democrats and Labor Union orators were busy telling the voters why they should vote for Schmitz. Seventy thousand of these postal card invitations were sent out during the campaign.

The idea worked like a charm. Everywhere the meetings were crowded, and not by Labor Union men only, but by Democrats and Republicans, the very classes from whom the Boss hoped to win votes to elect his man. And the result shows that he won them. The Mayor appeared at all these gatherings, and among other things never failed to impress on his hearers the fact that

he had no newspapers supporting him.

But while the Mayor and the orators made speeches, Ruef worked. He organized a non-partisan Schmitz club, with a Democratic lawyer for president and a Republican newspaperman for Secretary. A house in a central locality was rented for the use of the club, and there at any hour of the day or night you could find dozens of persons, busily engaged in booming Schmitz.

Every vote was carefully looked after, every unfavorable rumor traced to its origin; every difficulty smoothed over, and, if possible, ad-justed.

If it was rumored that Smith and his family were going to bolt the ticket because Jones, who wore a Schmitz button, had hit him in the eye, although politics had nothing to do with the matter, and Schmitz had never heard of it and perhaps did not even know the parties, Brown or Robinson was sent down at once to smooth Smith's ruffled feathers and bring him into line again. If John Doe was angry with the Mayor because the Board of Works had not done its duty on some street near John's house, it was explained to him that if the Mayor was re-elected he would have absolute control of the Board of Works, and the first thing it would do would be to arrange the difficulty.

Besides the meetings, and the banners and the postal cards a dozen little devices were used to attract the voters to Schmitz. Thousands of toothpicks, for instance, were distributed over the city bearing the legend: "My pick. For Mayor: Eugene E. Schmitz." A small folder bore on the cover the statement: "The fight for Mayor is between—" and when you turned the page you found two portraits of the Mayor with the word "and" between them and his name under each; thus you were told that the fight for Mayor was between E. E. Schmitz and Eu-

gene E. Schmitz. A round card invited the voters to keep the ball rolling for Schmitz, and a heart-shaped card informed them that he was near the heart of the plain people. A little folder gave you the following: "Tip on the Mayor's Race—Crocker crawls, Lane's lame; Schmitz scores; 'The Fiddler wins!'" To the uninitiated, I may add that "the Fiddler" not only designated the Mayor, who is by profession a violinist, but a well-known race horse which had lately won a race with heavy odds against him, and therefore the superstitious saw in the tip an omen that Schmitz, the other fiddler, would win also.

Then there were pamphlets galore. A hundred thousand copies of the Mayor's speech opening the campaign were printed and distributed, with pamphlets signed by labor unionists endorsing the Mayor and asking their fellow-workmen to vote for him. There was a pamphlet detailing the Mayor's services to the public and carmen in the street car strike in 1902, showing that his actions at that time were heartily endorsed by the Board of Supervisors, the Grand Jury, improvement clubs and the various unions; there were extracts from all the papers which were opposing him, showing that at various times they had all endorsed him for the way in which he had performed his public duties, and finally there was a card, with the portrait of the Chinese cook of one of the other candidates that probably was as effective a campaign document as any that was issued.

Meantime, while the meetings were being held and the club was busily at work, "Boss" Ruef sat in his office giving his personal attention to every detail of the contest. He began work at 7 a. m. and continued it until 2 a. m. the next day. His rooms were crowded by men of all races, colors, creeds, conditions and political faiths. There were men whom everybody knew and



## Publisher's Column.

men who did not know themselves; there were young men, the first hairs of whose mustachios were just in evidence, and who had not yet cast their first vote; and there were old men who had to wear skull caps to keep the draught off their bald heads. There were women, too, as enthusiastic as the men; and as they sat and waited their turn to see the leader for many hours, they told stories of how this man or that had been won over for Schmitz; or calculated how many votes he would have in the Forty-fifth of the Thirty-first, or the Twenty-seventh, or some other Assembly district. It was a crowd that was enthusiastic, every member of it anxious to do something for "the cause," and Ruef knew them all. To every visitor he had something to say; he knew the former's name and where he could work to advantage; he never lost his temper and never got excited. Ruef is not like the ordinary political boss. He is a man of education, a native son of California; a graduate of the State University, where he took honors, a lawyer of ability, a man of means, who speaks several languages fluently, is fond of books and literature, does not smoke, drinks only moderately, and lives decently with his parents. He has a thorough knowledge of mankind which stands him in good stead in politics. All day long and half the night he sat receiving reports, issuing directions, sending his men where they could do the most good, and keeping careful tab on every detail, no matter how trifling, of the campaign.

Finally election day came. In each of the 320 precincts in the city there were at least three watchers in the interest of Schmitz. Eighteen captains had charge of the eighteen Assembly districts, and they were instructed to keep moving from polling place to polling place to see that everything went smoothly, and to report continuously to Ruef at the headquarters of the Schmitz

Club. Mr. Ruef sat all election day at a desk in the club receiving reports from his captains. If anything needed attention he attended to it at once. He knew every half hour how many votes had been cast in every precinct in the city. He ate his meals from the desk before him, frequently with a sandwich in one hand and a telephone receiver in the other.

When the polls closed and the returns began to come in he had provided for three sets of reports. A direct telephone wire connected the club with the Registrar's office at the City Hall, and as the returns arrived they were telephoned to the club and at once carefully tabulated. Another telephone, the number of which was known only to the eighteen captains of the Assembly districts, was the medium by which they sent prompt reports of the progress of the count in their several sections. The regular public telephone was used by friends all over the city to report any facts or figures they desired to communicate.

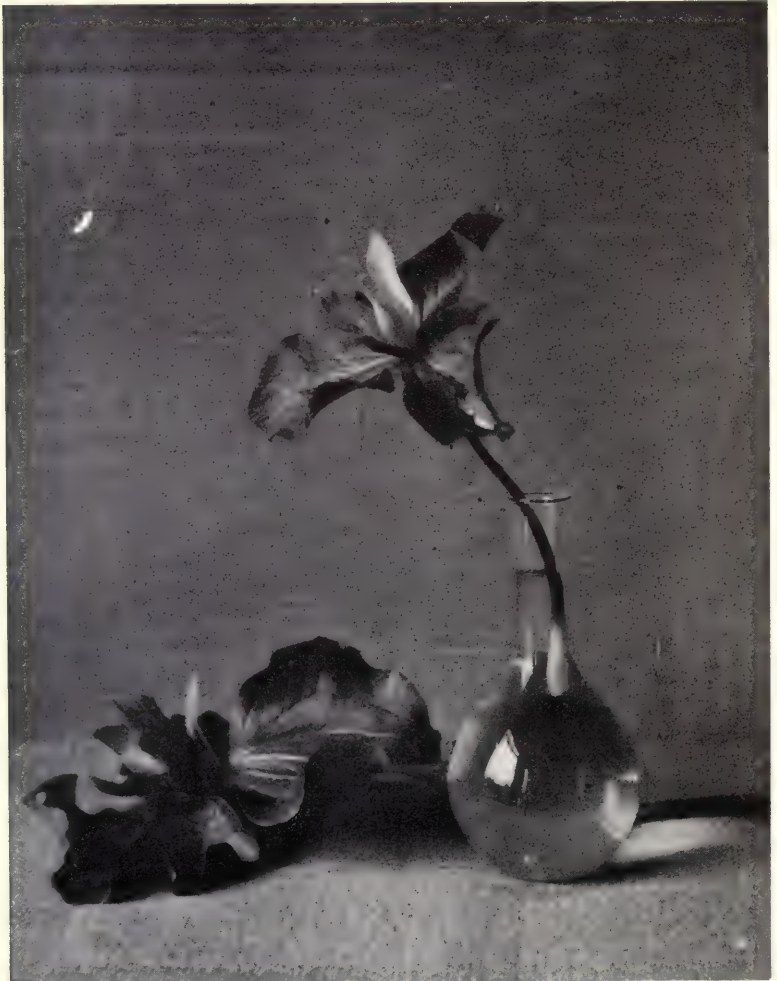
These three sets of reports were compiled and compared as they came in, and any discrepancies were at once detected. It was reported over one telephone, for instance, that the vote in a certain precinct gave Schmitz many less votes than he was credited with by those who had sent other reports from the same place. The matter was investigated and it was found that, by an error of the person sending the report, Lane's vote had been substituted for Schmitz. Then there were little incidents that occurred at the different precincts from time to time that, as it was not a close election, amounted to very little, but which in a close contest might have been very important. Thus it was reported over the public telephone that a Schmitz vote in a certain precinct had been thrown out for some irregularity; immediately a message was sent over the direct wire to the Registrar's office to have a Dep-

## Overland Monthly.

uty Registrar go to the precinct at once and investigate. At another polling place some of the judges were said to be drunk; this also was reported at once to the City Hall and an investigation by a Deputy Registrar had immediately; and so all night the reports came in until the morning papers arrived telling the story of the victory that had been won; and although hours before, that fact was known, and there

had been cheering and a band and great rejoicing at the Schmitz Club, it was only then (when the six o'clock bells rang out from the church steeples hours after the managers of the other campaigns had gone to bed) that the "Boss" relaxed his vigilance and went home to take a much needed sleep and probably to dream over his great victory, won without the aid of newspapers.

---



*TRILLIUM, a California Wild Flower*



FREE  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
JAN 18 1912  
DECATUR, ILL.

# FUJIYAMA

## JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN.

A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of  
FUSISAN.

BY C.E. LORRIMER.



FUJIYAMA  
HALF IN CLOUD.





# Overland Monthly

PUBLIC LIBRARY

JAN 18 1904

DECATUR, ILL.

Vol. XLIII

January, 1904.

No. 1.

## FUJIYAMA

ONCE upon a time, says the legend, Fujisan quarreled with the other gods and goddesses of the Buddhist hierarchy. Morose and jealous of them all, she sought a place to dwell alone at peace; and, in the midst of a fertile plain she conjured up a perfect mountain. All in a single night she raised for her cloudy throne twelve hundred feet of sanctity, so sacred that even the dust which the pious pilgrims carry away from it day by day is miraculously restored by night. Such is the myth concerning the most lovely and the most venerated mountain in the whole world.

Fujiyama is an extinct volcano of wonderfully beautiful proportions; even the crater has left no outward sign of its internal convulsions, but stands silhouetted against the sky, its serrated edges cut out with the regularity of a saw. More than a thousand years ago, beyond the memory of man, say the peasants with their picturesque inaccuracy, the mountain became convulsed, and a vast sheet of lava spread down over the valleys, which filled up even to the five lakes that circle around Fujiyama's base. Then the lakes did not exist, but the lava rippled over and stopped in a jagged fringe. As the rain collected, it poured into the half-filled valleys, forming the chain of uncut sapphires that surround Fuji like a necklace.

As time went on, a dense underbrush covered the lava flow, transforming it into the green, sloping shawl which drapes itself around the torso of the mountain, finally merging into the luxuriant forest which clothes its slopes for six thousand feet. Here is the well-defined limit of the vegetation. Above, the peak rises in sheer, pure, perfect lines, lines pure to spirituality, "absolutely pure," like the marble Taj at Agra.

The beauty of Fujiyama is essentially feminine. It has the equivalent of the aquiline nose, the noble brow, and the rich coloring of an Italian flower-girl. Above all, its greatest and rarest charm is the coloring. The whole cone appears floating on a glowing light from the red lava fields that line the sides—fields of a peculiar, luminous red, a soft, bewitching red, promising perfect sunsets, a vague, tender, rosy red which spreads out in delicate fingers to let the gold of the sun slip through.

There exists no other mountain possessing the same human interest as Fuji, the Goddess, who continues the elusive charm of a bewitching womanly personality, with the variations and words of a vain coquette. She stands a perfect type of the Eternal Feminine, attracting the clouds, then shamelessly making use of them. She poses there against the blue sky a wonderful carved

cameo, drawing the mists around to adorn her; she drapes them about her waist, or her beautiful sloping shoulders, floats them across her bosom, or throws them, scarf-wise, over her lovely head. Never for an hour is she content with one fashion of garment. Everlastingly, continually, she re-arranges her draperies, squandering the filmy folds, velvety-soft with reckless prodigality, alluring, calling, beckoning, disdaining, her lover the Sun.

For the early morning when he rises from behind the mountains, and breaks the surfaces of the lakes with flashes of emeralds, diamonds, and sapphires, she uncovers herself and stands up in nude beauty. She makes herself adorable, blushing a rosy pink, until noon-time, when as the Sun-God bends forward to kiss her verdant slopes, she pulls up her cloud-cloak and hides till evening. Then, as the sun sinks below the horizon in a golden ball, when his broadened beams slant too much to touch her, she tantalizes him again with all her perfections, enveloping herself in filmy veils of rainbow vapors, the very personification of teasing, captivating, feminine adorableness.

Fuji at sunset is an incarnation of flame! Halos of light float round about her; reds, purples, blues, violets—all the shades from palest lemon to deepest orange, to richest gold, intermingle and separate as the colors in a prism grow and interweave. Her head is surrounded by a cloak of light and her lava sides seem to burn. She rises the one brilliant point among the deepening shadows; and when the lakes have lost their bright lustre; when the hundreds of shades of green are harmonized into one sombre sleepy gray; when the villages in the valley are tucked in by the mists for the night—the radiant glow lingers on Fuji, lingers and dies reluctantly.

The sacred mountain is as beautiful by night as by day, with the

weird, supernatural beauty that the forests reflect. A misty outline is all that remains to charm the moon; a perfect wraith, a ghostly transparency, a faint tracery in silver-point against the deep sky. It seems almost as if a fairy drop-curtain of cob-webs stood between the solid earth and the mountain.

Stormy weather provides another dress: deep, sombre and black, Fuji's crown looms out frowning. Heavy clouds scud across, throwing dark, forbidding shadows on her sides. A wet wind, thick with the breath of pine forests, blows over the lakes and whirls the leaves that make a soft cushion for the ferns to lean on, into a wild tarantelle. The snow clouds bank up in the far-away ranges, and drift leisurely to Fuji, to fall, a white mantle over her shoulders. The white flakes run down her crevasses, her ravines and stop in uneven lengths like hanging ribbons. Icicles form on the beetle-browed rocks; stalagmites grow up from the floor of the crater, stalactites hang over from the bending walls. Glitter, glitter, glitter, everywhere, in riotous profusion and perfection!

For six weeks in the summer pilgrims ascend the mountain, but all the rest of the year is Nature's "close season" for man. The Japanese pilgrims climb up with reverent awe, with white garments and with purified hearts. Each devotee bathes his body before he starts to ascend, putting on an entire set of new garments—the outward and visible sign for the inward and invisible cleansing. He girds up his loins, binds sandals upon his feet, and takes a staff in his hand. Then he sets off on foot to join the long lines of his fellow-pilgrims in single file. Scarcely a woman is to be found among them all, because of the legendary hatred of Fujisan for her own sex, a superstition which prevents any but the most emancipated and advanced to dare face



the Evil Spirits that legend says lurk ready to snatch and carry women away.

Up and up the pilgrims climb, first along a path leading through dense, green bowers, thick with vines, among which white strawberry blossoms shine out like little stars; past miniature temples, with Gohei or prayer papers fluttering from the gateways and doors, and bare Shinto altars within. The priests welcome the pilgrims with blasts from conch-shell horns and thumps upon the wooden hanging drums. They set the sacred red seal or crest of the Holy Station upon the white garments, and sell the regulation pilgrim staffs branded with the temple mark.

Suddenly the forest ends abruptly; and looking out through a fine granite toree, or arch, it is as if one had stepped from a doorway. Up, up, up, stretches a field of bare lava. Rest houses have been built at ten points on the mountain, with mat sheds attached where in fine weather the faithful and devout lie down at night. The veriest summer's day on Fuji is followed by a night which freezes; and down in some quiet canyon, a patch of snow always lies a sentinel—a hostage for the winter drifts which are loth to desert entirely their liege lady.

Outside the sheds the Pilgrims build huge fires of cones, fragrant pine cones, which abound in the lower forests. How brightly they burn, seemingly serving in their brown, shriveled, wizened, crackly persons all the sap, all the vitality of the great mother pine trees! When the spark from the flint touches a pile of them, they flare like tinder, briskly eager to burn at once. The little flames curl around each cone, outline each section, with a fiery line, creep their way to the noisy hearts of each, and then burst out in a laughing crackle to jump to the next. A strong, pungent, resinous smell blows off with the

smoke; the pile becomes a glowing mass with the shape of each individual cone intact. Then it fades from flame to pink, rose pink, rose, but still foreshadowing ashes. The edges curl over ever so little, and the grey that the eye prophesied creeps along them like a silver ribbon. Yet all the while the pile remains in a perfect shape, in the original form that the pilgrims chose, a pointed, a round, or a square figure. Sometimes the imaginative choose to lay their fires in the shape of Japanese characters. They build, with innate poetic instinct, some sentence from the classic, some dainty axiom of philosophy, then watch it blazon itself out in gold. Then wider and wider the gray brands grow, the pinks melt into tints of amethyst and opal. Ethereal and ghostly the cones stand out, till finally like some old skeleton when the air rushes in upon it, they crumble away together. All in a moment they totter, they vanish, with the first breath of the breeze, these tremulous gray shapes, quivering as if they were alive.

The higher the pilgrims climb, the more the intervals for rest are prized until the ninth station is reached. There stands a little wayside shrine to the Goddess, called "Fujisan's Welcome." The white figures bow and say a short prayer, half-impatiently, then toil on to the top. At last they reach the summit. The crater looms up near them, rugged, pointed, craggy. Now and then pieces of lava break off, large boulders, and roll topsy-turvy down the mountain, crashing, thundering from one rock to another, careering

Before dawn, the white-robed pilgrims awake and pick their way in the rare air of the early morning, drowsily mumbling over their rosaries to the Ken-ga-mine to wait for the sun. He comes like a king, the Light of the Day. His messengers are the clouds, which blush at his arrival. Far off they glow faintly,

then more brightly! A tide of emotion surges over the watchers; they bend their heads as at the appearance of some sacred thing, devoutly, earnestly, whispering prayers and telling their beads.

The sun rises at last and wakes the world: first the "heaven kissing hills," then the dark valleys, striking glints from the far-away ocean. The clouds roll into a wreath around the waist and bosom of Fuji, in billowy, undulating masses of vapor! Oh! the indescribable splendor of it, the spiritual quality of it, the magnetism of it, the "pulling" power of that great view. The pil-

grims stand upon the summit, as upon the only island in the world—landward all hidden. Far off the real ocean extends beyond the cloud ocean, the waves of one as restless as the waves of the other.

Sometimes, as the sun's rays appear above the horizon, the shadow of the mountain is thrown mirage-like in deep outline on the clouds or mists. It is the "Spectre of the Brocken," the Genius of the mountain, reflected in all the prismatic colors. Then, then, the pilgrims fall with their faces upon the earth, and worship what to them is the "Double Perfection."

---

## SEEKING THE CHRIST

---

BY ISABEL DARLING

"Where lies the babe?" the wise men cried,

"We bring sweet gifts, we've journeyed far."

"Here," that young mother-heart replied,

"In my arms rests the Morning Star."

"Son, where art thou?" the parents cried.

"We've sought thee long and sorrowing."

"Here in the temple," he replied,

"Preparing for my offering."

"Where have ye laid him?" Mary cried.

"We find him not." "Lift up thy head,"

The joyous angel voice replied,

"For he hath risen from the dead!"

"Where waits the Christ?" the whole world cries.

"We've sought him long and sorrowing."

"Lo, I am with you!" he replies.

"Give to my brothers all thy offering."





A Desert Oasis.

C. C. Pierce & Co. Photo.

## WHENCE CAME THE PALM

BY EDWARD WALL

**I**T is probable that nothing in Southern California attracts the attention of the tourist and sight-seer more, or appeals more to his sense of the beautiful, than do the hundreds of fan-palm trees that are to be seen growing along almost every walk and drive and in nearly every garden, for nothing savors more of the tropical Orient than do these ever-green, thorn-ribbed trees whose hemp-fringed leaves shiver and quake at the least suggestion of a breeze, as though living in constant fear of Jack Frost, even here in California where "cold" has no place. One sees them almost constantly in the gardens, along the walks and drives, in the city, in the country, in fact, everywhere, even in the ballroom or concert hall, for nothing lends itself more readily to the art of the decorator than do

the large, fan-shaped leaves. But whence came the trees; where is their home?

To most of us, palm trees suggest a picture of coral islands or tropical wastes, and despite their commonness in our gardens, it is doubtful if more than a mere handful of scientists and horticulturists are aware that the tree is not a foreigner, but that, on the contrary, its habitat is restricted to a few square miles of desert country lying in the eastern portion of Riverside County, Cal., one of the most arid and desolate spots on the American continent. But such is the fact, and from there came all the trees and all the seeds shipped out over the world, or rather from there came the first seed and the first trees, for so long ago was the initial shipment made that four years' trees sent from there



"The Shivering Palm."

C. C. Pierce & Co. Photo.



have themselves been blossoming and bearing seed. This, of course, applies to only one of the three, closely allied, species of fan palms most commonly known—the fan-palm proper or the *washingtonia filifolia* of the scientists; the blue palm, *brahea glaucus*, and the edible palm, *brahea edulis*, growing further to the south. Thousands of the trees are growing there, and surrounded as they are by a dreary, lifeless waste, present a sight that once seen will never be forgotten, for if they are beautiful in the alien soil of our gardens and conservatories, they seem ten thousand times more so growing in a land so foreign to luxurious growth and even life itself. No grass carpets the floor of the canyon, and seldom is a flower seen growing in the rocky soil, yet all around are trees of magnificent size and beautiful beyond description.

This forest is located in what is now known as Palm Canyon, a deep rocky gorge in the dry, barren hills forming the eastern slope of Mt. San Jacinto. On three sides is the arid, unfruitful desert covered only with a scanty growth of grease-wood and cactus, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach, while on the fourth, the west, Mt. St. Jacinto rises abruptly skyward for nearly two miles, its head capped with perpetual snow, while its feet bask in a region unknown to frost and almost devoid of misture. So well is the spot hidden that the few who journey there are wholly unaware of its proximity until within a few feet of the largest grove, and are consequently totally unprepared for what is before them or for the beauties they are about to behold. The way there has been hard and the surroundings depressing, but suddenly a turn in the canyon brings the palm forest into view, and with a cry of amazement and delight the traveler casts himself down on the dry, unyielding sand, and feasts his eyes

on what at first appears to be a veritable paradise, for within the time of a few minutes he has been transported from an apparently God-forsaken desert to a land of the Orient, where thousands and thousands of palm trees, ranging from eighty to over one hundred feet in height have for centuries stood in silent grandeur, a touch of life in a land of desolation and death.

All along the floor of the canyon, and for some distance up the sides of its rocky walls, the trees are growing in profusion, their trunks bare and scorched and their hood-like tops a hundred feet or more above their base. In some places younger and smaller trees are growing, but in others the floor of the canyon is swept clean by the fires which year after year the Indians started for the purpose of hastening the maturity of the seed, and as the trees are endogens: that is, with the life on the inside and not in the bark, the fire has had little effect on them other than to clear the trunk of dead branches and leaves which would otherwise house it in with a thatch more durable than the hand of man can weave. The height of the largest trees range from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet, and although scientists have estimated that they were growing there when Columbus first saw the land of the Western hemisphere, are still strong and healthy, and shooting upward without a sign of decay or ill-health.

It is a matter of doubt as to when the first trees were taken from there to form the nucleus of the thousands now growing throughout Southern California, but it has been only within the last score of years that any systematic attempt at distribution has been made. About eighteen years ago Dr. Welwood Murray, a man of some note in the botanical world, visited Palm Canyon and was at once struck with the possibilities of the trees for ornamental purposes, and accordingly

began to gather their seed and ship it to florists and seedsmen throughout the country. Since then he alone has gathered and shipped fully three tons of the seed while as much more has been gathered and sold by the Indians living thereabout and who were not slow in learning that palm seed had a commercial value. For years the trade was kept up, but after a while transplanted trees began to bear seed and since then the price has steadily fallen until there is no longer profit in gathering it. The trees, however, are still blackened and scorched from the fires kindled by the Indians in former years, for the purpose of hastening the maturity of the seed.

Besides Palm Canyon there are in the vicinity several other canyons where palms grow in profusion; in fact, they are to be found at nearly every spring and oasis on that portion of the Colorado desert, but nowhere are they so numerous or so

old as at Palm Canyon, and there is every reason to believe that they all came from seed carried in some manner from the main grove.

Palm Canyon can be easily reached by those for whom the discomforts of the desert are not too great. At Palm Springs station a stage can be taken to Palm Springs and there a team can be secured for the five miles' drive necessary to reach the grove. A few years ago the Palm Canyon grove and those surrounding it were set aside as a National Reserve, thus insuring them against depredation. Before that many of the larger trees had been cut, while every year hundreds of the young plants were dug up and carried away to adorn gardens and parks in more accessible places, but all this has been stopped now and the forest will remain, like the Yosemite and the Big Trees, one of the many wonders of the Golden State.



C. C. Pierce & Co. Photo.

"And their hood-like tops a hundred feet or more above the base."





Snapshots of the Good Gray Poet.

## LOOKING BACKWARD FROM THE HIGHTS

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

**A**T her home on the "Hights," the mother of Joaquin Miller, the poet, was preparing a meal for her son. She came to the door with a knife in her hand, a tall, thin old woman, her chest con-  
caved by the years.

"Come in," she said. "I'm cutting a little garlic. He likes it in his soup, you know."

The room was square and dark. There were magazine cuts on the brown board walls—sketches of Joaquin in the days when his hair lay in lustrous curls on his shoulders—sketches of Joaquin before the fire had burned low in his eyes.

His mother seated herself beside us. "Did I ever meet you before?" she asked. "My sight plays me tricks sometimes now. No, I don't wear glasses. My boy doesn't like it. He says he won't let me grow old."

After a moment she continued. "He can't help it, though, I'm afraid. It's hard to get up quick from the table. I try not to let him see it, but he sits right over there, and he

watches, and watches, and then he comes around and puts his hand under my elbow—so.

"Once he brought home some 'eye cups.' You've never seen them? Well, they're things you put on to keep your eye-balls round. He wanted me to 'save my beauty,' he said. Heigh ho!

"You want to hear something about him as a little boy? Why, he was just a little boy, that's all. Just a queer little boy that never played. His father was a teacher, and Joaquin used to get two letters and hold them up together to try and make a word. We were poor in those days in Indiana, and there were three boys with but six years between. They never went to school in the summer; there was so much to do. I can remember now how Joaquin used to start out to work in the morning, with his book tucked in against his little breast. He used to work so fast—so fast in the corn to reach the end of the row! Then he'd sit down and study till his brothers came. Sometimes

he'd go out and write in the moonlight, and he always said he never had half a chance." Her voice trailed reminiscently; her dim eyes were looking backward through the years.

"He was born on that ranch?" I suggested.

"Good gracious! What makes you ask so many bothering questions? Yes—no, he was born—in a manger, I guess! I think it was in Wabash county," she went on. "I've most forgotten now. The family records were all in a big Bible, like that one over there. When we started overland to Oregon, I cut them out and sewed them in the pocket of my skirt. The skirt got dirty, and ragged and worn; the records—got thrown away."

Again there was silence. "Joaquin wasn't very big when we came overland," she continued at last. "We started with a carriage to put the children in. Then there were two other teams, and mules, and cattle and men. But things went wrong. We lost— Why, I don't want to talk to you of that. It hurts to remember, and all that life is past and gone—it's—past and gone. I'm going to tell you instead how Joaquin ran away."

"Oregon was spread with gold in those days, and we had found our share. The boy wanted some money. I had eighty dollars in my purse and he knew where I kept it, but Joaquin was such an honorable little tike that he wouldn't touch a cent. That's why he ran away."

"For days we couldn't trace him, and his father was almost wild. Then a peddler came along. He said he knew where a funny little boy was chopping wood. His father went out, and up the hill through the pines."

"He lifted up his voice and called. Joaquin says he knew it was his father's voice, but he worked on just the same. He was chopping when they found him. No; he

wouldn't come home, he said, not till he'd earned some money. And so the time went on.

"One day he came. He wouldn't let me, his mother, see him in his dirty clothes, but he'd bought some new ones and a bottle of musk perfume. He put them on at a neighbor's house, and she told me afterwards that she couldn't wash the smell of the musk from the counterpane. He came riding to me on an old white horse—my funny little boy."

Shadows crept into the square brown room. They touched the mother's face and deepened the stain of the years.

"You've heard how they said he was dead?" she suddenly asked. "How the women brought lilies to lay on his breast? Yes, they did! And here are the letters the people sent. This one his daughter wrote when she found that it wasn't true. See, it says: 'My Own Perfect Papa: The wind sings and the sea sings because you are alive!'"

\* \* \*

Mrs. Miller's cottage on the Hights is, to her four-score years, the lodge at the gate of heaven. Her poet son has sung his sweetest songs upon its steps. In the garden he has lavished his love. There are winding paths through the orchard grass, and patches of bloom, where pink sweetpeas, and violet and white lie close to the lea of the hill. There are unexpected springs gushing out from the tule, and pools where water-lilies raise their chalices of snow.

Beyond the cottage a canyon creeps to the summit. It teems with the voices and perfumes of June.

I shall never forget my introduction to that canyon! I had literally rolled into it, from the opposite side of the hill, and had not the least idea that it belonged to the Miller estate. A stream was bath-



ing the feet of the redwoods and alders, and the ferns grew close to its edge. I gathered as many of the latter as I could carry, then "struck out" for the county road. As I reached the Hights I saw the poet in his garden.

"Won't you come in?" he asked. We sat in his outer dining-room under a canopy of boughs.

"They're beauties, aren't they?" I questioned, pointing to my trophies.

"Y-es," he answered. "Why did you not pull up the roots?"

"Because they were too heavy," I assured him. Then we talked of many things.

"Have you been writing much, lately, Mr. Miller?" I asked as I corded my treasures to start.

clean and pretty to adorn the path of the Prince who comes to-morrow.—JOAQUIN MILLER."

On the summit behind the Hights a giant chimney lifts its head, and the mouth of its oven yawns wide. It is the Miller crematory. Through the rock around its base, peeps the prickle and gloss of holly, side by side with the slim gray leaves of fragrant southern-wood. A buzzard wheels in the warm June air, and lizzards lie prone upon their breasts, like tiny gray-cowled monks who have come to a shrine to pray.

On his own doorsteps, not far from his mother's, the "Man of the Mountain" watches the twilight. "See," he says, pointing to the sea-



The Mother's Cottage.



The Crematory on the Hill.

"No," replied the poet, pointing to my ferns. "I have been spending my days in cultivating—those!"

The next time I saw the canyon, a big white placard stared at me from a tree. It's legend ran:

**"PLEASE! PLEASE!  
NO TRESPASSING!!**

Nothing to see up here, except down yonder.

Said the Persian Poet, 'We will not trespass upon the pretty carpet of Nature to-day, but leave the Ferns and Flowers and all things

fog, "it will be in the San Joaquin Valley by dawn."

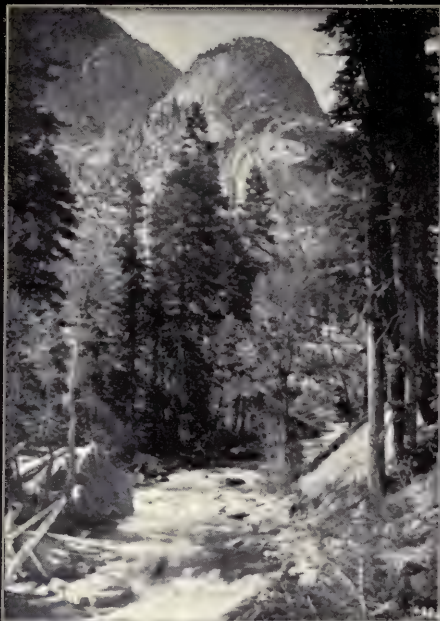
There is a rustle in the olive trees. A bird flutters in their branches, and the poet smiles. He stretches out his hand and speaks slowly. His voice has grown feeble in the last year, but his message to the world is strong:

"Now, what is the secret, serene gray dove,

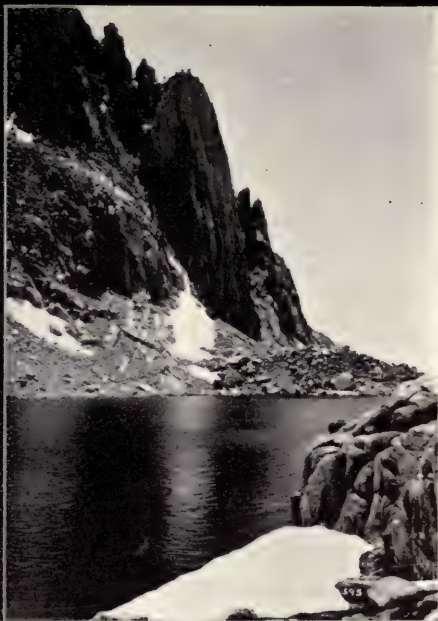
Of singing so sweetly away?

'There are many To-morrows, my love, my love,

There is only one To-day.'"



Tower Rock, Kern Canyon.



Lake near the base of Mount Whitney.

## KERN RIVER CANYON

### The Sierra Club's Expedition---1903

BY JOSEPHINE COLBY

ON the first of June, four University students started for the Canyon of the Kern River, to make camp for the Sierra Club. They had a hard time, and the tale of their adventures, of their repeated attempts to take pack animals through the four-mile stretch of snow on Farewell Gap, and of their final success, after a twelve hours' struggle in the snow, would in itself suffice to fill the space allotted to this article. On June 23d, when the first installment of the outing party reached the Kern Canyon they found a comfortable camp as witness to the efforts of the four pioneers.

While about twenty persons left San Francisco on the nineteenth of June, the majority of the two hundred and ten members of the outing party were enrolled in the sections

leaving on the twenty-fifth and the twenty-ninth. The former of these two large parties left San Francisco by special train. Early in the evening of the day of departure the mountaineers began to gather at the Oakland mole. Each ferry brought accessions. Finally they were gathered, a hundred strong, decked with fishing baskets, canteens, and haversacks, and armed with iron-shod alpenstocks. Unfortunate stay-at-homes who had taken the previous trips gathered to bid their friends envious farewells. At Sixteenth street the last good-byes were said; and the passengers on the special felt that the outing had begun.

The next morning the Sierra Club was in Visalia. The stage line was taxed to its utmost. In some way enough stages, horses and drivers



had been gathered together to accommodate the unusual number; and a stage ride of a day and a half brought the party to Mineral King. Here the real mountaineering began. At four o'clock in the morning the recumbents in the sleeping bags were roused by the Sierra Club reveille: "Everybody get up, get up, get up!"

It was necessary to move briskly in order to keep the frost out of one's veins; and soon the sleeping bags were rolled and the dunnage was piled in a great heap near by the pack animals. After breakfast the pedestrians took the trail as early as was possible in order to escape the heat of the day. The way led through timber for a short distance, and then the party came upon the snow-fields of Farewell Gap. Since the first of June the waste of snow, then so appalling, had shrunk to comparatively narrow strips. Accordingly most of the party skirted the snow-field and picked out a path over the rocks. By the middle of the forenoon the pack and saddle train could be seen zig-zagging over the snow-field; in the early afternoon the party was safely over the Gap and assembled at Bullion Flat, the camping place for the night. At sun-down a piercing wind blew down from the snow-fields. The stunted chaparrals and the occasional trees afforded no protection

from the wind. For a short time people huddled about the campfires, vainly trying to avoid the veering gusts of flame and smoke; then a general opinion of the futility of this attempt at comfort seemed to prevail, and the majority went forlornly to bed before twilight. By morning the Sierra Club was agreed that of all camping places in the Club's experience, Bullion Flat was the worst. After the next day's pull up over Coyote Pass and the downgrade into the Canyon of the Kern, each novice was willing to contribute his mite of evidence to the great store of testimony to the fact that mountaineering is no child's play; that he who would possess himself of all the mountains hold in store for him, must accept the privilege on certain grim conditions of strenuous effort and cheerful endurance.

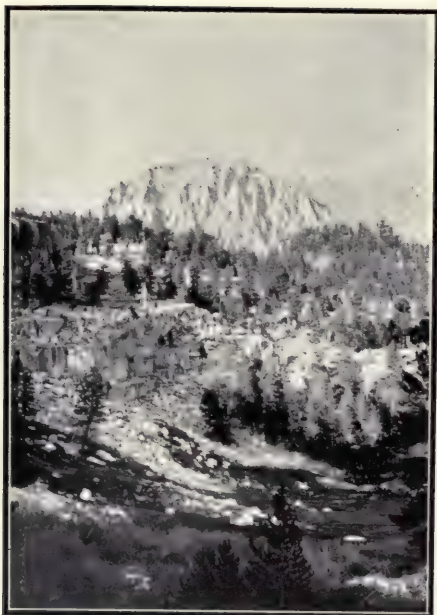
For a few days after the arrival at headquarters nearly every one was glad to avail himself of the comforts of permanent camp. People explored the banks of Coyote Creek for the most desirable camp-sites. Charlie Tuck was soon at home among three stoves and numberless cauldrons and stew pans. He, with the aid of two sturdy assistants, and one slim-legged little elf of a Chinese boy, baked and doled out his two hundred loaves of bread a day. In the meantime, the more skilled



Northward over Kern Lake.



At Farewell Gap. Altitude 10,400 feet.



A typical outlook.

and energetic among the men devoted themselves to the building of a bridge across the Kern. Trees were felled and stripped of their bark; with rope and tackle they were placed in position; slabs were hewn for cross pieces; with axes as the only tools all that could be done was done. Then the bridge-builders waited for nails and clamps. It was hoped that the bridge might be finished in time for the first trip to Mount Whitney. The second large party arrived; the appointed day for the Whitney trip was at hand.

At length the start was made. The pedestrians crossed, somewhat gingerly, on the unfinished bridge; the pack animals were unpacked; the baggage carried across the bridge, and the mules and horses driven across the ford and re-packed. Under these difficulties, the first trip to Mount Whitney was undertaken. This party was smaller than the second. Nearly all the scientists in camp made the ascent at this time. The purpose of the expedition was to determine the altitude. The work

of computation was performed by Mr. Alexander McAdie and Mr. J. N. Le Conte. According to their calculations, the height of Mount Whitney is 14,522 feet. A week after the first party left for Whitney, the second party set out for the same destination. While the first party numbered forty, the second included more than a hundred. The weight of baggage for each person was limited to fifteen pounds. All sorts of possible hardships were predicted; the unpleasant contingencies were vividly pictured; but the ardor of the hundred remained undiminished. With some misgivings, the management permitted this unprecedented trip into the high Sierra. Wonderful to relate, in neither party was there an accident. The total number of persons in both parties who climbed to the "tip-top of the United States" was one hundred and forty-three. It would be hard to find another so remarkable an instance of enthusiasm for mountain climbing.

The route taken from Camp Olney, the permanent Sierra Club camp, was, in the approach to Mount Whitney, very "round-about"; the return trip was more direct. After crossing the Kern at some distance above its junction with Coyote Creek, the trail for the first two days followed the general direction of Volcano Creek. The propriety of the recent change of name of this stream from "Whitney" to "Volcano" Creek was apparent to everyone. Not only does the creek flow through a country rich in crater cones, but the canyon of the creek itself has the wonderful, almost architectural character of the volcanic rock. The stream flows for a long distance at the base of walls which suggest a human builder—between masses of buttresses and towers, colonnades and cloistral pillars. Then for a time the stream loses its characteristic and winds through meadow country. The creek pos-



sesses a charm for the fisherman, as well as for the geologist, for the limpid water is teeming with "golden trout." Nowhere else in the world are they found, and here they are in great abundance. The stream was lined with fishermen, and no man's catch interfered with his neighbor's. Fish for dinner was the order of day when we camped on the banks of Volcano Creek. The first camp was at Lower Volcano Meadows. Though the characteristics were unmistakable; though the elasticity, the buoyancy of the atmosphere told us we were in the highlands, we saw little of the mountains. The next day's camp, at Upper Volcano Meadows, was sentineled by peaks of austere granite streaked with snow. A little cold stream ran out from a spring and meandered and circled in a whimsical sort of way through a spongy green meadow. We stood blissfully in two inches of water and ate our supper, while the alpenlight glorified the granite peaks at the head of the meadow. Then we went off—none the worse for that experience—to sleep on the hillside. We all built fires that night and went to sleep with scores of beacons glowing among the trees. The next day's trip was through the "Siberian Outposts"—bleak enough when the first party crossed them; but hospitable to us, with a fresh, keen breeze to freshen us as we walked. There was nothing more picturesque on the trip than those stretches of yellow sand streaked with dull green along the water courses, and circled by the bare granite peaks. That last day before the ascent of Whitney was a memorable one, from its vistas of meadows and mountain ranges.

Mount Brewer, Table Mountain, the Kaweahs, and Sawtooth Range were stretched before us in a glorious panorama until we descended the trail—indicated on the map by a curious zig-zag—into Crabtree

Meadows. At Crabtree Meadows we made our last camp before the ascent of Whitney.

At dinner that night the last solemn instructions of the committee were imparted to the ambitious mountaineers. After that there was an early adjournment for the purpose of a good night's rest before the climb. The camp was roused at half-past three; and by half-past four nearly every one was on the trail. A long, tedious climb finally brought the party to the long-desired goal—the "tip-top of the United States." The view from Mount Whitney is one of the most interesting of all the mountain views. In beauty it is surpassed by the view from many another summit; but the vast expanse of country; the snow peaks to the north; the breaking down of the range toward the south; the chasms of the great water courses, make it well worth while to have climbed Whitney. At least, so say all who made the climb. Despite the foot-sore



Volcano Falls.



1. Summit of Whitney.
2. Entering the Chimney on Whitney.
3. On the slope of the mountain.

and weary condition of the pilgrims, it was a triumphant party that slept that night at Crabtree Meadows.

The next day began the homeward trip by way of Kern Canyon. From a true "Inspiration Point" on the trail, we caught a glimpse of the solemn depths of Kern Canyon and the far blue distances beyond. Then by rapid descent we reached the camping place by the Kern-Kaweah. There we found the most

wonderful meadow with yellow musk in a tangle under foot, tall white orchids, "brown-eyed Susans," golden sunflowers and golden lilies waist-high in the deep grass. That was the day we were told of a "five-mile walk to the next camp." Accordingly we explored the canyon of the Kern-Kaweah and climbed up to the Kern-Kaweah Falls. By agreement, a party of us was to meet at the hot spring for a fish fry at noon. By two o'clock we had seen no sign of a hot spring. We discovered it at six o'clock that evening, after the promised five miles had lengthened to fifteen. At dusk a goodly number of the party were still trudging wearily toward camp. A ford where the water ran swift and deep tested the chivalry of the men. Another day's trip—with a side excursion up the Canyon of the Grand Arroyo—brought us finally to Camp Olney—worn, but supremely happy.

For several days we stayed in camp, taking the minor trips easy of access, fishing and swimming at the lakes and strawberry-ing at Funston Meadows. The camp-fires in the evening continued to delight us with most original vaudeville, with scientific lectures, and with incredibly good music. Finally we left camp for home.

Though our homeward route was the one by which we came to Camp Olney, it was in some ways strangely changed. The trip which had seemed interminable and wearisome—though taken in two days—when we came, was easily walked in one on the return to Mineral King. Coyote Pass and Farewell Gap had sunk from the stature of mountains to mole hills. The country about Bullion Flat was no longer bleak and desolate. The hillsides were veritable rainbows. Fields of blue flax—the "fairy flax"—of lupines, Indian paint-brushes, forget-me-nots, columbines, gentians, Mariposa lilies—nameless and number-



less flowers—had made the desert bloom like the rose.

At Mineral King the more energetic took the trips for which the place is so justly famed—among the most noteworthy, the trip to Eagle Lake and the climb of Sawtooth. At Mineral King was a parting of the ways. Some of the party took the stage for Visalia, while the majority pushed on, over Timber Gap,

to Redwood; then to Alta Meadows; and finally to Giant Forest.

Of all the camping places we saw there was none like Redwood. The place was so beautiful that camping there among the sequoias seemed almost a desecration. Of all the views we saw there was none to compare with that from Alta, and so, at Giant Forest, after the climax of the trip, the Sierra Club ended its days of happy vagabondage.

---

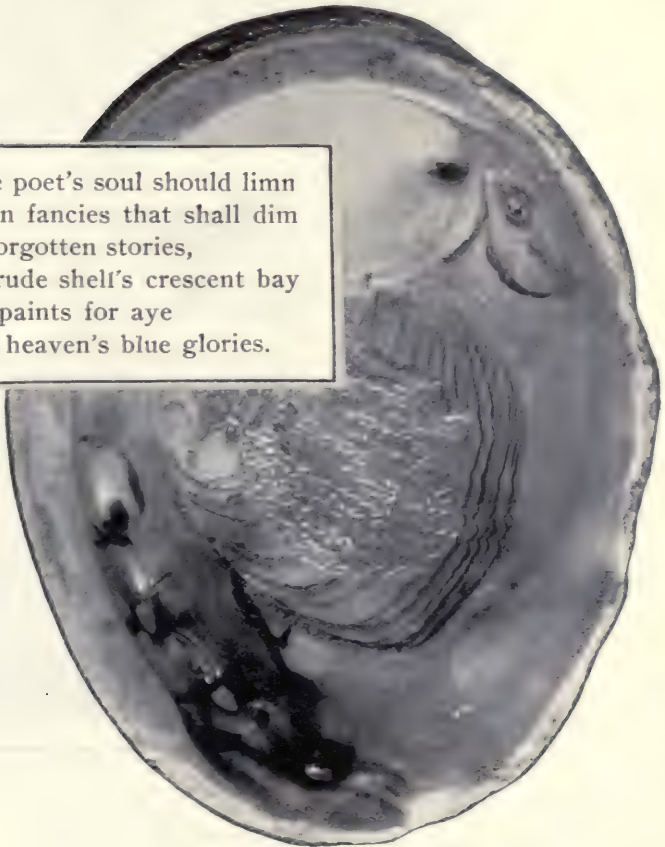
## A REVERY.

---

BY CHARLES E. JENNEY

Strange if the poet's soul should limn  
But earth-born fancies that shall dim

Like soon forgotten stories,  
When in its rude shell's crescent bay  
The abalone paints for aye  
The unseen heaven's blue glories.





GLORIANA



# GLORIANA

BY WALLACE A. GORHAM

An essay Gloriana wrote  
In metric phraseology;  
A forceful disquisition on  
Inductive anthropology;  
It glowed in synonyms of rich  
Polemical verbosity,  
And scintillated underneath  
Ineffable pomposity.

Prolix in psychologic lore,  
Diffuse, and ditheistical;  
It wooed theodicy in lines  
Abstruse and and syllogistical;  
Didactic, broad and deep, the theme  
Had limitless rotundity,  
And altitude and amplitude  
Of fathomless profundity.

No ego pranced or postured there,  
No scent of bone or cuticle,  
No treatise crude or commonplace  
On science therapeutical;  
Up soaring on the wings of isms,  
Phantasmic, weird and mutable,  
She wrought, and sung, and sipped, and swooned,  
Mid fantasies inscrutable.

But metaphysical expert,  
And erudite biographer,  
And theological savant,  
And brainy lexicographer,  
Demurred at that unique array  
Discursive, and euphonious,  
And took their sapience away  
With gestures acrimonious.

A magazine man read and then  
Exclaimed with visage jocular:  
Eureka! none can solve it with  
A telescope binocular;  
O'er ecstasy hysterical;  
And ride athwart Utopian skies  
On 'ologies chimerical.

'Tis true they clamor for the strong,  
The lucid, terse and sensible,  
We have it happily in this  
Digest incomprehensible.  
He gave it space, and many moons  
Was target for a battery  
Of laudatory epigrams,  
And nimble-fingered flattery.



# THE PLAINT OF THE PASSING PEOPLES

## Pacific Pastels

BY VINCENT HARPER.

**F**OREWORD.—Of the Pacific. Of the Ancient Peoples, of the Red and Brown and the Yellow and Black, of the Peoples that live past the setting sun whom strong men begot in the Dawn of Things, and whose pitiful passing plaint I have heard—these Stories.

Of where West is East, and the New is Old, and What Was gives way to What Is To Be, and the Greek of Man meets the Greek of God, and the Final Fight must soon be fought, are these tales to tell. What had to be has come to pass. The Youngest Nation, long poised on the brink, has plunged at last into The Pacific, and swimming across it with sturdy strokes, has gathered gem-islands to set in its crown, and the Passing Peoples must perish.

When the Youngest People reached the end of The West it was no strange thing if their old men said: "Thus far, but no farther," since from Sea to Sea the Star of their Empire had marched West-

ward in triumph. So the Youngest Nations paused on the brink, for their old men said: "Here endeth the New." The Pacific must be, thought the wise old men, The End as it was The Beginning.

The pale cast of thought was still in their cheeks, the cramp of the East not yet gone from their muscles, who, drunk with the thrill of their '49 port, thought the Golden Gate swung inward!

Did they think that the Nation back of them could stand on the marge of the Final Sea and launch no claim to the World in front? Ah, no! The Pacific, the last, first Sea, where rose the sun of the Antique World and sets the sun of the World of Progress, charms and allures as no other sea can, for it haunts the heart with its hoary Past and staggers the mind with its limitless Future.

And the young giant among the Peoples must face it, and know it and cross it—or lose it. So give me your ears, strong Men of To-mor-



row, while I take up these parables, while I chant the Dirge of the Passing Peoples, the Peoples who perish that ye may endure. Hear one, who, your brother, yet has loved The Pacific, and lived on all shores of that mystical sea, and on scores of its exquisite tropical coral-girt Isles, and dwelt with its Peoples of every hue, and comes now with these Tales of the Twilight, these pitiful tales of the Afterglow.

\* \* \* \*

### The Last of the Maoris.

Of Rangi Kirikiri, the son of Kai the son of the Ancients, and his Evanishing:

All day had the squealing of pigs been saddening the hearts of the dwellers at Titikaveka. And all through the night the chanting of death-croons and flaring of funeral torches and ghoulish, uncanny wailing of women gave mournfulest sign that death with its troupe of bad spirits was near.

"He is dead," said men.

"Else, where can he be?" asked the women, and no one answered. He was gone, so he must be dead, this last brown son of the men of the Past, old Rangi, surnamed Kirikiri. And being the last of the men of the Past, and a man full of wisdom, and mighty to do, it was fitting the men of To-day should bewail him.

So they came by West from far Arorangi, and they came by East from Matavera, and from Avarua they also came, though there they be most 'neath the White Man's heel. Since Rangi was dead, the Past was dead. But the men of the Present who came to weep knew not that they wept for their own Traditions.

Whoever came, came of course with a pig, and his wife she came with singing, so the squealing of pigs to be killed for the feast and the wail of the Daughters of Sorrow were heard all day and were heard all night at the wharrie of

Kirikiri. And they who prayed to the White Man's God prayed that night to the gods of the Maori, and the spirits of evil dared not come to the wharrie of Rangi the Seer, so loud they sang and beat the drums, so lurid the flare of the torches. A royal funeral thus had he with naught—but the corpse—found lacking. He was gone, although no one had seen him die, and having thus gone, he must be dead—so pigs must squeal and women must wail, and the Future with decency bury the Past.

But not in the fair stone tomb he had built, like the tombs of the men, his fathers, could they lay the bones of this last strong son of the men of the eld, his fathers.

"The sea," said some; "the sea which he loved, hath it swallowed up Kirikiri?"

But other some said: "Rangi meaneth a cloud, so the sky hath taken up Rangi, the sky which he loved and whose stars he loved, hath taken up Kirikiri."

But gone he was, to the sea or sky, and the Truths of the Past gone with him. So the men of Today and the youth of Tomorrow made funeral wail over Rangi, though no corpse had they to lay in his tomb, nor none could say of what ill he died, nor carve in the beautiful Maori way his name on his tomb and the thing he was—and the unborn children will never read how Rangi the Last of the Maoris died.

The Vakatini of Mouri said: "He hath died of the White Man's Coming."

But the men of the present only laughed and said: "What fever is that, mad Puna?"

Yes, Te Puna the old Vakatini was mad—the men of the Present all knew it—for had he not said in open Court to the very face of the White Queen's Resident—who was as a god in power, and divinely White—that Makea Ariki was his queen, and his God the God of the

Maori? Yes, old and mad and behind the times was Te Puna the Vakatini.

So they ate up the pigs that had squealed all day, and ceased not to chant till the sun rose—and then went their ways, these men of What Is, and forgot What Was and Rangi.

Although it lay six hundred leagues from the great Island Continents that he had wrested from the Australian Blacks and the New Zealand Maoris, the White Man, lusting for possessions, came finally to that last out-post of the Maori race, the veritable Land's End of the majestic Brown Men, miraculously lovely Raratonga, that isle so dimly floating beyond the farthest rim of the remote that even one who goes there can think of it only as of a Dreamland lying along the latitudes of Sleep.

Even to Raratonga came at the last the White Man. Came like the Greeks with gifts, and, having not read Virgil, the Raratongans gave him a Maori welcome and feared nothing. And after certain years and much fair speech the native Arikis within whose veins ran immemorial blood of conquering Kings, keeping the Form of Power, yielded the Thing, and called her Queen whom they had never seen, whose face was white, whose Resident Commissioner had not so much as one canoe—nor could have rowed one—and whose strange God on one day of the week commanded things which nobody obeyed on the six other days.

But it must be confessed the White Man certainly had brought many inventions, many new things and strange. He brought strange foods not to be picked from trees, and—teaching men their shame—brought clothes to hide it. He brought all sorts of Laws and bound them on men's backs, so that they came to know that living natural lives, like birds and flowers, is sin. He brought a thing called "Con-

science," which he had made where-with to rectify the Instincts which the gods had made. He brought stout roofs of corrugated iron and many curious diseases, steel knives and sharp ideas, marriage and calico, rum, and black leaves to put in pipes and smoke, and a great Book—a guinea at the Mission, bound in leather—and stores where much was to be had for money, and the necessity to work for money where-with to buy the many things that he had brought.

So the Brown Men learned what the White Man taught, forgetting their fathers; and the Brown girls bore half-breeds to the White Man, forgetting their mothers. And the glory that was, departed.

It was then that the last of the men of the Past, even Rangi the Seer, fled from the home of his Brown forebears by the harbor of Avarua, and shaking the dust of the place from his feet, passed eastward of Matavera and on beyond Mouri, and cut no burao poles; no, nor stripped the pandanus, until he had put all the length of the land 'twixt him and the White Mar.

At far Titikaveka, Rangi stopped—to make the last stand of the Brown 'gainst the White.

There on the edge of the wide lagoon he builded his wharrie, builded as ever the Maori had a hut of burao poles thatched with pandanus. There saw he the turquoise and pea-green lagoon, and the snow-white reef with the sapphire sea beyond it—the sea that he loved and was full of fish, green fish and scarlet and blue and gold. He builded his house among king-ly palms, tall akari-palms—called by weak men "cocoanuts," insulting this noblest gift of the gods with a name from the White Man's lingo!—so housed like a king was Rangi.

And all about were great meeka thickets—which the lost called bananas—and peace of mind, and a





Drawing by Beringer

"Hear at eight bells, the Haunting Chant of this Ancient Mariner."

dark, lush swamp where the succulent taru—turnip—thrives, and silence and rest and a mango grove and breadfruit trees and guava.

With the sea before and the mountains behind, and the stars above and the Truth beneath, a wharrie builded of burao withes and cunningly thatched with stripped pandanus and shaded by palms, tall akari-palms, near the coral-reefs where the everlasting boom of the surf is as deep as love and as old as truth—ah, a hut like that is an Ariki's palace where a king may live as a Maori should—with never a thought of your pale-face Queen with her strange new gods and her pompous Resident High Commissioner.

But nearer and nearer the New Thing crept till it girdled the isle with deadly Change, and Rangi grew old as the world grew new, and closer and closer Improvement pressed, till Titigaveka, too, was reached, and the Thing As It Was by the gods' decree gave way to what White Men said the Thing Should Be. And Rangi, at bay, did battle with Change and struck the last blow for What Used To Be.

They had made him put on a pariu—a ridiculous strip of calico print—about his thighs that the gods had made. And Maata Te Maka, his poor old wife, must, when she wanted to go to town—as if ashamed of the work of the gods—wear a blasphemous gown called a "Mother Hubbard."

And they haled him to Court for fishing on Sunday, though the White God's preacher at Arorangi maintained in the teeth of the other White preachers, that Sunday was not the day of the Lord, but that Saturday, now as in olden times, was the one true Sabbath. The White Man's God had so many preachers who denied with scorn what each other said, that the simple, like Rangi, were puzzled.

Then Maata Te Maka she fell

sick, and they laughed to scorn the mummy apples and Maori medicines found in Nature, and bore her away to their hospital where their Medicine Man, in his thirst for blood, declared that she had "appendicitis"—as if Maata Te Maka, poor old soul, could have a new-fangled disease like that!—and they made her smell of a deadly fume and cut her open—and then she died. So Science had come to the wharrie of Rangi, and, behold, the joy of his life lay dead.

Rangi cursed the New that had cursed his Old, and no more would be Vakatini, which meaneth the Lord of a Thousand Canoes. Canoes! Ye Gods! They no longer used them. Men no longer dared, as their fathers had, to cross the broad sea in their war canoes, fearless and open, and graceful as swans and strong as the wing of the petrel. Not they, for even when going to Aitutaki—a mere holiday row of some fifty leagues—they went blown by the winds in sailing ships or in huge black iron ones, belching smoke. So Rangi refused to be Vakatini, and mad Te Puna reigned in his stead—the man being tickled by empty titles.

But Rangi still rowed from Isle to Isle with his six stout sons in his old canoe that ducked and dived and drove through the sea like a thing of beauty and life and power, and their muscles on back and arms and thighs knotted and strained as they drove her through with their dripping, long, carved paddles.

And when he would get him another wife—since they killed his Maata Te Maka—he rowed with his six stout naked sons with wreaths of flowers about their brows and chanting the Maori love songs. They rowed and rowed for an hundred leagues to the northward, to Tahiti, for the Raratongan girls were spoiled and covered their shame with monstrous gowns which they sewed on machines like the weak



white girls, and rode upon wheels that they called "bicycles," and gaddened about in crazy French hats, and sang, not ashamed, at the Mission church—and bore to beachcombers in all the towns their little mongrel babies.

Tahiti he found still worse—but Morea, just over a strip of blue sea from Papeete, had still pure unspoiled naked girls, and of these the fairest was Tiera. So he took Tiera, the Flower, to wife, and rowed her home in his war-canoe bedecked with Morean flowers—rowed an hundrel good leagues on the open sea to his wharrie at Titi-kaveka.

Then the morning stars sang together again, and the gods of the day said, "Let light be," and the heart of the old man was made young, and they ate boiled fish and roasted pig and the luscious fruits of the Tropics. And he dried his copra and thatched his roof and loved Tiera and thanked his gods.

All in good time Tiera declared that a son would be born, a son to sit on the old man's knee, a son to become another Brown Man, to walk naked and straight and simple of heart in the good old way of the fathers.

But alas, they had civilized Tiera, and the child that was born was found to be White—so the End had come. Rangi put the polluted Flower away—and had to pay, too, for his bill of divorce the staggering sum of seven shillings—a fortune to one who had never had money—and all just to cleanse his house from the stain that the judges themselves had put there. So he had to pay and argue and prove to get a divorce in their great High Court, whereas in the heathen "unchaste" days a man and a woman were man and wife so long—and no longer—as love did bind them, for the fathers held her foul and fallen who continued to live with an unloved mate, and the offspring of lust lay under a curse, and "divorce" meant just ceasing from loving.

Ah, well, so be it! All things were changed. The foundations of life were out of plumb. He would strive against Fate no longer. He would launch his canoe as his fathers had, and row with his six stout naked sons to find and to conquer some Isle of the Past on the boundless breast of the Future.

They launched forth, therefore, at dead of night with none but the stars to see them, and the White Man knew after Rangi went that the Maori was gone forever! They rowed and they rowed for a year and a day, they rowed six, and then five, and then four men, for one by one died the six stout sons, till at last there rowed but Rangi. And Rangi the Son of the Ancients rowed to the East and the West, to the North and the South—but he found no Isle of the Past, not he, so he rowed and must row forever!

"He is dead!" said men.

"Else where can he be?" said Brown Men with the pallor of Progress on them, said Maori men who were turning white and whose glory was gone with Rangi. So they killed the pigs and chanted all night at the wharrie of Kirikiri, whose empty tomb and whose empty place will be empty—who cares?—forever.

The steersmen who guide the "shuttles of empire" that ply to and fro on the broad Pacific, weaving the empires that are to be, may hear at Eight Bells on the darkest night the haunting chant of this Ancient Mariner, who rows in an antique war-canoe with a dripping, long, carved paddle and seeks in vain for some Isle of the Past where a man of the Past may live as lived his fathers. His spirit will row in a ghost canoe when the empire of empires has ended, when the last sun sets in the West of Time and the Dawn of Eternity glows in the East, when the sea shall give up its dead at last, and the Feet of Progress shall have won to the Best—and the Earth shall burst like a South Sea Bubble.



A swift ebb tide, on the eastern side,  
Sweeps in at the Point Del Mar,  
For cycles old have the breakers hissed,  
And swept their spray in a circling mist,  
O'er a crag that's christened "The Lover's Tryst,"

A wild, bold run that the sea-folk shun,  
Crowned high by decaying walls,  
That, years ago, were a castle old,  
Where dwelt a maid with a heart of gold,  
Who lived, and died, for a brigand bold.

\* \* \* \* \*

The good ship Sue, with her viking crew,  
Set sail at the break of day;  
All night she'd drowsed to a sweet refrain  
Of music, sung by the mighty main,  
Whose pulses throbbed at her anchor-chain.

Her listless crew slept the whole night through,  
And never a man that stirred,  
That is, save one, and he swam to land  
To kiss a beautiful maiden's hand,  
And nurse a love that was contraband.

And now he stood in his plaid and hood,  
And thought of the night gone by;  
He thought of love, and a maiden's bed,  
And a tender look o'er his features spread  
That made a saint of a pirate's head.

And when his ship, with a flirt and dip,  
Swept close to the castle wall,  
He bared his head as he hove in sight,  
And dipped his flag, in the morning light,  
In sweet salute to a form in white.

"Sing ho, sing ho, my aggressive crew,  
We'll toast the lass, and the good ship Sue,  
Both good and steady, and firm and true."  
Right well it be if they prove so, too.



A sentinel's face, from its hiding place,  
 Saw Sue dip the brigand flag,  
 Then disappeared; in a moment more  
 A bugle sounded from off the shore  
 That made the echoes with challenge roar.

A call to arms, while the sharp alarums  
 Ring quick 'long the castle walls,  
 A shot flies swift, o'er the waters blue,  
 That's answered, quick, by the viking crew  
 With an old Long Tom and a thirty-two.

Ha, see! A bark leaves the fortress, dark,  
 And speeds for the open sea;  
 She cuts the foam as she plows along  
 In hot pursuit of the pirate throng,  
 Who flout her sail with a ribald song.

"Sing ho, sing ho, all my viking crew,  
 And sing again when your song is through,  
 And make the jest that best pleases you."  
 'Twill be the same in an hour or two.

The pirate crew would have sworn that Sue  
 Could distance the Falcon bark,  
 But big and red in the morning light  
 The Falcon's beacon forged in sight,  
 And the viking crew prepared for fight.

Sing ho, sing ho, let your song ring true,  
 And pipe a note for the Falcon, too,  
 The lassie's father commands the crew  
 That rides the waves in pursuit of you.

The light of day saw a bloody fray,  
 The deck of the Sue shone red,  
 Her monkey-gaff was a gallows-tree  
 That swayed and bent 'neath the corpses, three.  
 Of pirates, dead as they'll ever be.

The captain stood, in his plaid and hood,  
 And wielded his trusty blade;  
 The ring of dead he had piled knee-high  
 At length attracted the searching eye  
 Of a man in lace who was tacking by.

"You imp of fire," quoth the irate sire,  
 "Come measure your sword with me:  
 Forsooth, I vow by the Sphinx's head,  
 That ere the sun grows a deeper red,  
 You'll mark your length on a coral bed."

Then quoth the chief: "By Gilmony's Reef,  
 It pains me to cut your throat;  
 But I've a tryst with your daughter, fair,  
 Which you would spoil, if you lived, I swear,  
 So pray to heaven 'ere you journey there."

On guard! On guard! Now, their breath comes  
Now, chances would seem a draw; [hard,  
The pirate falls, he is up once more;  
He stumbles—slips on the bloody floor—  
The other's blade spits his heart's red core.

Then o'er the rail, with a lusty hail,  
They toppled the brigand bold;  
A valiant man, and a brave, I vow.  
The father cried: "Will you tell me how  
You'll keep your tryst with my daughter now?"

The answering word by the wind was heard,  
But not by the Falcon crew;  
They sung their songs of the bloody fray,  
They sailed back home to the fortress gray,  
And reached it just at the close of day.

No single star o'er the Point Del Mar  
Hung high in the heavens dark;  
The beach lay black, but a grewsome sight  
Was shown next day by the morn's rich light—  
A maiden robed in a dress of white.

Sing ho, sing ho, for the good ship Sue,  
Sing ho, sing ho, for her captain, too;  
He's sung his song, and his song is through,  
A long farewell to the viking crew.

A heart of gold, and a brigand bold;  
Her arms press his bloody form,  
Her cold, dead eyes meet his glassy stare,  
Her white lips rest on his sea-swept hair.  
Thus ends the tale of this luckless pair.







Where the Pines begin



The White Scourge  
of the Wilderness



Gazing at Shasta  
100 miles away

## THE WILDERNESS

BY GEORGE S EVANS

THE wilderness hath charms. To go to it is to return to the primitive, the elemental. It is reached by the trail, the oldest thoroughfare of man. The trail breathes out the spirit of romance.

It may date back to the days when the aborigines gave chase to the deer and the elk beneath the branches of the leafy forest. In pioneer days, the trail may have had its sanctity invaded by a white-skinned cavalcade, intent on finding gold. It has probably felt the hoofs of a steed carrying a fugitive from justice into a wild fastness. Over it have passed the strongest, bound to the hunting grounds to kill them venison. Over it passes in procession horses and men, carrying supplies to the cattle station, or the sheep-herder.

The trail winds around and up mountains, whose heads touch heaven. It makes its way down leafy forest aisles; it leads past trickling springs, surrounded by moss-covered boulders; it penetrates Nature's Titanic quarries; it crosses the range where cloud and wind, frost and snow, contend with boulder and dwarf timber.

The question of transportation of supplies over the trail is solved by the bronco, the pack-saddle and the diamond hitch, of men by the horse and saddle.

The wilderness still exists. Man has ravaged and plundered the earth in large measure, but there are still great tracts of wilderness where bear and deer and cougar wander as in the days of old. From the southern line of Mendocino County in California, bounded on the west by the sea, and on the east by the eastern wall of the Coast Range, running north for league after league lies a great tract of comparatively untamed wilderness. Here and there on the edge of this land is a settler's clearing marred by burnt, gnarled stumps. A few winding roads connect scattered villages. But go far enough, even these disappear. Press on, and you come to the true wilderness. Mountains clad in cloaks of forest verdure, rise like giants. Rough peaks flout high their banners of snow. Scarred and furrowed canyon sides are covered with an almost impenetrable thicket of brush. Little streams trickle down over rocks, through grassy

glades to join the mad foam creek at the bottom of the gorge. Mountain lakes and pools glimmer. Forest oceans mingle with the sky.

Away off, far from the haunts of man, you pitch your camp by some cool spring. Your horse has brought you over the trail safely. The supplies have arrived without accident. The air is bracing. Mountain piled on mountain, vast wastes of forest verdure, boulders heaped on boulders, tracts of brush and leafy glades mark this primeval waste—a workshop of the gods.

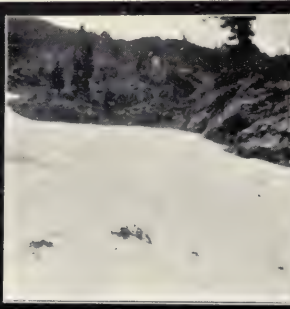
Dull business routine, the fierce passions of the market place, the perils of envious cities become but a memory. At first you are appalled by the immensity of the wilderness. You do not seem to be a part of the waste. You do not seem to fit into the landscape. The rocks have equanimity, the mountains ruggedness, the trees sturdiness, the wind savagery. You have none of these attributes. You are awe stricken, meek, filled with wonder. Your guide has lived in the wilderness for years. He is not awed by it, but seems to blend into it, to be a part and parcel of it. He has taken on the attributes of the wild and rugged land.

Almost imperceptibly a sensation of serenity begins to take possession of you. You explore deep canyons, climb vast mountains, penetrate shaggy forests, follow the meanderings of wild, turbid streams.

You begin to take on some of the characteristics of the denizens of the woods. Your step becomes lighter, your eyesight keener, your hearing more acute. You think of the civilization you have left behind. Seen through the eyes of the wilderness, how stupid and inane it all seems. The mad eagerness of money-seeking men, the sham pleasures of conventional society, the insistence upon the importance of being in earnest over trifles, pall on you when you think of them.

Your blood clarifies; your brain becomes active. You get a new view of life. You acquire the ability to single out the things worth while. Your judgment becomes keener.

Another stage in your wilderness development arrives. You learn how simple life is when reduced to its elements. The complexity of the life you have left behind becomes apparent. Slowly, surely, you become like the land you are in. When you first reached the wilderness you wondered why the sheepherders and packers were wild and rugged like the country they inhabited. It seemed as though men living in such a land should be meek and humble. You never had stopped to think that a stupid, conventional society made men stupid and conventional. You now perceive that man is the product of his environment. From worship of Nature you pass to toleration of it. You know that while Nature sits



A Wilderness Tragedy

Snow in September

Civilization's Last Outpost



enthroned in the midst of this mountain kingdom, man needs but the words "gold here" to spur him into a campaign ending in the dethronement of the monarch. At the touch of the magic words "gold here" the trees would go down like wheat before the sickle, the rock heaps of the ages would be rent asunder by the blast, streams would be harnessed, mountains tunneled—man enthroned. And now you have become like your environment. You have the equanimity of the rocks, the ruggedness of the mountains, the sturdiness of the oaks, the relentless savagery of the wind.

The wilderness is moody. At times the silence is terrifying. Again storms spring up, the reverberation of the thunder calls to mind the shaggy gods of the Norse. You hear the rush and roar of the gale through the tree-tops, the crash of falling trees struck by lightning, the spiteful spat of the rain. Springs rise and rivulets become torrents. At other times fires break out, and ruin and devastation reap a harvest. A forest fire is one of the most terrifying spectacles ever witnessed. The flames rush and roar; they flare up dry trees, and hold a holocaust over fallen logs. Over the noise of the conflagration can be heard the crash of falling trees and limbs. Then the wilderness, after the fire, takes on a sombre mood, sicklied o'er by the sullen cast of repose.

The noises of the wilderness at night are many. Far below you can hear the music of the water flowing over stones. The wind rushing through the trees sounds like beating surf. The shrill bark of the fox, the melancholy yelp of the coyote reverberate.

Overhead the stars shine with brilliance. Constellations traced by shepherd astronomers of Chaldaea are visible through the gauze-like foliage of trees standing in the days when Hyksos kings sat enthroned at Thebes. The astronomers and the kings have gone, but

the stars and the trees remain.

The pastimes of men in the wilderness are of the manly order. Those who delight in the chase here can pass hours filled with exciting incidents. To pit your human ingenuity against the ingenuity of the animal, to capture him at his own game, is invigorating and refreshing. You realize that if the life of each of the dwellers in the woods was written, you would have an epic. The wilderness teems with life. The deer leaps in the woodland. The sullen bear haunts dark canyons. The crested jay hawk makes the air vocal with his chattering. The raucous bark of the tree squirrel arouses you from your slumber. Down at the bottom of the canyon where the trout stream flows is another manifestation of life. Trout haunt the shady pools. The water ouzel flits from rock to rock. The mink and the otter lie in wait for their prey along the leafy banks. Flocks of quail come down out of the brush to the creek side to quench their thirst.

The wilderness is filled with tragedy. Never a creature there dies a natural death. From birth till death every dweller in the wilderness is surrounded by a cloud of danger. One by one the weak succumb to the strong. A perpetual warfare is carried on. You perceive that Nature is neutral: she neither fears nor hates.

Whenever the light of civilization falls upon you with a blighting power, and work and pleasure become stale and flat, go to the wilderness. The wilderness will take hold on you. It will give you good red blood; it will turn you from a weakling into a man. It will give you a broad view of human nature and enlist your sympathies in its behalf. When your pack train leaves the dusty road and "hits the trail," you will acquire new courage to live your life. You will get new strength. You will soon behold all with a peaceful soul.

# Under the Auspices of the Larkspur Saloon

## A Sunday School in the Sierras.

BY ALICE B. McCONNELL

THE school teacher at Windy Gulch was a young lady with a college education and a career, who, finding her health a bit shaken by devotion to art for art's sake, was spending a year among the Rocky Mountains and incidentally teaching a mining camp school of fourteen small children for seventy-five dollars a month. She was still at an age when beauty is enhanced by a cotton shirt waist and a sailor hat. She was popular in a way quite new to the Gulch. Jake Leal, who had proposed to every teacher for five years, honored Miss Gilchrist in the exception. The chance of making love to the school teacher had been considered one of the perquisites of working in the mines of Windy Gulch.

There were a good many miners in the Gulch that winter. They represented almost as many different grades of intelligence. Some of the men thought Miss Gilchrist's sketch book must be some kind of an arithmetic, which she took out of doors to figure in on the sly, and to keep ahead of the scholars. Others might have turned the leaves of that book with feelings of strong fellowship with the artist. The first week J. Virgil Smythe and the Duke of Beartrap made a quiet bet as to what school had trained her. They knew why she climbed the bluffs after school was out. They understood something of her rapture when Bald Mountain white and solemn, seemed to thrust itself in front of a glorious sunset sky, or when the long stretches of russet colored upland in the far distance rose lovingly to meet the pale, still heaven.

The constraint which the miners felt about making love to Miss Gilchrist seemed to increase their in-

terest in the Sunday school. There was a good deal concerning the history of that Sunday school which the teacher did not understand. She had noticed the spiritual destitution of Windy Gulch on the first day of her arrival. She soon learned that not one of her fourteen pupils knew whether Adam or Moses was the older; nor what was the chief end of man. She took her position very seriously. She felt that she must teach the children all she could of her own sweet, brave religion. On the second Friday evening she told the children of this desire, and asked them to come on Sunday afternoon and help her organize a Sunday school. That evening she talked it over with Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Bilkins. Mrs. Chester was the wife of the Superintendent of the deepest mine. Mrs. Bilkins was the blacksmith's wife, and the most motherly woman in the Gulch. The crowd at the Larkspur saloon talked it over also.

J. Virgil Smythe listened while Plain Jim Smith roared about how he meant to break it up. J. Virgil Smythe came from Boston. Plain Jim Smith came from Milpitas. Plain Jim had led in breaking up the last two Sunday schools at the Gulch. J. Virgil could see the moral difference between doing things to a Sunday school run by a grass widow with a French gray history, and meddling with Miss Gilchrist's good works. J. Virgil was a born stage manager. He decided to convert Plain Jim into Miss Gilchrist's most ardent supporter, and enjoy a good play at the same time.

He spread the matter before the Duke of Beartrap, after which both gentlemen did missionary work among the other frequenters of the



Larkspur saloon. Plain Jim had been tolled over to the blacksmith's shop before proselyting began.

Promptly at the time appointed on Sunday afternoon twenty-three miners, two gamblers and a traveling man for the Continental Brewery left the saloon and marched gravely toward the school house. The proprietor locked his door and followed. Plain Jim Smith thought that he was the funny man of the day.

The school house stood just across the road from the grave yard, in the barest, windiest portion of the Gulch. The building itself was of early Colonial type, about 1623, with 1830 windows and 1870 desks and seats, all of the ten-year-old size. Into these seats the men doubled themselves, and sat in solemn silence. Miss Gilchrist gave one chair to Mrs. Chester and a soap-box to Mrs. Bilkins, being sustained herself by pedagogic dignity at one end of the desk. The smaller children huddled on the recitation bench. The girls were afraid the men meant to fight; the boys hoped they did. Bud Bilkins and Ted Brewster, the two big boys, stood up behind the stove, twirled their caps around their doubled fists, and whispered that the men were awful slow.

At exactly two o'clock J. Virgil Smythe undoubled his limbs and rose in his place. He said it had been given out that this meeting was called for the purpose of organizing a Sunday school. He was glad of it. He was sure every public spirited citizen of Windy Gulch was anxious that the children of the camp should be brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." He therefore proposed that they elect a temporary chairman and then proceed to elect all officers necessary to boom the Sunday school. He moved that they make Plain Jim Smith the temporary chairman. The Duke of Beartrap seconded the motion. Plain Jim was

elected before he could take a second breath. He opened his mouth to explain that he was not in sympathy with any sort of religious round-up, and that he knew the other men were not; but J. Virgil Smythe's sombre eyes seemed to see a disagreeable duty in the near future.

Plain Jim went forward to the desk and said how much he appreciated the honor they had done him. He then asked that the will of the meeting be clearly expressed and proceeded to put motions before the house with more dignity than he had ever used before in his life. They made Miss Gilchrist Superintendent of the Sunday school and teacher of the Bible class. They gave Mrs. Chester care of the infants and made Mrs. Bilkins Secretary and Treasurer. The collection that day insured the financial success of the school for many moons. So it was that the Sunday school at Windy Gulch was held under the auspices of the Larkspur saloon, and Plain Jim boldly said it made all the difference in the world how you started a thing like that. So it was that a delegation of ungodly men once a week left the gambling table and walked solemnly to Sunday school, giving both lesson and teacher their most respectful attention. Even that out-spoken infidel, the Duke of Beartrap, on Sunday kept his tongue from any argument which might subvert the faith of the innocent little ones who heard him swear and saw him fight on week days.

The Sunday-school was held to be a success; but it was not at all what Miss Gilchrist had planned. The fulness of her beautiful womanhood had made her long to cuddle the children of that wind-blown camp close about her and teach them something sweet and sacred that might help to comfort them when the mines played out as she had heard they were sure to do; but those awful miners would come to Sunday

school and she did not dare to send them away. So she left the little ones to the care of Mrs. Chester while she led those overgrown boys to study the life of Him who went about doing good. So it was that the men of Windy Gulch came to reverence the teacher too much to try to make love to her. Some of them learned sweet and sacred things that winter, things to remember long. All of them were sorry when school was over, for it was said that the teacher would go East immediately.

Perhaps J. Virgil Smythe was the most sorry of any one, though he said nothing in public on the subject. His affairs were in an uncommon tangle. Here was his mine showing a good vein of high-grade ore. Every prospector knows the essence of that situation is time and work. As yet, there was no certainty about it. There was Miss Gilchrist in all her winsome girlhood; but where could he find her if she once got lost in the East. It was impossible to ask her where she might be found when he had time to court her. It was impossible to begin paying suit to her at present. Though Miss Gilchrist shed an atmosphere of graciousness around her, J. Virgil Smythe felt that he was on much the same footing with her that he had been when the Sunday school began.

Could he tell her that he was the only son and heir of the house of Smythe of Boston? He was the

ninth of an unbroken line of J. Virgil Smythes since the Pilgrims, and the black sheep of an otherwise white flock. Could he tell her that his heritage was in escrow until he had earned enough by "honest toil" to pay his college debts? If his claim held good for three months longer he could sell it for ten times the amount of those fool debts, go East, and be received into the bosom of society, as an eligible young man.

Thinking on these things he had an impulse to take a new path when he went home from work the night before the close of school. On the brow of the bluff, in the lee of a big boulder, he found Miss Gilchrist gathering together her sketching materials. Was it the sunlight on her face or was there more than usual friendliness in her eyes as she held her sketch for him to see? Far down the canyon the narrowing walls framed an angle of sky tinted a tender green. Above, an amber band melted away in flame-colored clouds.

"I would be willing to live hungry and cold for years if by so doing I could paint that," said Miss Gilchrist. "The Board sent me word to-day that I can have the next term of school here. I shall stay with Mrs. Chester this vacation and paint every minute that I can. I hope to do some really good work."

Together the heir of the house of Smythe and the young artist went down the bluff toward the sunset.





# RELATIVE VALUES.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

Author of "The Thoroughbred," "The Fall of the Flag," "The Faculty of Tompkins," and "The Headliner" in Munsey; "The Fleshpots of Philistia" in the Era; "Bluegrass Sketches in Harper's Weekly, etc.

"I DON'T quite like to suggest it, Agnes. It seems so beastly caddish, you know. But if you could manage to be a little less—er—intimate—with Mrs. Letcher while we are here——"

They were sitting far along on the pier stretching from the wide hotel piazza out into the waters of the Chesapeake. The long line of the horizon where the blue bay met the bluer sky was broken by the rugged outlines of old Fort Wool. The sun shone white on the stretch of shining sand and the gray walls of Fortress Monroe behind them, but a light breeze rippled the waves. It was a perfect day—too perfect, Agnes thought, to be marred by irrelevant discussion, and she turned reluctantly from the contemplation of the fair prospect to a consideration of the desirability of Mrs. Letcher's acquaintance—a question which she felt had little present interest for either of them.

"It will not involve any very great sacrifice on my part," she said indifferently; "Mrs. Letcher doesn't interest me particularly. But may I ask why?"

Ellison flushed a little.

"I hate talking about people, Agnes—especially women, but—er—Mrs. Letcher was quite unpleasantly discussed before her marriage; and while I wouldn't have you uncivil to her—George and I have always been friends—still I don't care to have my wife on intimate terms

with a woman like Kitty Letcher."

Mrs. Ellison sat suddenly upright, drawing her wide hat a shade lower over her face. She did not speak immediately, and her voice sounded a trifle strained and unnatural when she asked at length:

"Does he—does her husband know?"

"Probably not. Or more probably he may have heard something of it—he could scarcely have helped it, living in New York—and refused to believe it. Men are so utterly blind—so completely daft when they fall in love, eh, my darling?"

He glanced swiftly about to assure himself that no one was near, then caught his wife's hand and kissed it lightly. They had been married less than a week, and Ellison was in a state of boyish exuberance. In spite of—or perhaps because of—a charming impartiality in his treatment of the young women of his acquaintance he had been a decided social favorite; but his apparent indifference to the other sex (which had the usual effect of piquing their interest in him) had given place to an enthusiasm ardent enough to have satisfied the most critical when he chanced to see Agness Lovell in the ingenue role in "A Game of Hearts"—and forthwith lost his own.

"Why, Agnes, child, your fingers are like ice," he was saying anxiously. "Are you cold, dear? Is the breeze too strong for you here? Perhaps we'd better go indoors."

"No, no," the girl answered hastily. "Let us stay outside. It is lovely here! I had not realized that I was cold, but there seems to be a slight chill in the air. Perhaps you wouldn't mind asking Hortense

for a wrap for me—something heavy, please. It's perfect here on the pier."

As Agnes Ellison sat watching her husband's receding figure, a fear which had begun to harass her on her wedding day, became suddenly a conviction. She had loved Robert Ellison so utterly, she had been so swept away by the ardor and impetuosity of his wooing, that she had had little time for introspection or sober reflection. She had not realized their relative positions, the difference in their previous lives, their training and environment, the utter variance in their standards and ideals—until she met Ellison's mother. Mrs. Ellison, a semi-invalid, had not been sufficiently strong to attend the marriage—a quiet affair at the 'little church around the corner'—but she had written her prospective daughter-in-law a gracious letter in her delicate, old-fashioned handwriting, begging that "Robert's wife would come for a moment to see Robert's mother before they left the city." Something in the very atmosphere of the stately old home in its aristocratic neighborhood; in the air of mingled pride and deference with which the aged functionary admitted them; and most of all in Mrs. Ellison herself, fine and fragile as the delicate old china on the shelves of her antique mahogany cabinets, or the rare old lace on her silver hair—made Agnes feel herself as an alien. Mrs. Ellison, Agnes knew intuitively, was an aristocrat, a lady in the finest sense of the word, the daughter of a proud old house, a witness to the traditions of a noble race—and the thought of her own mother came to the girl like a stab.

That mother had been a "vaudeville artiste," playing the circuit of cheap variety houses. Donna Lovell—"dashing Don," men had called her—had died early, but not too early for her child to remember her all too well. Good-natured, gifted,

beautiful, volatile, reckless and utterly irresponsible, bon camarade to every man in the company, ready for a cigarette or a glass of wine with every chance comer—Agnes felt, with a flush of shame for her shame of her mother, that it was almost a profanation to think of her in this pure, gracious presence.

With such a mother, with such an environment as she had known, with no one to guide or warn or protect her, it would not have been strange had the girl followed in that mother's footsteps. But something innate, some subtle, inborn sense of delicacy, had held her aloof from much that was worst in the life of her mother's world. Agnes had inherited a genuine dramatic gift, and an astute manager, recognizing this, had given her a place in a traveling organization, playing one-night stands in the provinces. The girl was ambitious and worked hard, and after three years of this nomadic existence was fortunate in securing a minor position in a reputable New York stock company.

Agnes was possessed of what, under happier circumstances, would have been a rarely fine and noble nature; but she had been early thrown upon her own resources, forced to live the free and easy life of the second-rate road company, daily hearing and seeing sounds and sights which she could not now recall without a shudder; with temptation on every hand, and only the easy canons of the stage, the less rigid standards of the players' code to guide her. It was scarcely strange that there had been passages in the girl's life which she felt she would have given that life to have blotted out. She had not thought of all this when she engaged herself to Robert Ellison; things had not seemed to matter so much then; she had been accustomed to think of herself as no worse—rather better, in fact—than those around her; but now the enormity



of it—the injustice she had done this man who had married her, believing and trusting implicitly in her, was being borne bitterly in upon her. The very depth and sincerity of his love and trust made her feel herself the more culpable.

Daily, without intention, out of his utter unconsciousness of her past life of which he knew and had sought to know nothing, he uttered words that hurt her like a knife.

"The women of our house have always kept themselves so free from any slightest taint, so aloof from any breath of calumny or reproach," he had said to her once. "Mother often says that though the Ellison fortune has dwindled to almost infinitesimal proportions, we have still our memories, our traditions, and our unspotted name of which to be proud."

That was yesterday, and to-day he was warning her against Kitty Letcher. What if he knew what her own past had been? But should he not know? Should he not have known long ago—before he made her his wife? Now, how could she bear to tell him—what was to be gained now that he was her husband? How could she make him understand in what a different world she had lived, what different standards of right and wrong she had known, how little chance she had had to become other than her mother before her had been, how she had striven to hold herself aloof from it all until— A vision of a handsome, cynical face, the memory of which made her turn faint and sick, rose before her. A new dread suddenly took hold upon her. This man had pursued her with his malevolence for three years—since the day when she had thrown off the spell he seemed to have put upon her and openly repudiated and defied him. Was it likely that he would lose an opportunity to make her suffer? He was abroad at present, she knew, but he might return

at any time. She need scarcely trouble herself to enlighten her husband as to her mother's life—to turn certain dark pages in her own history. It would come soon enough. But she could not let him hear the truth from such a source; better a thousand times that she herself should tell him. She must speak at once—now—to-day.

She raised her eyes and saw her husband coming toward her, lithe, strong and beautiful in his careless outing costume, his handsome, boyish face—he still looked a boy for all his thirty years—aglow with life and love. A dry sob rose in her throat. Must she tell him now? Might she not wait a little?—there was plenty of time—all the rest of her life in which to suffer and endure. He loved her to-day; when he knew all he would despise her. Surely she might wait a little while—an hour, a day, two days, could make no difference.

Ellison looked at her and smiled as he came swinging across the sands, and she was conscious only of the hope that she might die before he heard her story. In a little while he would hate her—but to-day, for this one hour, he was all her own.

"Robert," she said, lifting her eyes with a tense strained expression to his face as he bent to draw her wrap about her, "I know you'll think me foolish, but please tell me again that you love me—that you trust me—that whatever happens you will try to remember that I loved you always—" Her voice broke and she turned away her face. The smile on Ellison's lips had died and a high, sweet, serious look had come into his eyes. Regardless of chance curious eyes, he knelt down beside his wife and drew her close to him.

"Agnes," he said simply, "I love you with my whole heart. I trust you implicitly, and whatever happens, I shall love and trust you always."

The next day passed, the next and

the next, and still Agnes had not found courage to speak to her husband. She observed with feverish interest his manner toward Mrs. Letcher, with her made-up face and palpably blonde hair. He was always civil, courteous, even kind—but Agnes felt, with a secret shudder, that he held her none the less an alien, and that he was unhappy if the unfortunate woman approached his wife. Agnes smiled bitterly to herself as she observed his uneasiness when Mrs. Letcher spoke to her. In a few days, she thought, he would look at her, his wife, just as he looked at Kitty—perhaps not unkindly, perhaps even pityingly—much as he might have glanced at a leper in his path. Again and again she nerved herself for the ordeal and again and again her strength and courage failed her. How could she bear to see her husband's love change to scorn, contempt and loathing—or even to pity? How could she live after he knew? More than once she looked at the dark waters of the bay with a darker thought growing in her mind. She was a clever actress, but love's eyes are keen, and her husband noted the change in her long before he spoke of it.

"Agnes," he said to her one day in his frank way, "I'm afraid you're not happy. I know I'm not half good enough for you, dear, a stupid fellow like me, when you're so bright and gifted and clever. I've felt all along that I wasn't worthy of you, but"—wistfully—"I hoped that the strength of my love for you might make up—"

To his utter surprise she burst into a passion of tears and flung herself down beside him. Agnes was not given to moods. It was most unlike her, quiet and self-contained as she usually was, and he felt vaguely that he had in some unknown way blundered cruelly. He was sorely distressed.

"My darling," he whispered,

drawing her head to his shoulder and gently smoothing her hair, "What have I said? How have I hurt you? Believe me, dear, I wouldn't pain you for the world. Only I love you so that I can't bear to feel that you are troubled, unhappy. Won't you tell me if I am in fault, if I have said or done anything in my blundering way to grieve or annoy you—"

She could not speak at once. She was shaken with a very tempest of sobs, and his gentleness only made her tears flow faster. At last, with a supreme effort she controlled herself and drew herself from his arms, crying passionately:

"Oh, Robert, Robert, dear. Don't you see it is I who am unworthy? Don't you know that you are too good—a thousand times too good for me—"

He silenced her with a kiss.

"Dear," he said gently, "I can't let you say that. The best man on earth—and I've never set up for a saint—is not good enough for a good woman, such a woman as my mother or my wife." She winced visibly, but he did not notice. "It's very dear of you to feel so towards me, Agnes, but I could never have loved you if I had not first trusted you, if I had not felt that you were good and true and pure. Whatever a man's own life may have been, he expects (however little right he may have to do so) that the woman he makes his wife shall be without stain. It's an unwritten law—an unjust one, if you will—yet none the less a law." Agnes shivered slightly and her head dropped wearily against his arm. "Poor little girl!" he went on tenderly, "you're nervous and overwrought after your long season's work. I ought to have taken you to some quieter place. We'll go home in a day or two and then I shall play the tyrant and insist upon absolute rest for you. Suppose we begin now?" He lifted her lightly in his young, strong arms,



and placed her on the couch, drawing the slumber robe gently about her. "Now, you must lie here till dinner time and try to sleep, like a good little girl."

It seemed to the unhappy woman alone with her thoughts as if sleep had forever forsaken the eyes that gazed, steadily, blankly, unseeingly at the opposite wall. What should she do, what could she do? She had honestly tried to tell her husband the whole truth, but every word he had uttered had made it the more impossible. One sentence haunted her: "I could not have loved you if I had not first trusted you." How could she speak now; how tell him that she had been unworthy of his trust? Suppose she should keep silence? Perhaps her enemy might not betray her. Perhaps her husband might never know, might go on loving her and believing her worthy of that love. She closed her eyes wearily, but the beat of the surf against the shore, scarcely a stone's throw from her window, was maddening. It had all been a mistake—her marriage. She had marred her husband's life and wrecked her own. The monotonous dash of the breakers, the endless iteration of her thoughts, was driving her mad, she felt. She rose quickly, and without ringing for her maid, began to dress for dinner. A sudden resolution came to her as she began to fasten up her heavy hair. She would give herself a week—one more week of happiness, in which she would try to put the thought of her secret from her, to live for the passing moment, to snatch a little happiness before the inevitable end. When her husband came in half an hour later, he found her resplendent in a gown he had praised and with a happier light in her eyes than he had seen there for days.

That night they chanced to sit at table with the Letchers who had been spending a day or two at Virginia Beach. Agnes, while perfect-

ly civil, had shown a sudden reserve for some days before they had left; but although she said little to-night, Mrs. Letcher, whose varied and not always pleasant experience had made her acutely sensitive to shades of manner, felt a subtle change in the girl's attitude toward her—upon which, however, she did not presume. She felt that Ellison's punctilious courtesy put her at a distance—a distance which she had sufficient self-respect to observe.

Agnes' week of grace was less than half gone when she found herself again in her husband's home, in such an atmosphere of peace and tranquility as she had scarcely dared to dream of. Mrs. Ellison was so gentle, so serene, so gracious and sweet that the girl's first awe of her was succeeded by the most passionate devotion. Accustomed as she was to the bickerings, the spite and jealousy, the careless speech and risque jests of her associates, it seemed to her almost as if she had been translated to another world. If it could but last—but the days were flying, and soon it would all be ended. Agnes tried not to think—merely to live and be happy for the little while vouchsafed her.

It wanted but two days of the time which she had fixed for her disclosure, when one afternoon a messenger brought her a note—a hurried scrawl in her husband's handwriting, stating merely that he had been called out of town and would return the following day. The curt note, without prefix or signature, was like a blow in the face. Instinctively she knew that he had heard.

She stood stunned for an instant then quickly collected herself and began to consider the possibility as calmly as she might. She was quite sure he had been told—there are always tongues to repeat even our closest secrets—and she knew intuitively that he was even now engaged in trying to disprove what-

ever he might have heard. There was but one person whom she had reason to dread—before whose accusation she had need to quail. Could he have returned to New York, or had some idle gossip of the Rialto reached her husband's ears? For the latter she cared little, but if her enemy had returned—Well, sooner or later it must come to this. It was perhaps better that her husband should have heard the truth from other lips than hers. He would return, she knew, to give her a chance to justify herself—but there was nothing to be said. She must go away, now—to-night; where, she scarcely knew. She wore a filmy evening dress and dinner would shortly be served. She knew she must dine with Mrs. Ellison and afterwards sit with her till her early bed-time, and then wait till the house grew quiet. She must do nothing rash—nothing to bring needless embarrassment upon her husband and his mother. Long years afterward Agnes wondered how she lived through that ordeal; how she forced herself to talk to Mrs. Ellison of trivial things—how she even sang, at her request, certain favorite arias from the Italian operas of which Mrs. Ellison confessed herself “sufficiently old-fashioned to be fond.” It was to the credit of Agnes’ histrionic powers that she talked naturally and easily, and that her voice rang clear and true as usual as she sang. But it was over at last, and Agnes, closing her door upon her trouble, saw a terrible face, tired, white and despairing in the mirrors in which her dressing-room abounded. She sank into a low chair and let her head fall wearily back against the cushions. Plans she had none—further than to get away—to hide herself from the sight of those she loved best. Robert, she knew, would not condemn her unheard, but she had no defense to make. It was better to go away without a word. He would under-

stand and make no effort to find her. She tried to plan the first steps of her escape; where she should go to-night—beyond that she did not even try to think. She was so tired—so tired—Sitting thus absorbed in thought, her eyes closed wearily, she was unaware of her husband's entrance till he stood before her.

“Agnes!” he said quietly.

She got to her feet, white and trembling.

“Robert—you!”

“I had meant to be out of town for the night, but I changed my plans.” She did not speak and he went on. “Agnes, I have here a letter I want to read to you—now—at once, if I may.” He spoke in a monotone. The girl thought she had never heard a human voice so utterly void of expression or emotion. She did not need to glance at the letter. She knew, as she had known from the first, what hand had dealt the blow.

“My Dear Mr. Ellison,” the letter ran, “since my return from a short stay abroad, I have learned that you and my sometime friend, Miss Agnes Lovell, were married during my absence. In view of this fact, it has occurred to me that my charming friend may have failed to inform you of a certain episode in her career with which I had the honor to be connected, and which, in my opinion, should have a vivid interest for her husband. Should you care to be informed in the matter, I shall be happy to put you in possession of the details (which I am prepared to substantiate.)

Very truly yours,  
RICHARD F. MORDAUNT.”

Agnes, who had stood as if carved in stone, made an effort to speak, but her lips refused to move.

“Wait, Agnes!” She looked up in dull surprise that her husband's voice should be so gentle. “I want you to hear my answer. I had the honor to inform this Mr. Richard



Mordaunt that I had no desire whatever to be advised as to any incident in my wife's career concerning which she had not seen fit to enlighten me; that her past was absolutely her own, and that nothing which he nor any one else might say concerning her could affect my feeling for her in the slightest degree."

Agnes's face was white and her breath came gaspingly.

"Robert," she panted. "You don't understand. I must tell you——"

He stopped her with a gesture.

"You must tell me nothing. I

have asked no questions. I have none to ask. I'm not your judge, Agnes. I'm not good enough—God knows we're none of us good enough—to sit in judgment on others. How can we gauge each other's temptations, each other's struggles? Dear, I thought at first that my love for you hinged upon my belief in your absolute faultlessness, but it doesn't. It's deeper than that. I love you so that nothing else matters. Of your past I know, and care to know, nothing. It's enough that your future is mine."

## THE POINT OF VIEW OF BERNARD SHAW.

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

THE career of Bernard Shaw is one of the greatest of literary curiosities, and his latest play, "Man and Superman," serves to accentuate the humor of his position. A socialist, who has taken all the hard knocks which come of necessity to one who has espoused so unpopular a cause, he has added to his troubles by endeavoring to educate the hard-headed, slow-witted British public in the whimsicalities of Nietzsche. It goes without saying that he will never succeed, but in the meantime he will have all the fun of the experiment with the laugh on his side. The laugh he is certain to have, for, in default of an audience, he will laugh at himself, and it cannot be denied that he furnishes unlimited scope for enjoyment.

He is, however, no mere jester. It is his extensive knowledge, his grasp of all that is worth while in modern affairs, and the ability, his by a sort of birthright, to separate the true from the false, the conventional from that which is essential, which constitutes his real power. He knows the modern world, its art and its philosophy, and its shams as well, as far as knowledge of them is possible to any one man, and so knowing, he laughs. He criticises and labors; he speaks to working-

men and cultured audiences, and is untiring in his propaganda of doctrines for which he knows as well as the cleverest of his critics that the world is not yet ready, and then he laughs at himself for taking the trouble.

But it must not be supposed, as is too frequently done, that Shaw jokes just for the mere fun of it; that he jests solely for the sake of the jest, and that he flings laughing defiance in the face of the public for no other purpose than to make people angry. He has his personal point of view and his own peculiar temperament, which cause him to see things differently from the mass of mankind, and this, together with his indubitable literary skill, renders his work as valuable as his ideas are entertaining. He furnishes an answer to the question as to how a man regards the happenings of to-day who has no respect for the things which most men think that they venerate, and no faith with regard to matters upon which the majority of candid men will confess to superstition, but who is nevertheless dominated by the purest motives, the fullest personal integrity, and a surpassing love for the truth and contempt of falsehood.

He says of himself that he began

his literary life without any taste for popular art, respect for popular religion, or admiration for popular heroics. An Irishman who had left Ireland to make his way in London, he was without patriotism for his own land or any particular feelings of respect for the land in which he made his home. A teetotaler and vegetarian, he looked with contempt on alcoholism and the slaughter of animals, wild or tame. A socialist, he was out of sympathy with the political and ethical ideas of his time.

Of fashionable life he states his opinion in language that is characteristic and pointed, as follows: "Fashionable life, though open on very specially indulgent terms to unencumbered brilliant persons (brilliance was my specialty) I could not endure, even if I had not feared the demoralizing effect of its wicked wastefulness, its impenitent robbing of the poor, and its vulgarity on a character which needed looking after as much as my own. I was not a skeptic nor a cynic in these matters. I simply understood life differently from the ordinary respectable man, and I certainly enjoyed myself more, mostly in ways which would have made him unbearably miserable. I was not splenetic over our variance."

Granted this point of view, how does he regard the world of to-day? Here is a man with none of the ordinary prejudices, whose wants are so slight that he can gratify them easily, and who is independent of those things upon which the majority of us have to depend in order that life should be at all bearable. It follows that he has no respect for constituted authority, political or ecclesiastical, and the opinions of the recognized experts in art and literature do not impress him. The babble of the salons or the solemn declarations of the moguls do not deceive him—he knows too well how often they have been mistaken.

He recognizes that real genius has had no greater enemy to contend against than these people in authority, and that the approval of the select generally means the triumph of the commonplace. Thus he says: "It is from men of established literary reputation that we learn that William Blake was mad; that Shelley was spoiled by living in a low set; that Robert Owen was a man who did not know the world; that Ruskin is incapable of comprehending political economy; that Zola is a mere blackguard, and that Ibsen is Zola with a wooden leg. The great musician, accepted by his unskilled listener, is vilified by his fellow musician. It was the musical culture of Europe which pronounced Wagner the inferior of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer."

But turning to his estimate of critics and criticism, he has no illusions respecting the craft, critic in general and free lance though he be. He considers the critic the product of modern democracy, and that he is listened to simply or very largely because he delights the mob by the cruelty which he shows and the sort of vivisection which he practices. The critic is the "confessor of the sovereign people." It is the gladiatorship of criticism, its cruelty, the gratification which its attacks upon the great give to envy and the enthusiasm created by its praises which make criticism popular. "It may say things which many would like to say, but dare not, and indeed for want of skill could not even if they durst. Its iconoclasm, seditions and blasphemies, if well-timed, tickle those whom they shock, so that the critic adds the privileges of court jester to those of the professor."

However, Shaw is no pessimist in the sense that he considers life itself to be an evil, and that enjoyment of modern life is not possible to the normal man; on the other hand, he refers modern pessimism



to two causes: the loss of faith on the part of so large a percentage of the people in supernatural religion and the degradation of so large a part of the population by the poverty which prevails in the great centers. If we look at life from the point of view of the rationalist, our author considers that life to-day is not worth living for—it is only so when the sum of its pleasure is greater than that of its pains. "Now to a generation which has ceased to believe in heaven and has not learned that the degradation by poverty of four out of every five of its number by poverty is artificial and remediable, the fact that life is not worth living is obvious."

The history of humanity consists, according to him, in the destruction of fear. As man progresses according to the contention of Mr. Shaw, he learns to love and trust rather than to fear and fight, and his advance is marked by his power, gradually developed to face facts and tell himself the truth. Man is terrified by certain objects which he dare not face; these he covers up by masks—his ideals—and every one of these masks subsequently requires a hero to remove it, and to compel the mass of men to look the truth fairly and boldly in the face. Man has dreaded to see the mask of idealism removed from the face of fact. "What, he would ask, would life be without ideals. Thus he became an idealist, and remained so until he began pulling the masks off and looking the spectres fairly in the face; dared that is to become more and more of a realist. But all men are not equally brave, and the greatest terror prevailed when some realist bolder than the rest laid hands on a mask which they dared not yet dare do without."

But, however little worth living life may appear to the average man of to-day, it has to be lived, and our author discovers that it is for the most part lived on stimulants. The

artistic and literary world subsists on artificial excitement of one sort or another, and he declares that if merely prosaic art, which is not properly art at all, is subtracted from the total art product of to-day, the remnant of feeling is produced by the tea-pot, the bottle or the hypodermic syringe. The world is unable to live by bread alone, and derives its spiritual sustenance from alcohol and morphia. Thus, he says: "An exhibition of the cleverest men and women in London, with their afternoon tea cut off, would shatter many illusions. Tea and coffee and cigarettes produce conversation; lager beer and pipes produce routine journalism; wine and gallantry produce brilliant journalism; brandy and cigars produce violently erotic or devotional poetry; morphia produces tragic exaltation, useful on the stage, and sobriety produces an average curate's sermon."

He concedes the necessity of some sort of stimulant, and says that under the present strain it is impossible to live cleanly without public houses in which to seek refreshment and recreation. The only means existing to supply that want are the saloon, with its poison narcotic stimulants; the conventicle, that is the ordinary Protestant meeting house, with its brimstone flavored hot gospel, and the church. He finds in the church his solution of the difficulty, and sets forth his reasons in a most brilliantly written, if not entirely convincing essay, which was published first in that queer and short-lived magazine for which Beardsley did so much of his work, "The Savoy." The solution is all the more grotesque, as Shaw himself is far from being, in the ordinary sense of the word, a religious man, but frequently indulges in flouts and jeers at established and recognized beliefs. Still, he maintains that only in church, and by that he means not the average city barn that passes muster as a church, but the beautiful

structures of his own land, devoted to religious purposes, can the intellectual man of to-day find proper recreation.

The manner of going to church, however, is such as would cause a shock of horror to any minister of religion, for he describes the condition of church-going in these words:

"In the church alone can our needs be truly met, nor even there save when we leave outside the door the materializations that help us to believe the incredible and the intellectualizations that help us to think the unthinkable, completing the refuse heap of isms and creeds in our vain lust for truth and happiness, and going in without thought or belief or prayer or any other vanity, so that the soul, freed from all that crushing lumber, may open all its avenues of life to the holy air of the true Catholic Church."

His attitude towards England and the English is just as unaccountable as his other opinions of men and things, unless one remembers his entire lack of patriotic bias and his illimitable sense of humor. He calls the people for whom he writes and to whom he sells his work "a most stupid race, politically, to judge by their inept conversation on the subject."

But in spite of this ineptitude the Briton actually progresses, and this fact is explained upon the hypothesis that the Englishman is really a very different person from what he imagines himself to be. This argument is set forth in a most ingeniously paradoxical manner, as follows: "The discrepancy between the Englishman as he really is, and the Englishman as he appears to his own somewhat muddy consciousness is so flagrant and perverse that he appears to the rest of the world to be the very hypocrite of hypocrites. An opportunist, always prating of his principles; a skeptic who will never contradict a dogma; a

cosmopolitan parading his patriotism; a libertine who insists upon absolute homage to morality; a regicide who grovels before a royalty as carefully hobbled as the Valkyrie's horse at Bayreuth, he is naturally enough also a socialist who indignantly declines to be associated with socialism."

And so your Englishman, according to Shaw, with all his fads and fancies, is in reality an exceedingly practical person, who takes cognizance of things as they are, and progresses accordingly while claiming all the while to be the most conservative of men.

It is doubtful whether a better joke was ever made at the expense of the proverbial British love of respectability than is to be found in his play, "Cleopatra."

Britannus is asked: "Is it true that when Caesar caught you on the island you were painted all over blue?" to which Britannus replies: "Blue was the color worn by all Britons of good standing. In war we stain our bodies blue so that though our enemies may strip us of our clothes and our lives they cannot strip us of our respectability."

But bitter and cynical as he can be, Bernard Shaw is in reality a most tender person towards all who suffer, and has a heart full of sympathy for the victims of present day social conditions. Behind all his joking there lies the real seriousness of the man and the fundamental humanness which is to be found not in high-flown sentiment but as directly flowing from the spirit which prompted the joke. Love and truth are the two abstractions to which he clings amid all his jibes, but love must be real and truth the whole truth, not a partial thing which conceals a falsehood. Things are bad now, he seems to say, but in his last play he reiterates his faith in the life principle, and in the hope which the future holds out to mankind.



# ROSE ARBOR

BY ELIZABETH FLORENCE GRAY

ISABEL bent over a shower of blush roses. She had placed them in a vase on the old mahogany table where their loveliness might be reflected in the polished surface.

The girl's cheeks were flushed, and the glad light in her eyes was only partially screened by the long lashes. About her neck were knotted the strings of a pink sunbonnet which had slipped from her head and hung, like the huge petal of a rose, half way down her back. Her mother glanced at it disapprovingly.

"I wish you wouldn't wear that bonnet—it makes you look like a common country girl."

But the words cast no shadow over the bright face.

"It makes me feel like one, too," Isabel acknowledged. "That's why I wear it."

The contentment which lay in the daughter's eyes was not reflected in the mother's. Mrs. Warner fingered the leaves of her book, and from time to time glanced uneasily at Isabel. Once she leaned forward as if to speak, but her courage failed and she sank back amid the pillows on the davenport. The artificial laugh of her younger daughter floated in from the veranda and re-enforced her.

"Isabel," said she. "I want to talk to you about Elise. She is no longer a child, you know, and this is a lonely life for one of her age. She has been deprived of so much that a girl wants and needs!"

Isabel looked out at the waving sprays of pink hawthorn and the green lawn, with its ragged fringe of golden daffodils.

"I thought she had had more than most girls," was the quiet response.

"Oh, I don't mean material things. Of course she has had a comfortable home and pretty gowns, but she lacks companionship and—society. This is such a dreary place."

Again the girl's eyes sought the sun-bathed garden and watched a scarlet-breasted bird in its flight across the heavens.

"She ought to be where she can meet young people of her own age and position. Where she can entertain. She's pretty and attractive. I'm sure she would be a great success, socially, and she ought to have the chance."

"Well, what is your plan?" Isabel asked. She felt that she was not being consulted, but that her mother was endeavoring to tell her what had already been agreed upon.

"We have decided to go to the city." The statement was made almost defiantly, and Mrs. Warner apprehensively watched its effect upon her daughter.

A shadow strayed over Isabel's face.

"Elise wants to go?" There was a strain of sadness in her voice. "Yes, of course. Any girl——"

"We couldn't close the house, mother. Some one ought to be here to look after it and the garden. Wouldn't you be willing that I should remain with one of the servants? I don't like the city, you know."

"But, Isabel—I thought we could hardly afford to keep up two homes, and so I—I've sold this one."

The blood surged to the girl's temples. Her eyes flashed, and she drew herself up.

"You've sold Rose Arbor!" she indignantly exclaimed. "You've sold the place that belonged to father

and grandfather, and you didn't consult me, when you knew I loved every tree and flower in it! You didn't even tell me you were thinking of selling it."

The woman quailed before the girl's blazing eyes.

"I—I knew you wouldn't agree to it and I hated a scene. I thought if I didn't tell you until it was sold—and you knew that it couldn't be helped—perhaps you'd take it more calmly."

The resentment faded from the girl's face. Why should she be angry? Her mother had been born blind to the glory of the world about her. She did not understand.

"You'll let me overlook the packing of the books and the furniture, won't you? I couldn't bear to have anyone else attend to that."

"I didn't see any use in taking all those old things away with us," answered her mother. "The new furniture is very much prettier and there are a great many books that one never reads, and so—I sold everything with the house."

Isabel grew rigid. "Oh, don't say that! You can't mean it! You did not sell the old clock and grandmother's writing desk and—the first editions? Oh, tell me you didn't; say that I misunderstood!"

But Mrs. Warner shook her head. "I sold everything, Isabel. It seemed easier and we can use the money to better advantage. I did not suppose you were so deeply attached to these old things."

Isabel groped her way to the door and out into the sunshine. At her feet fluttered a tiny bird which had fallen from its nest. She gently replaced it in its old home on the bough of a pepper-tree, then turned and fled down the shadow-latticed path to the oak, at whose base she sobbed out her childhood sorrows. She wished she might clasp her little world in her arms and defy those intruders to take it away. They could never love it as she did. It

was hers—hers. If she were a man she would fight for it.

The breeze fingered her hair caressingly and gently kissed her hot cheeks. The touch calmed her. She wished she knew who had bought the place. Perhaps it was some good housewife with a troop of children. The boys would trample down the carnations and roses as they romped through the garden, and the little girls would draw pictures in her books.

A worse fate came into her mind. Possibly it would go into the possession of a man and wife who had been educated in the city parks. They would destroy all the wildness, and have written on the lawn "OUR HOME" and "WELCOME" in stiff little plants.

The girl shuddered, then her hands tightened as the scent laden air swept by her. It came from the lilac bushes beside the drowsy stream; the spot that Warren Clayton loved; the spot where they had so often read and talked.

There was a crackling of twigs, and she drew back into the shadow of the tree. It must be Elise. Isabel couldn't talk to her now, perhaps later—but a stalwart man swung into view.

"I knew I should find you in the garden, so I didn't call at the house, and these Hop-i'-my-thumb crumbs have led me straight to your hiding place." He held up a broken rose and the pink sunbonnet but did not offer to return them. Then his light tone changed to one of concern.

"You are in trouble," he said, quickly. "Perhaps I can help you." The man threw himself on the grass beside her.

"It's too late. No one can help me now. Rose Arbor is sold and we are going to live in the city." The girl's averted face was a useless concealment, since her voice wavered.

The silence which followed was freighted with sympathy. Gently



the breeze stirred the long grass and lifted the heads of the golden poppies, bowed beneath their weight of color. Warren Clayton was groping for words, fearful lest some ill-chosen one might probe the wound which he saw was deep.

"Poor little girl," he murmured. "The old place is a part of your life; a part of yourself."

Isabel turned a grateful glance toward him:

"You understand," she said, softly. "It seems as if I couldn't give it up."

Clayton followed her eyes as they swept the undulating meadows.

"Yes, I understand." He leaned toward her. "You are not alone in your trouble, Isabel. Your sorrow is my sorrow, for I love you, my dear."

The quick blood flooded the girl's cheeks and her eyes sought the daisies.

"It is not the devotion of a day, nor a week, but of a life time. It's the love which was born when as children we gathered the golden poppies; the love which grew when as boy and girl we trudged together to school, and which has reached its maturity in the love of the man for the woman. Your old life has been snatched from you, will you not begin the new one with me? I am lonely, Isabel I want you. I need you."

His hand closed firmly on hers. For an instant she let it remain with a feeling of peace. What did the troubles of an hour ago matter, if he loved her? Then she tried to free herself.

"It's friendship," she murmured. "I——"

But he held her fingers and would not release them. The color glowed in her cheeks.

"I can't give you the old love," she murmured. "It's something new and strange."

She felt herself folded in two strong arms and a muffled voice whispered: "It's been there all the time, dear, only you didn't know it."

The gentle breeze threw its offering of pink petals at their feet. The sinking sun turned the snow-balls to bubbles of gold, but Isabel had forgotten her loss. The low call of a bird trembled on the air. A light flickered in the girl's face.

"I used to think I couldn't be happy anywhere except in the country," said she, "but I don't think I shall mind the city very much if I'm with you."

Clayton smiled down at her.

"Why should we live in the city? We'll have a country home."

The girl drew gently away and looked at her lover reproachfully.

"Do you think I'm as selfish as that? You will be tired after your business and the trip——"

"I've already bought a place," he declared. "I wanted my first gift to you to be a home."

He laid a folded paper in her hands. She opened it, and her eyes caught one word, then the rest became a hopeless blurr.

"Rose Arbor," she murmured. Through the mist her eyes sought his. "You knew how I loved it." In her upturned face, wonder and reverence shared with love.





Hyannis, Nebraska:

## A COWBOY CARNIVAL

### A Veracious Chronicle of a Stirring Incident

BY ELLA THORNGATE

**H**YANNIS! H-y-a-n-n-i-s!" shouted the brakeman, throwing open the door of the car as the Burlington train, which had been speeding across the prairie at the rate of fifty miles an hour, pulled slowly into a thriving, wide-awake Nebraska town.

"Hyannis and the Cowboys' Carnival!" he called again, as the train came to a stop.

"Going to get off here, lady?" asked a big, broad-shouldered, pleasant-looking stranger, who had been sitting near. "Better let me carry your satchel for you, and see that none of these broncho riders get in your way. They seem pretty thick here to-day," he added, as we alighted in the midst of a crowd of cowboys and ponies.

I looked about with much interest and curiosity, for it was my first trip West, and cowboys were something new to me. In one sense I was disappointed in the hardy plainsmen surrounding me, for I half expected to find them dressed

in fringed buckskin suits, wearing long hair and carrying six-shooters. It was therefore something of a surprise to see them clothed as ordinary citizens, with the exception of broad-brimmed hats, high-heeled boots and spurs.

"The carnival begins to-morrow," said the stranger, as he pushed his way through the crowd. "We had one here last year, and it was a great success. Hyannis, you know, is in the center of the cattle country, and the cowboys come here from all the ranches within seventy-five or a hundred miles to have a jolly good time. I'm an old cowboy myself. A lot of us talked the matter over and concluded we'd have a kind of re-union and get some fun out of it, besides showing the tenderfeet a few of the things that cowboys actually do. We decided to call it a carnival, and it turned out to be such a big thing that we're holding another this year.

"Captain Hardy is the president this year, and I tell you he's a good



one. That's him standing over there, talking to Sheriff Moran," continued my escort, pointing to a couple of men on the other side of the street. "The Captain was a cowboy in his younger days, but he is one of our best business men now—runs a big saddler shop and does a little shooting on the side. He'll give us a little exhibition to-morrow, and after you've seen him shoot a time or two you'll never doubt that William Tell shot an apple off his son's head, for the Captain will show you that it can be done."

When the plainsman asked if I had ever seen a genuine cowboy carnival, and I replied that I had not, though I had seen Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show several times, he smiled, tilted his hat on the back of his head, and said:

"Nothing but a Wild West show, eh? One is liable to be kind o' dazzled by these Wild West shows and street fairs, but to me it's like comparing electric lights and moonlight—they ain't the real thing."

"Who is managing the affair—the cowboys or the merchants?" I asked, as we passed another group of plainsmen.

"Well, they've both got a hand in it this year," replied my guide, after stopping to exchange greetings



Belle M. Guilfoill.

with a number of friends. "Sheriff Bud Moran is the marshal of the day, and he knows how to do things right. There's always fun where he is, but the boys know when he's fooling and when he means business. Out here we size a man up by what he can do—don't care who his father is or where he comes from, if he just has the right stuff in him.

"The Commercial Hotel? Yes, that's all right, and here we are. There's nothing half-way about these Western people, and they'll take good care of you. Hope you'll enjoy the carnival as much as the Wild West show. Good-bye!" and lifting his hat with the air of a Chesterfield, my big knight disappeared in the crowd.

A little later I stood on the balcony of the hotel, looking down into the street, which was now thronged with horsemen, some riding, others leading their mounts. In the crowd I noticed quite a number of women, who rode as well as the men.

"That group of men just across the street is some of the old-timers," remarked one speaker. "There are the Abbots from the A Bar C (A-C)



The girl from Omaha.

ranch; Charley Hoyt from the D Bar (D-) ranch; Deemer and Guilfoil from the Bar Circle (o) ranch; Jay Taylor from the Bar 7 (-7) outfit; A. J. Plumer of the Dumb Bell; Jim Maninch, Len Graves, Perry Yeast, and—the others I don't know by name."

"Over there are the boys from the Dumb Bell ranch," said another. "I don't know the names of many of them, but that one in the center of the bunch is Billy Binder—he's a fine rider."

"The people from the Bar Circle ranch are here somewhere, I think," said the first speaker. "Oh, yes, there's Miss Guilfoil, with her brother Howard and Tex Burgess. She's one of the best horsewomen in this part of the country, and isn't afraid to ride anything that comes along. She and Tex Burgess are to lead the parade to-morrow, so I hear. That's Doc Williams talking to Sheriff Moran. He's from the Bar Circle Ranch, and is one of the best broncho riders we've got in this part of the country."

All this time the throng was increasing until it was difficult to distinguish one from another. Captain Hardy and Sheriff Moran could be seen here, there, everywhere, meeting each newcomer with true Western hospitality, shaking hands with every one within reach and shouting a greeting to others.

Many of the people came in buggies and wagons, and some brought their own tents and camp outfits, which could be seen everywhere in process of erection. One old couple—Bill Atkinson and wife—came from their ranch near the Pine Ridge Indian reservation in South Dakota, driving the entire distance in a two-wheeled wagon drawn by a young steer. When they reached Hyannis, the day before the carnival opened, one wheel of the wagon was broken, but a pole fastened to the side of the vehicle enabled them to complete the long trip and arrive

in time to witness the fun. The "horseless carriage," as the owner styled it, attracted a great deal of attention, and was one of the novel features seen in the parade.

Gradually the numbers in the street lessened, and in all parts of the town and on the neighboring hill-sides could be seen cowboys picketing their ponies, as the livery barns were more than full by this time.

It was now near the close of a mellow September day. The sun was sinking in a blaze of glory behind the distant sand dunes, while above the eastern hills hung the moon, ready to take up the work of illumination, for Hyannis has neither gas or electric lights.

So interested had I been in watching the scene below that I had forgotten everything else, when some one touched me on the arm. Turning about I stood facing Captain Hardy, who had been informed of my arrival and purpose in attending the carnival.

"I am glad to meet you," he said, extending his hand in a most cordial manner. "You want to see the whole thing from start to finish and we will do anything for you that we can. Perhaps you would like to go out on the street and see how the town looks now."

Acting upon this suggestion we left the hotel and walked up the principal street, the Captain pointing out different objects of interest and explaining the personnel of a cowboy's carnival. At the upper end of the street could be seen a tent that was much larger than any others I had observed.

"That's what we call a 'round-up camp,' where they serve 'chuck' in true cowboy style," explained the Captain as we approached it. On the outside of the tent could be seen a placard, which read:

ALKALI BILL.  
Meals 2 Bits.



Everything was in regular round-up style, the tables and benches being made of common pine lumber, with tinware for dishes. A beef was killed daily, so there was meat from off the range every day. Bacon and eggs, potatoes, canned corn, tomatoes, peas, coffee and dried fruits completed the bill of fare. It seemed to be a favorite resort for visitors, as well as cowboys.

On the streets were scores of cattlemen and cowboys, walking back and forth with their great jingling spurs, greeting old friends, forming new acquaintances, telling jokes and occasionally breaking into

Hyannis was astir at an early hour. As early as 5 o'clock smoke was noticed pouring out of the many chimneys in large volumes, while in every direction cowboys could be seen leading their horses to water. Here it was that I learned one thing about the cowboy—he cares for his horse first, himself afterwards.

About nine o'clock the Hyannis cornet band, composed entirely of cowboys, under the direction of Professor Stone, began to play a number of popular airs. This was the signal for every one to come out, and soon the streets were filled with



The Bar Circle Outfit.

snatches of songs, but there was no disorder nor lawlessness. Taking it as a whole, I never saw a more orderly and congenial crowd.

On our way back to the hotel we met Sheriff and Mrs. Moran, who were very cordial in their greetings and expressions of hospitality. Mrs. Moran kindly offered to take charge of me the next day and give me some information concerning the programme, which at that time appeared about as plain as a Chinese puzzle.

The next morning every one in

cowboys and spectators. The three days of the carnival each began in this way, and the programme was practically the same every day.

After the music came the ring spearing contest, in which a dozen or more cowboys took part. Six stakes, ten or twelve feet high, had been placed near the edge of the sidewalk, about twenty feet apart. From each extended a horizontal arm, from which was suspended a small ring, hung in such a way that it could easily be pulled off. Then a cowboy, carrying a long wooden

spear and riding his horse like the wind, tried to catch the rings on his lance. The contest was very interesting and at times highly exciting.

Following this was the fancy rifle and revolver shooting by Captain Hardy, which amazed and delighted the spectators. The Captain is a fine type of the Western man—tall, straight and athletic, with clear blue eyes and a steady hand that wins the confidence of his audience at once. He used a 22-calibre Winchester rifle and a 38-calibre Colt's revolver, and began by shooting at marbles thrown in the air. What appeared one of his easiest performances was shooting at tin cans, hitting some of them two and three times before they reached the ground. He next shot at pennies and lead pencils, tossed high in the air. The pennies disappeared as if by magic, and the pencils were rendered unfit for use, but the owners were glad to retain them as souvenirs. At this point the Captain explained that he had done this just for practice, and would now "quit fooling and get down to business."

"Do you see that man standing there talking to Mrs. Moran?" asked Captain Hardy, pointing to a tall, fine-looking man smoking a cigar. "That's Doc. Middleton—everybody knows who he is," he explained. "I say, Doc., just step a little to one side, about ten paces to the front—I want to do a little fancy shooting."

Middleton stepped out from the crowd and stood facing the south. He did not know what was expected

of him, but did not ask any questions.

"Gentlemen, do you see the ashes on the cigar Doc. Middleton is smoking? Watch me sift 'em," said Captain Hardy, placing the rifle to his shoulder.

The cowboys and spectators looked first at Captain Hardy and then at Middleton, wondering if the former was in earnest or only jesting. Suddenly there was a flash, a quick report, and the ashes disappeared before the astonished spectators realized what had been done.

"That isn't the first time I've been shot at, but it is as close a shave as I want," calmly remarked Middleton, as he stepped back into the crowd, fearing perhaps that the Captain might again select him as a target. It was truly wonderful—the greatest exhibition of nerve I had ever seen.

Captain Hardy now asked his assistant to hold a business card by one corner, while he fired at it five or six times in rapid succession. The assistant then turned the edge of the card towards the rifleman, who cut it in two as clean as though it had been done with a knife.

A little woman now came forward and the Captain introduced her as Mrs. Hardy. On her head he placed a hat, from which extended perhaps fifteen or twenty pieces of wire, and on the end of each was a gun wad. The Captain picked up his rifle, took careful aim and fired. The little woman stood like a statue, as one by one the gun wads disappeared, until all were gone. When it was over she quietly removed the hat, bowed slightly to the applause of the spectators and went back to her friends as though what she had done was an everyday occurrence.

Captain Hardy did many other seemingly impossible things with rifle and revolver, such as sighting by a mirror, using a gold watchcase as a mirror and sighting by it, balancing himself on a slack wire while shooting, standing in different posi-



Bill Atkinson and his "horseless carriage."



tions, shooting at objects with the butt of the rifle resting against his hips, and last, but not least, shooting marbles off a man's hat.

One of the most amusing as well as the most exciting events was that of trying to ride a barrel down a pipe. One end of the pipe was elevated fifteen or twenty feet, until it made an incline of about 45 degrees. A hole was bored in each head of the barrel, through which ran the pipe, and the contestants were supposed to ride it down the pipe. It created no end of amusement, for

afraid of anything in the shape of a horse.

Every game and every race seemed to be planned to show the marvelous training and strength of the horses. The things they could do were truly wonderful. They seemed to show so much sense and understood just what was expected of them in different situations. When I asked who the winner was in this or that race, I was more often told that a cowboy's horse had won than that his rider had been the winner.



Mrs. "Bud" Moran had her eye on the horse-thief and her finger on the trigger.

the barrel always turned and the rider was dropped to the ground.

A 300-yard footrace between cowboys in "chaps" and spurs was another interesting event.

One thing that amused the spectators very much was the Crow pony race. These were "kid" or Indian ponies, and were ridden by boys under fifteen years of age. The boys who entered this race evidently did not know the meaning of the word fear, for they did not seem to be

For the benefit of those who do not understand, it might be well to mention the fact that a cow-pony is trained from the start to hold a great weight by the horn of the saddle, and in roping wild cattle the cowboy swings his lariat, catches the steer and throws it, winding the rope around the horn of the saddle. The moment the lasso shoots through the air the pony braces itself and holds the rope firmly while the rider dismounts and "hog ties" the animal's feet.

Another feature was pulling a wagon, loaded with a dozen or more cowboys, up a hill, one end of the lariat being fastened to the tongue of the wagon, the other coiled around the horn of the saddle. The one who pulled the wagon the farthest up the hill won.

Turning the stakes was another race that showed the wonderful training of the horses. Two stakes were set about ten feet apart, one hundred yards from the starting point. Two cowboys rode side by side until the stakes were reached, then turned their horses quickly, one to the right, the other to the left, and returned to the starting point. The object was to see which rider had his horse under the best control and which could turn the stake and return to his original position in the shortest time.

The triangle race was somewhat similar to this, except that the stakes were placed in the form of a triangle. The rules required that each stake must be turned, the rider being timed from the word "Go!" until he returned to the starting point, stopped his horse and threw up his hands. One rider won this race three times in succession by following the course outlined in the accompanying diagram.

Perhaps the most dangerous sport of the carnival was the riding of bucking broncos and outlaw horses. An "outlaw" is a horse that can never be conquered or broken to the saddle. The best riding in this class was done by Doc. Williams, and Billy Binder, the former from the Bar Circle, the latter from the Dumb Bell ranch. The nerve, confidence, and self-control shown by these men was certainly admirable—they seemed equal to every occasion, and were never caught off their guard for a second. Billy Binder rode his famous horse "Schuffler," that had thrown scores of cowboys who had attempted to ride him. He had a vicious habit of throwing

himself, hoping thereby to unseat the rider, but Billy Binder was too much for him and kept his seat until the horse was completely tired out. "Schuffler" was lead away subdued for the time being, but ready to try the same thing on the next rider.

Then a bay horse that took half a dozen men to hold him was brought out. As Doc. Williams tried to put the saddle blanket on him he reared and plunged striking right and left. They finally succeeded in getting the saddle on him, and Doc. Williams vaulted to his back. Then the fight began. Which would win, horse or man? The broncho reared, kicked, plunged and bucked until he was worn out and gave up, but not once did he succeed in throwing the rider. A dozen or more cowboys then showed what they knew about handling and riding bucking bronchos, and the cattlemen who watched the proceedings with interest, said it was the best they had ever seen. It was entirely different from anything I had seen before, and made me think of the remark of the stranger who helped me off the train: "You've got to come West to see what a cowboy is and what he can do."

One of the prettiest things of the carnival was the cowboy parade, in which over three hundred men and women participated, among the distinguished visitors being Governor Savage, Attorney-General Prout, Judge Thompson, and many people from Omaha and Lincoln. The parade was led by Miss Belle Guilfoil and Tex Burgess, both from the Bar Circle ranch. Miss Guilfoil is a handsome brunette, and was very sensibly and becomingly dressed in a dark brown golf skirt, red satin waist with white trimmings, and a red and white golf cap. She had a pretty blue saddle blanket decorated with beads, the work of some Indians, an elegant sidesaddle, and a fine braided bridle made by Captain Hardy. The horse that she rode





Captain A. H. Hardy  
"Tex" Burgess

"Billy" Binder

"Doc" Middleton  
"Doc" Williams



A pitching broncho.

was a dark brown single-footer named "Tony." It was a beautiful animal and carried its fair rider as though it thoroughly understood the honor and importance of the occasion. There were many other ladies in the parade, all splendid riders, Mrs. Moran being among the number.

Mr. Burgess is a tall, light-haired, fine-looking man, who is considered one of the finest riders and ropers in that section of the country.

The riders formed in line by twos, Sheriff Moran, as marshal of the day, superintending the formation. They rode up one street, down another, then back again, in what he called "milling," first a walk, then a trot, then a gallop, and last a run up one of the hills near the town,

where they broke line and scattered in all directions.

As soon as dinner was over the riders gathered on the main street and waited for the appearance of Sheriff Moran, who guided them to the Managan flats, a tract of land north of the town, where the races were held.

The soil about Hyannis is very sandy, and racing there is quite different from riding over a well-beaten race-course. The first race on the programme was the walking, trotting and running race; the next a three-mile race, in which the riders changed horses every half mile. Each rider was allowed an assistant and two horses. A dozen cowboys started at the signal, ran their horses around the track as fast as



they could go, dismounted and jumped on the back of the fresh horse, some of the riders getting good starts, while others were handicapped by their horses bucking while their opponents were going around the track at lightning speed.

Just east of Hyannis is a valley from which rise the sand dunes so characteristic of this part of Nebraska. Here it was that the wild steer roping took place, the hills being dotted with spectators, while every available object was used as a "grand stand," from which a favorable point of view could be obtained. The wild steers were kept in the pens at the stock yards, and at a signal from Sheriff Moran the gate was opened and out rushed an animal. Captain Hardy held the watch and gave the word "Go!"

As soon as the first steer crossed the line, Doc. Williams started in pursuit, coiling his lariat as he rode.

With a swish, the rope shot through the air, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the steer lay sprawling on the ground. The faithful pony braced itself and held the rope taut while the rider leaped to the ground and tied the steer's feet—all done in little more than a minute. Then another steer was released, and Art Delebaugh roped and tied it in about the same time. He was followed by George Manning of the "S I D" ranch, who tied the steer in one minute and two seconds. Next came Frank Yeast, a mere lad of sixteen, whom they styled "the kid." He roped and threw a steer, but before he could dismount, his rope broke and the animal was upon its feet and away. It was pronounced an excellent piece of work, and it was unfortunate that the accident occurred. Following Yeast came Tex Burgess. He missed the first throw, but made a second loop, threw again, caught



"Broncho Charlie" and "Rain-in-the-Face."

the steer and tied it. When time was taken it was found that he had done all this in forty seconds, breaking the world's record, the best time previous to this being forty-seven seconds.

Over at the stock yards there was great fun, the men showing the "tenderfeet" how the cowboys rope and ride a wild steer. They also roped and milked a wild cow, to show how the cowboy on the round-up gets milk for his coffee.

The second day of the carnival an event happened which was not on the programme. A horsethief, confined in the town jail, heard the other prisoners talking about the parade, and asked Sheriff Moran to take him out and let him see it. This the Sheriff said he was unable to do, but the man begged so hard that Mr. Moran finally said he would. He was taken to the Sheriff's residence on the morning of the second day, and stood on the porch as the parade passed the house. He was not handcuffed or shackled, and his only guard was Mrs. Moran. When Sheriff Moran was asked if he was not afraid the prisoner would make a dash for liberty, he smiled, pointed to his wife, who is a quiet, refined woman, and said proudly: "I don't think he would go very far—she'd fix him."

Through the three days of the carnival the best of order prevailed, the city authorities using great tact in enforcing the law and suppressing any signs of disorder. The executives of some of our larger cities might have learned some points on

municipal Government had they been present.

Each evening there was a ball at the Opera House that would have done credit to a much larger city than Hyannis. The music was exceptionally good, and the dances and dancers were such as one would expect to meet in any well conducted ballroom.

There are no streams of any size near Hyannis, so the inhabitants are supplied with water from wells that are sunk in different parts of the town. Over each well is a tall windmill, and if they were not so new and modern one might imagine that a little bit of Holland, with the sand for the sea and the dunes for dikes, had crept into this Western landscape.

The people of the country interest one the most. To see them and talk with them one would know that they lived where they have plenty of room for they are large in every respect, physically, mentally and socially. Their hospitality knows no limit. They are rather taciturn in conversation, expressing themselves with few words in short, direct sentences. When they do anything there is no wasting of time and energy, but quick, decided action and execution.

To come into the fresh, bracing atmosphere of this country and mingle with these "Nature's noblemen and women" is to feel that one has "escaped from the Bastile of conventionality and become for the time a more kindly sheep of Nature's flock."

---

## A Madrigal of the West

BY HARLEY R. WILEY

The Sun leaps o'er Sierra's height,  
And, flashing down the land his light,  
Speeds on his royal, gold-strewn path,  
Surprising in her dewy bath,  
With all her star-pinned robes withdrawn,  
The languorous, laughing, blushing Dawn.



# Some Unpublished Letters of Walt Whitman's.

Written to a Soldier Boy.

BY FLORENCE HARDIMAN MILLER

A BUNDLE of faded letters, yellow with age and soiled with frequent handling, covering a period of time extending from the stirring events of the Civil War to the early '70's, written by the poet, Walt Whitman, to one of his loved soldier boys, is a precious possession even at this late day. Every one of these letters is an expression of his love for simple unlettered humanity—his belief in the "average" man of whom he sang poetically and to whom he ministered tenderly as volunteer nurse during the war of the Rebellion.

The first letter out of that bundle, teeming with the life of that interesting time, is characteristic of the writer, and strikes at once the high key to which his life was pitched. Its closing sentences run:

"My Dear Comrade: I believe I have told you all that occurs to me, only I must let you know that your notion I may have forgotten you is not regular by a long shot. I do not forget any one so easily when the friendship has been formed as yours and mine in the hospital. You must write me whenever you feel like it—tell me all about things and people. God bless you, my loving soldier boy, and for the present farewell. WALT WHITMAN."

This letter was written by Whitman of the vision and the faculty divine—Whitman, best loved and best hated of modern poets, who believed that comradeship would regenerate the human race. Of that great sextette of patriotic American poets—Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, Emerson, Whitman and Whittier, Whitman may be said to have most lived his poetic fancies. He wrote and practiced, formulated a creed

and lived it. His songs have a lack of rhythmic harmony, but he set into motion a rhythm of idea which has not ceased to beat musically upon the shores of Time.

"For who but I should be the poet of comrades" is his consistent plea. The sick and wounded soldiers of the Federal and Confederate armies looked into his cheerful, ruddy face as he bent over them. He was the embodiment of physical strength and womanly tenderness. Magnificently proportioned, he must have imparted some of his wonderful vitality to the pale and emaciated sufferers in the hospital wards, each one of whom was his beloved comrade.

Whitman was not only the sick soldier's friend but his interest in them did not flag after they had left their sick beds and become merged in the uneventful life belonging to the civilian. It is due to his unfailing affection that these letters were written and after forty years the clear, bold handwriting attests to his invincible faith in their future. The letters cover a period of time extending from his term of office in the Attorney-General's office in Washington, when he was in the full vigor of manhood, until he became old and feeble—from the time when the blue coats were getting scarce in Washington until peace and prosperity had become the portion of the nation.

At the close of the war, when only a few wounded soldiers remained in the hospital and Whitman's ministrations were drawing to a close, he penned these lines to his soldier friend: "Blue coats are getting quite scarce in Washington. I envy you the fresh country



Walt Whitman, Comrade.

air, healthy influences, and, I doubt not, the fine scenery and quiet. I am in that part of the office where pardons are attended to. There is a stream of rebels passing in all the time to be pardoned. All of the Confederates who are worth more than \$20,000 in property have to have a special pardon, and all who have been officers of the rank of Brigadier-General and upwards the same. There are some real characters among them, and you know I have a fancy for anything out of the ordinary. A good many women come up to Washington to look after pardons. All are dressed in deep black. Then there are bushels of applications arriving by every mail. When they are recommended by the Provisional Government or by some well known Union men they get them. There are 3,000 or 4,000 waiting for the President's signature now. He is not in any hurry to sign them."

In 1866 he writes to the same soldier boy over whose bed he had leaned in a Washington hospital and

to whom he read his "yawps," as he laughingly designated his verse. His letters have a rare and indefinable quality of personal interest. They were to the recipient like the placing of a fatherly, affectionate hand upon his shoulder. "I keep stout as ever, my face red and a great beard just the same. I am writing this in the office by a bay window with a splendid view of the Potomac and Arlington Heights. I send my love to you, darling boy."

The soldier boy, now passed to man's estate, in search of a livelihood, had drifted to the Golden State, and Whitman addressed him here:

"Attorney-General's Office, May 16, 1866.—

\* \* \* As to me, I lead rather a dull life here. I wish you were nearer, that we might be together frequently. I do not associate much with the department clerks, yet many appear to be good fellows enough. The contest between Congress and the President is quite exciting. I go up to the Capitol and listen to the speeches and arguments. Sometimes I feel as if one side had the best of it and then the other. Well, my dear comrade, I believe I have told you all the news—of Eicholtz, the German sergeant with the bad compound fracture, of Frazee and Dr. Smith."

In a letter dated six months later, Whitman writes: "We have a new Attorney-General (Black). One of the first things he did was to promote me. Sensible man, wasn't he? May the Lord reward him."

To the request for a photograph, Whitman makes the following affectionate reply:

"I enclose you a little picture. You shall have a better one, dear son. The picture in shirt sleeves was taken in 1854. You would not know it was me now, but it was taken from real life and was first-rate then."

Two years later he speaks of his



notion I may have forgotten  
you is not regular by a long  
shot. I do not forget any one  
so easily, where the friendship has  
been formed as it was under such  
circumstances as yours & mine in  
the hospital. You must write  
to me whenever you feel like it—  
tell me all about things & people  
down there in Kentucky — God  
bless you, my loving soldier boy. —  
for the present, Farewell.

Walt Whitman

lonely life. He misses the expectant faces that turned on their pillows toward him. Was his dream of comradeship beginning to fade? It may have been that his feeling of hail-fellow-well-met with the first man that he saw, of being ready to like him and lend a helping hand had met with some rebuff. The social exclusiveness which comes with old age had overtaken him.

"I am leading a quiet, monotonous life, working a few hours every day very moderately. Have plenty of books to read but few acquaintances. I spend my evenings mostly in the office."

The correspondence continued until the man who had bent over more death beds than any other, perhaps, while ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers, was fast approaching his own dissolution. The one dominant note of his life had been comradeship. His dream of making through it "the most splendid race the world ever shone upon"

had so far failed and must continue to fail until this plan of social equality is based upon the pursuit of a common ideal. Whitman never met his soldier correspondent again, although there was longing on both sides for a re-union. The poet contemplated visiting the Golden State. In his "Leaves of Grass" he includes a promise to California: "Sojourning East a while longer soon I travel toward you to remain to teach robust American love."

Once he started West on a lecturing tour, but got no further than St. Louis, when some unforeseen circumstance prevented his further journeying West.

Whitman's great dream of regenerating the world through comradeship, his extraordinary self esteem and his relation to his country and her soldiers, give his letters an interest which can never fade. He will continue to be a personage as long as history is written.



Simonides, Esther and Sheik Ilderim.

Courtesy Klaw & Erlanger

Some remarkably good photographs of incidents in the production of the play of Ben Hur.

Photos by Kirkland Studio, Denver.



Mesalla and the Egyptian.



Mesalla and Ben Hur



# THE IMMIGRATION SCOURGE

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX

**L**E BON, the French economic writer, declares that the great danger to this country is a flood of undesirable foreign immigration, which we will surely be—to use his own words—unable to digest; people, as he says, unable to understand our institutions; to sympathize in our aspirations and to entertain our ambitions. He enforces his views by citing the example of other nations which have attracted a large foreign population in the past.

Although the circumstances which exist in the United States have no parallel in past history, and consequently the experiences of other countries furnish but little foundation upon which to form a judgment of the future of this Republic, yet there is enough truth in the views of Le Bon to make the last report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration a document of more than ordinary interest to those concerned in the future welfare of the country.

The report shows that for the year ending June 30, 1903, 857,046 steerage immigrants entered this country, an increase of 208,303, or thirty-two per cent over the previous year. Of that number 814,507 came from Europe; the principal countries contributing being: Italy 260,622, an increase of 52,247 over last year; Austria-Hungary, 206,011, an increase of fully 34,022; Russia 136,093, an increase of 28,746; Germany, 40,086, an increase of 11,-

798; Sweden, 46,028, an increase of 15,134; Ireland, 35,310, an increase of 6,173, and England 26,219, an increase of 12,644.

It appears therefore that 658,850 immigrants, or over 88 per cent of the entire European immigration, came from countries in which English is not spoken; and that at least seventy-five per cent comes from countries which in their history, traditions and the experience of their people, are alien to everything which goes to make up an American citizen.

If the new population spread itself over the country, so that it would be lost in the millions already here, it would not be so dangerous; but it remains for the most part just where it lands, and collects in colonies in the big cities, especially in New York, in which the language, traditions, and ideas of the mother countries are kept alive. There is "Little Italy," or a "Ghetto," just as there is a "Chinatown," and of course neither the adults nor their children have any opportunity to learn what constitutes true Americanism. They live as they lived at home or even worse; they talk as they talked at home; they think as they thought at home; and to them the President is only a king by another name. They have their papers published in their own tongue; they celebrate the feasts and festivals they were accustomed to celebrate before they left Europe, and they ignore American

ideas, history and feelings as completely as though they had never crossed the ocean.

In discussing the immigration question as it confronts us to-day, we should not lose sight of the fact that our experience in the past is no criterion by which to judge of the future. Not only was American immigration never as large before, but it came from a different part of Europe, and above all, under different circumstances, and actuated by different motives; consequently it was of an entirely different class to that which now threatens to swamp us.

The country was originally settled by men who left Europe because of political or religious motives. The English Puritans, Quakers, Catholics and Cavaliers, who settled in New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas; the Dutch, who founded New York; the Swedes who located in New Jersey; the French who settled Canada and established themselves near the Great Lakes and in the Mississippi Valley, were quite different in their aspirations and ideas from the hundreds of thousands who landed at New York last year; just as different as a French emigre is from a modern emigrant.

A man who leaves his home to go to a land inhabited by savages and wild beasts; who prefers risking his life and those of his family daily that he may worship God as he chooses; or that he may have liberty to think and act as he sees fit in political matters, shows that he values principle more than life; faith more than comfort and ease.

The early settlers and their successors since the Civil War did not congregate in cities, but spread out over the country, with the result that whether you consider the Swedes and Norwegians in Minnesota; the Germans in Wisconsin; the French-Canadians in Michigan and New England; the Italians on

the Pacific Coast; the Poles in the Mississippi Valley States, or the Irish everywhere, you find prosperous communities; enterprising people, and good American citizens. The races being mixed together, have intermarried, and generations who know only America, who speak only English, who have been educated in our schools, who neither know nor care anything for the countries from which their ancestors came, are the result. They have acquired homes; they own property; their interests, their hopes and their future are American.

But all that is not true of the new arrivals. They remain in New York or some large city, create the slums, care nothing for education and furnish a large percentage of the criminal class. One-third of the population of New York is foreign born, and according to the last census, out of the total population of the State (7,268,894) the foreigners numbered 1,900,425, a number which is now well past the two million mark. Taking, however, the census figures, you find that 26 per cent of the population of the State is foreign born, but that out of 3,609 prisoners in the State prisons, 40 per cent are foreigners, and of the native born over half had foreign born parents. If these figures are extended so as to embrace persons arrested for petty crimes and misdemeanors, they are still more startling and suggestive, but statistics are dry, and I will not go into them more in detail, except to point out that those countries which are furnishing the larger portion of our new immigration also furnish by far the largest portion of the criminals. Thus at Sing-Sing there are 139 Italians, 22 Austrians, and 48 subjects of the Czar, out of 489 foreigners. At Auburn, out of 224 foreigners, there were 47 Italians, 5 Austrians, and 8 Russians; while at Clinton the Italians contribute 23, the Austrians 6, and the



Russians 10, out of the 192 foreign inmates. I know, when these figures are published in the *Overland*, that defenders of the several nationalities will rise up to explain why the statistics are as they are. The reasons, however, are not hard to discover. In the first place, the new immigrant, with no knowledge of the language or the country lands at New York, seeks those of his own nationality, and settles down amongst them. He is a peasant, perhaps, who never before has been out of sight of his home. A man knowing nothing of the world; who has lived all his life in a little community. Suddenly he is plunged into one of the greatest centers of human activity in existence. He is not only ignorant of the ways of the world, but as 185,667 of our last year's immigrants could neither read nor write even their mother tongue, he is devoid of education very likely. Is it singular that he drifts into crime almost naturally?

Even when located in the country on farms, if allowed to remain together, not mixing with Americans and other nationalities, the immigrant rarely makes a success, a fact so fully recognized by Congress a generation ago that when making land grants to the Pacific Railroad it took care to grant every alternate section in order that no "colonies" of foreigners could be planted by the roads but that there would be lands at all times for outsiders to take.

The failure of this colony scheme has been graphically illustrated by the experience of the Irish colonies in Minnesota. Twenty years ago Archbishop Ireland, the Catholic Bishop of St. Paul, and a benevolent English Quaker by the name of Tukes, arranged to locate large numbers of Connemara peasants on the fertile plains of the Gopher State. The peasants at home had been starving or living on sea moss. They were given warm clothing,

their passage paid from Connemara to Minnesota, where they were met with enthusiasm by their fellow countrymen. They were given farms, houses were built for them, and a winter's provision donated them, with farm implements and seed wheat. Most of them, however, refused to work at all. They allowed the potatoes and food to freeze in the cars, rather than to take it out and carry it home; and as many as possible left their homes and farms and drifted to the cities and to the dogs in most cases. Others took their places on the farms of different nationalities, with the result that the few Connemarians who remained on the farms did well and have furnished from the younger generation many public men and some of the brightest lawyers and professional men in Minnesota to-day. It was rubbing up against the Americans and those of other races, however, which brought out their native energy and push and made them a success where their brethren who had no such competition failed. Besides it may be set down as an invariable rule that the assisted emigrant is a failure, and most of our new immigrants are assisted. They are largely paupers, as the fact that all of them (857,046) only brought \$16,117,573 in cash with them, or an average of \$18.75 per capita, shows, and there is more than a suspicion that in thousands of cases the assistance came from the home government, anxious to get rid of its surplus pauper population.

The pauper, as Lombroso and other eminent authorities have pointed out, is a man who from mental or physical causes, or both, has made a failure of life, and when that pauperism has existed for generations, as is the case with thousands of our new arrivals, there is very little foundation on which to build the structure of good citizenship. Not a desirable citizen in Eu-

rope, where his political responsibilities were few, how can he be a more desirable citizen in America, where they are many? Yet we must convert these millions into Americans, or the Republic cannot exist. A monarchy can exist with an ignorant people, because the individual has but little to do with the Government but to obey; but a Republic must be supported by intelligence. Yet these hundreds of thousands of foreigners who have never read the Constitution; who know nothing of the Declaration of Independence, to whom the name of Washington or Lincoln means nothing, will vote for an American President next year, and on their vote will depend the way New York will cast her electoral vote in 1904. It was they who handed that city back to Tammany, and evidently the most ignorant among them, because as a rule the foreign press in New York and all the better class of foreigners, supported Mayor Low. Those new arrivals and thousands who have not left Europe yet, will have more to say in naming our next President than all the citizens of all the States west of the Rockies. Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and the two Dakotas will have no more influence, and it will take half a dozen Southern States to balance the 39 electoral votes of New York. How is it possible that these men, with the best intentions in the world, can vote intelligently on issues of which they know nothing?

We have had many evidences that they will do little for this country and its institutions, and that they are continually trying to perpetuate Old World ideas in our midst. Thus, one of the causes that led to the defeat of Mayor Low was that he opposed having German public schools in New York, and tried to have some semblance of an American Sunday in that city. They are the element who control the labor unions, which now openly aim

at managing the Government by dictating to the President.

The danger, therefore, that confronts those who love America and Americanism, whether they be natives of this country or citizens by adoption, is real and imminent. What shall be done to save the Republic? Americans are too often prone to forget that all the people of a country are not alike. All Chinese do not take in washing; all Italians do not grind organs, or run fruit stalls; all Germans do not sell beer; nor is a French cook—much as we admire his skill—the leading social luminary in Paris. Italy is the home of art and genius, and even to-day is furnishing her full quota of the great men of the world; but there are Italians and Italians, and those at home, or those who came over a few years ago, are quite different from those who are landing in this country to-day. No one knows that better than the Italian-Americans themselves. The other day I was talking in Washington with a prominent Italian who had lately visited the Pacific Coast. He was dilating at great length on the prosperity of his people out there. I asked him if he did not think it would be wise to scatter our new Italian population over the country instead of concentrating it in the large cities. He said yes, but added that the newer immigrants could not be expected to do as well as their predecessors, because they came from a different part of Italy and were not of as good a stock.

But if the Italian knows little of American and American Government, what must be said of the Russian peasant, probably the lowest type of a white man. Brutalized for centuries by a despotic government, which is more Asiatic than European, how is it to be expected that he can make a good American citizen for several generations? How can the parent teach the children what they do not know themselves?



How can the children, herded together in large cities, surrounded by foreigners, ever learn what America and Americanism really is? It is a significant fact that the percentage of foreign criminals in the statistics of the New York penitentiary which I have quoted above, are larger in Sing Sing, where the city convicts are usually sent, than in the other prisons, which draw their population from the smaller towns and country places. In view of these facts, it would seem that the first solution of the immigration problem that confronts us is, as Commissioner of Immigration Sargent urges, legislation which will improve the quality, morally and intellectually, of the immigrants we are now receiving. An educational qualification should be demanded of every new arrival, and no one who cannot read and write at least his mother tongue easily, should be admitted.

The naturalization laws should be changed, so that no one who cannot read and write English and who has not read the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, can be naturalized; and naturalization should be done in Federal courts under Federal laws.

Every child should be forced to attend school until he or she has passed the grammar school grade. Child labor of any kind should be forbidden.

Colonization of alien communities should be discouraged. On this point I cannot do better than to quote from Commissioner Sargent's report:

"Removed from the sweatshops and slums of the great cities, and given the opportunity to acquire a home, every alien, however radical his theories may have been, will become a conservative supporter in theory and practice of those institutions under whose benign protec-

tion he has acquired and can defend his household goods. Suitable legislation is therefore strongly urged to establish agencies by means of which, either with or without the co-operation of the State, aliens should be made acquainted with the resources of the country at large, the industrial needs of the various sections in both skilled and unskilled labor, the cost of living, the wages paid, the price and capabilities of the land, the character of the climate, the duration of the seasons—in short, all of that information furnished by some of the railroads."

The initiative in these matters should be taken by the natives of the country from which the immigrants come; for certainly no one should be more interested than they in seeing that their fellow-countrymen succeed and prosper in this new land. Already a movement is on foot in the South to encourage immigration in that direction, a movement which, if it succeeds, will be alike beneficial to the immigrant and the South, since the former will become a land owner and will be kept away from the big cities; and having no ante-bellum prejudices, will help to rid that part of the Union of the blight of politics, and the fear of negro domination which lays over it, and keeps it back industrially and commercially.

Congress should be urged to act promptly in the matter of passing new and more stringent immigration laws and there the labor unions, if they were not so blind to their true interests, could do a great deal.

It is the wage-earner more than any other class who suffers by the competition of this horde of immigrants, and when times are less prosperous than they are now, perhaps they will realize that fact, although to-day they seem to think Asiatic immigration is the only danger.

# THE GENESIS OF THE SAXON RACE.

BY H. L. CHAMBERLAIN

THE interest which has centered with increasing force during the last few years in the English-speaking people of the world, seems to have strongly emphasized the inquiry started in the early years of the past century respecting the genesis of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Whence has it come, that it should have developed such peculiar traits of character as have distinguished it above other races of Europe not closely cognate?

We are fairly well acquainted with individuals of all nationalities who have made the century famous above all others for achievement in all lines beneficial to humanity at large. Among them all, those of Saxon origin stand pre-eminent in nearly every department of human development and progress. We take pleasure in reading of their achievements and take interest in a knowledge of their birth, their early education, training and environment; their struggles and their successes, their defeats and victories.

Why, then, should we not be equally interested in the genesis of the race that has given birth to the individuals who have been conspicuous as makers of history? Whence came these dominant traits of character which have made the Anglo-Saxons so pre-eminent, conspicuous as individuals and as a race? Who were their progenitors? and what their early education, training and environment through all the centuries, that they come to us with such sturdy characteristics as no other race or nation can show?

We have accustomed ourselves to look no further back than Horsa and Hengist with their select, historic "Four Hundred" from England, on the authority of Sharon

Turner, Angles and pure Saxons, with later infusions of cognate peoples, as the beginning of Anglo-Saxon history. In the conglomeration and intermixture of races which poured into and overran Europe in early ages, it may seem to many a useless inquiry, but the peculiarity of Anglo-Saxon character excites a desire to know more of its origin.

We learn that they were so proud of their descent and stalwart physique that marriages with other nations were rare. Everywhere they pushed the people before them and did not amalgamate with them. They seem to have inherited such a sturdy love of liberty and such tenacity of purpose in asserting and maintaining their rights that no usurpation has ever been long allowed, and no defeat is long endured.

From whom did the Anglo-Saxons derive such rare power of accumulation of wealth? The English people have, according to Gladstone's statement a few years ago, \$10,000,000,000 in stocks and bonds; add to this what is loaned to their own Government, and we have a total of \$15,000,000,000 loaned out "for revenue only," to say nothing of the vast amounts invested in trade and manufactures. Nor can we overlook the enormous resources and accumulating power of our own people, offspring of the same stock, which has enabled us, according to the census of 1880, to count the national wealth at forty-four thousand millions of dollars. It ought to be an interesting question: Where did we get this power?

From whom did we beget such power of generation that England is enabled to double her population every forty-five years? while the



population of the United States since 1640 has doubled every 24 years. France can double hers only in one hundred and fifty years, and Russia in a little less, while it takes Turkey five hundred and fifty years to double hers. This enables England to plant colonies as no other nation does; they establish "factories" for trade, but do not plant colonies. It is the peculiar mission of the Saxon to colonize. French writers have noticed this and predicted world wide dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race.

From whom does England, as a ruling power among the nations, derive the prescience to seek and hold the leading strategic points of the world for a possible coming conflict that shall decide the political supremacy of the Old World? A Russian writer with anything but love for England, says: "At Aden she holds the gates of the Red Sea. At Singapore she commands the road to China. From Gibraltar she controls the strategic points of the Mediterranean. From Fiji she dominates the Pacific. Malta, Cyprus, the Cape of Good Hope, the Gold Coast, Hongkong and her recent acquisitions in Africa, are all strategic points. England holds six of the largest gulfs in the world and nine seas. It is only too clear that the aggressive empire, unless speedily checked, will establish a universal dominion over all the peoples of the earth."

A French writer of no mean repute says: "Two rival nations, but only one as to race, language, customs and laws—England and America—are, with the exception of Europe, dominating the world. However, this predominance of the Anglo-Saxon everywhere out of Europe is but a feeble image of what an approaching future has in store for us." After speaking of the prodigious increase of population and the probable extension of the United States to the Isthmus of Panama,

he continues: "The American continent in its whole extent is destined to belong to the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not less certain that Oceanica belongs to the Anglo-Saxons of Australia and New Zealand. \* \* \* Whatever power may dominate in China or Japan or India—the United States or Australia or England—our children are not less assured to see the Anglo-Saxon mistress of Oceanica as well as America and of all the countries of the farthest East that may be dominated, worked or influenced by the sea. When affairs shall have reached this climax, will it be possible to deny from one end of the globe to the other that the world is Anglo-Saxon?"

One more peculiarity we offer, among several which might be named, which differentiates the Anglo-Saxon in a very marked degree from all others the world over.

From whom do we derive the monotheistic cast of mind which is so radically the heritage of the race? Above all other peoples the Saxons have the truest ideas of Deity; this is acknowledged by scholars generally. Max Muller's testimony is worth recording. He says: "The races which have been brought from heathenism to the acknowledgment of God worship saints, angels and images to this day. Not so the Anglo-Saxons. The images of saints and angels are no more sacred to them than the gods and goddesses of the heathen. They are monotheistic through and through, and despise image worship of every kind."

One of the foremost writers of France, lately deceased, says: "More than any people in Europe they realize by their inner concentration and rigidity the Semitic conception of the Solitary and Almighty God; a strange conception which we, with all our critical methods, have hardly reconstructed within ourselves to the present day." "Religious

thoughts of the highest conception," says another, "were common to them from remote antiquity."

The interest in this subject of Saxon genesis is wonderfully weighted by the very obscurity that envelops the infancy of the race. In the migrations of ages we seem to have lost all recollection of our parentage and our early environment. We seem to have adopted Topsy's solution of the problem respecting herself: "I 'spects I wasn't born'd—I grow'd." It is our desire and intention to solve, if possible, in this article the enigma of a race apparently "without father, without mother, without pedigree, having neither beginning of days nor end of life."

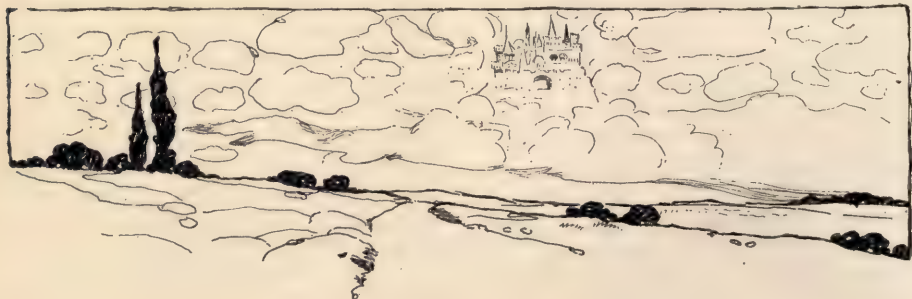
We may well ask, therefore, whence have we come and who are we that such predominating qualities should manifest themselves above the other nations of Europe, successors to Imperial Rome? Whence these forceful characteristics that command the admiration of those alien to us? First, then, whence are we? and where does modern history meet us in its search for an answer?

Sharon Turner, who may well be termed the father of modern English history, writing in the early years of the last century, says: "The great masses of population which have successively planted themselves in the British Islands, have sprung from nomadic classes. The earliest of these were the Kimmerians and Kelts who peopled the northern

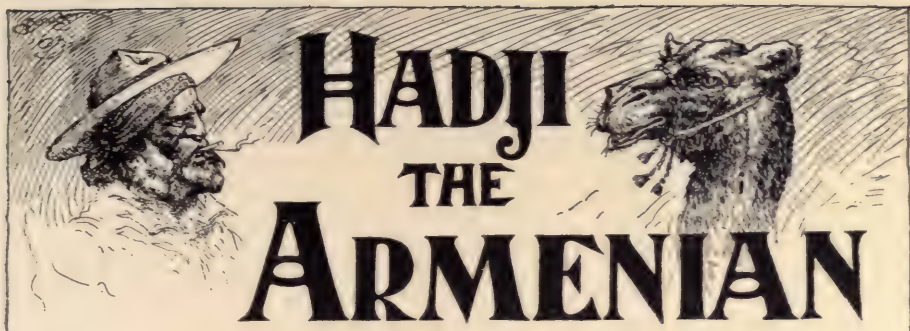
and western confines of Europe. Then came the German or Gothic nations who formed with the Scythians the second great flood of people into Europe, from whom our Anglo-Saxon and Norman ancestors proceeded. \* \* \* Of the various nations which have been recorded the Sacae are the people from whom the descent of the Saxons may be inferred with the least violation of probability. They seized Baetria and the most fertile parts of Armenia, which from them derive the name of Sakasena."

Of the ancient historians, the first to meet us with any mention of the Sacae is Albinus, who wrote about A. D. 725, who says: "The Sacae were descended from the ancient Sacae of Asia." Ptolemy, about A. D. 125, mentions a Scythian people springing from the Sakai, by the name of Saxones, who came from Media. Diodorus, about the beginning of our era, says: "The Scythians came into Europe from Asia, about the river Araxis in Armenia." Aeschylus, who wrote 525 B. C., says: "The Sacae were noted for good laws and were eminently a righteous people."

Thus we see that our own early historian inclines to the opinion that the ancient Sacae were the progenitors of the Saxon race, while the ancient historians agree in giving Armenia in Asia, around the river Araxis emptying with the Kir into the Caspian Sea, as the country from which they came.







## A STORY OF THE ARIZONA PAINTED DESERT

---

BY LLOYD DAMRON

A PARTY of hunters had reached the mining camp of Kingman in Arizona territory after three months in the solitude of forests on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and they were celebrating their return to the settlements in characteristic disorder. This meant a night in the "Palace" gambling joint, humorously labeled by its proprietors with placards on the rough board wall which read like this: "The Only Second-Class Saloon in Arizona."

"We scouted queer game this trip," spoke up one of the Nimrods. "Camels—wild camels. One Apache devil said they're 'Heap good grub.'"

A shout greeted the uncertain approach of a short, heavy-set foreigner of swarthy features, who at this statement turned feebly and listened for more of the narration.

"Hi, Jolly!" they exclaimed in chorus, as they recognized the veteran Armenian camel-driver, Hadji, and addressed him in the "cow-puncher" adaptation of his name.

"Lash my cayuse," ejaculated Tim Holderman, the loquacious hunter who had ventured the tale of the camels, "era bit o' meat the Apaches would o' had this season if this

old Turk hadn't a' brought them pesky hump-backed varmints to the deserts. Loosen yer cinch, old hoss, and put a jolt under yer belt."

"I will drink, and thanks to gentlemen," returned the Armenian, and as he drank of the "pizen" he smacked his lips with an air of satisfaction which was soon changed to one of melancholy interest as he motioned the narrator to proceed with the story of the camels.

"Don't believe his yarn, Hi Jolly," warned the husky barkeeper, who weathered the ravages of his own tanglefoot with surprising tenacity. "Not many o' you fellers was here nigh onto fourteen years ago when we had a slaughter o' them camels.

"Old Jack Looney was a freighting' under Government contract when he turned up in this same joint with a yarn about a whole durned herd o' wild camels what stampeded his outfit, and he was vowin' bloody vengeance.

"The boys all said they had a poor run o' luck ever sense them brutes was brought to this section, so they loaded their shootin' irons for big game, and in twenty-four hours there wasn't a hump-back left on the plains.

"The Indians had a big feast, and

ev'rybody said we'd have a little better run o' luck, exceptin' Hi Jolly, an' it put him out of a job."

"Your big Gen'ral Miles, my boss, lose me my job long ago," remarked the Armenian. "He says: 'Hadji, camels no d——d good here. Feet get sore, can't travel. Diff'rent kind deserts in your country.' Bad times for Hadji since then. I try work in mine, but get too tired and want much my country."

The men exchanged significant glances, for it was plain that the lonely alien was not long for any country.

"Gettin' 'long in years, ain't you, ole man?" and the vaquero nodded to the bar-keeper for fresh supplies. "Thar, ole hoss, take another jolt; nothin' puts iron in a man's arm like Whiskey Brown's booze."

"I been here many year," continued the nonogenarian. "I came in '57 on big ship Suwane. Hadji and camels get very tired of ship all the way from Asia. Then we have fight with bad Indians. Gen'ral Miles he want camels to take grub across desert to his men. But high mountain trails too rocky for camels. Gen'ral he say camels no good and turn 'em loose. I love the camels that come from my country and stay with them, but Indian take me and I escape. I guess camels all die," he concluded, with a touch of sentiment in his voice.

"You're all wrong, Hi Jolly," declared big Jake Miller, a horny-handed prospector who spoke for the first time. "I was crossin' Walapai Gulch on a prospectin' trip and saw three o' the critters the other day. Breed's run down, I guess, since the varmints been runnin' wild. They weren't no bigger 'n cow ponies, but they carries their necks higher. I could a tossed a rope over the head o' one of 'em, but my cayuse got scared and begins a pitchin' wars'n you ever seen, an' started straight 'cross country for Cedar Grove. There warn't no

holdin' him, and I lost my pack o' burros as well as the camels."

"What kind o' luck did ye have in yer bear hunt?" interrupted the proprietor of the "Palace." All but one pair of eyes turned toward Tim Holderman, who proceeded to relate the slaughter of bruin at the Grand Canyon.

The Armenian was forgotten and the camel incident was lost sight of in the thrilling recital of more recent experiences.

Hadji strolled over to the faro game. Three cards remained hidden in the box.

"Call the turn," suggested the dealer. A brilliant solitaire in the bosom of his gingham shirt spoke eloquently of those who had failed to turn this little trick in his "hog box." The Armenian was engrossed in a flood of reminiscences and wandered off without paying attention to the salutations in gambler's vernacular.

"I don't often try to call the turn at another man's game," said the faro-dealer, addressing a hanger-on, "but I miss my guess if old Hi Jolly isn't about ready to cash in his chips."

The dealer called the turn.

Away from the scene of clashing glasses, loud laughter and discordant saloon music the old man lay down in his 'dobe hut to sleep. But the memories of an eventful career flashed on the lantern slide of his life, awakening a fitful unrest.

Early scenes of his boyhood flitted across his mental vision. There haunted him the face of the woman he had married in early youth and deserted for the opportunity of joining the American expedition when the Secretary of State, Jefferson Davis, had induced the Government to bring the Eastern beasts of burden into the great American desert.

Hadji longed for the religious solace of the soft-voiced priests; for the dim churches of his sect. In the light of breaking day he arose



and started toward the open country in the direction of Cedar Grove where the prospector had seen the last remnant of the once stately procession of the ships of the desert.

The sirocco winds scorched his face and twisted his uncanny white beard and unkempt locks across his sight. On and on he plodded over burning sands, his eyes riveted on the oasis of Cedar Grove and a neighboring chain of low sand hills, which seemed to recede as he approached.

"Ah," he exclaimed, and his features were illuminated with a look of glad surprise. High up in the cloudless sky of the Mohave desert appeared the most singular and startling of desert phenomena. Plainly outlined on nature's canopy was an inverted picture of a small herd of camels—a mirage.

"Hy-a, hy-a," he shouted as he gazed upon the picturesque climax of his day of search. He plodded stubbornly toward his goal. His hands were lacerated by his frequent falls into the cacti-covered ravines, but he reached the plains beyond. As the darkness grew intense there

loomed before him a form of familiar outline. His old-time summons in his native tongue was not unheeded as his words echoed in the dry gorges of the sand hills. Another and another animal was shown to be standing near him.

Hadji approached them slowly, murmuring soft syllables of endearment, and the camels stood in an attitude of uncertainty, for their wild life had given them the habits of the early species. The Armenian straightened his form to native dignity. As he approached his one-time charge he was again Hadji, the camel-driver, and no longer Hi Jolly, who had been for so long the butt of the miners' good-natured chaff. He commanded them to kneel, and the leader dropped down as he had been trained to do in response to the word. The others followed his example.

The old man wrapped his head, and laying against the side of one of the animals, drew a contented breath and slept.

In his dreams he reached his home.





## The Cypress Trees of Monterey.

BY RICHARD SCRACE

The cypress trees of Monterey  
Grow close beside the sea,  
Broad and fragrant boughs have they  
And wreathed in moss of filmy grey,  
And these the songs they sang to me,  
The cypress trees of Monterey.

“O rest ye while our minstrels play  
Their music at our feet,  
Sweet is the song we bend to hear,  
The tide runs out, the tide rolls near,  
The fishers lean along their seat  
And rest their oars upon the bay”—  
Oh, halcyon days at Monterey!



The cypress trees of Monterey,  
They told 'tween ebb and flow,  
Of bitter sheets of blinding spray,  
Of thundering waves that tore their way  
And tossed their burden down, below  
The trembling trees at Monterey!

The silver sands of Monterey  
The sailor's grave shall be,  
The trees (they fringe the curving bay,  
And crown the rocks of storm-worn grey),  
Shall mourn in ceaseless threnody—  
The cypress trees of Monterey.

O well-loved trees of Monterey!  
From their fair home with thee,  
Thy sylvan spirits send each day  
Some message from the far-away,  
And then in dreams again I see  
My cypress trees of Monterey.

# THE LEGEND OF THE SEA-OTTER

---

BY KATHRYN WILSON

THIS is the tale the Indian mother croons to her babes in the solitude of her igloo, when the roseate glow of the Northern light encircles the ice-bound world with an iridescent halo; when the crashing of great ice-floes echoes over the wastes, and a belated walrus drops into the water with a soft splash; when the Arctic world is asleep in winter, thus the Indian mother speaks concerning the sea-otter:

Many winters ago, before the print of a white man's shoe was seen in the snows of Alaska, a mighty chief of the Aleuts possessed a beautiful daughter. Her skin was smooth and brown, her hair black and glossy, and her long slit eyes were dark as a Northern midnight. But her greatest charm was her voice, which was rich and sweet, and clearer than the tinkle of ice.

Now when the bud of her youth was about to burst into the full bloom of womanhood, her mighty father, according to the custom of the Aleuts, locked and secluded his daughter in a barrabara until a husband worthy of her rank could be found.

Then it happened one day, when the flowers had come, that a youth passed that way, and hearing a voice of unusual beauty coming from the hut, paused, entranced, to listen. And the longer he listened the nearer he crept to the barrabara; and the nearer he crept the more charmed he became, until suddenly with a mighty leap, he threw himself against the sod door. It moved a little, so he threw himself again and once again, and the third time he stood within the hut and saw her. For a moment he looked on her

beauty and could not move, for spears of light seemed to come from her black eyes—spears that sank into his brain and hurt him, until he became crazed with the pain and sprang toward her; but the maiden rushed at him furiously and they fought one another long and desperately.

At last the maiden, with a quick movement, tripped the youth and he fell, and in his fall he turned toward the door. As he sprang up again to rush away, a sudden slash of the maiden's knife completely severed each great muscle above the heel, and the youth sank helpless to the earth. For a moment he lay there, gazing pitifully at his captor, and then he made a great effort. By much straining, turning and writhing he reached the door and crawled painfully away toward the beach.

The next morning the maiden, hearing that a wounded youth had been found bleeding and suffering on the sea-shore, was pained in her heart, and with tears in her eyes she went down to him. When she saw him she wept bitterly, for she saw she had done a cruel deed.

She looked at him long and sadly, and after awhile she said: "Since it is for love of me that this has come upon you, follow me and you may always have me," and when she had said this she turned and walked away. The youth did not answer, but he pulled himself up and with much agony crept toward the maiden, while the others looked after them with awe.

Slowly the two mounted a rocky cliff that jutted out into the sea. Slowly the maiden climbed from rock to rock, and slowly the youth dragged himself after her. Finally



the people on the beach saw the two figures high up on the top peak of the cliff, and from the edge of the sea the great yellow sun cast a glittering path of gold across the water to them. For a moment only did the watchers see them, for even while their figures were dark against the light of the sky, suddenly they were not there; nothing was there but the jagged point of the rock and a lone sea-gull that soared above the water. And from that time no man ever saw the youth and maiden again.

But the next morning a fisherman, paddling his canoe among the rocks, saw two strange brown creatures diving and sporting gracefully in the green foam of the sea. He had never seen such as these before, so

that he was afraid and went quickly ashore.

When the land was painted once more with the purple lilies and the droopy yellow-bells, the two beings were seen again, but this time there was a wee baby being with them which they guarded carefully. And every springtime afterward there were more brown babies, and the people did not harm them, though their fur was fine and silky and good for clothes in winter; for it came to be said that the two golden-brown creatures were the lost youth and maiden, and the little ones were their offspring.

And so to this day the story is told among the Aleuts how the sea-otter came to Northern waters.

---

## ALONG THE TRAIL

---

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Too numb with cold to know the day,  
Where snow-bound courses meet and part;  
He holds his winter-blighted way,  
And plays at treason with his heart.

The groaning river ices mock  
His dream of nights beside a fire;  
The jaws of Famine snap and lock  
Behind his heels that trudge and tire.

Stiff fingers blunder with the whip  
When starving huskies gnaw the rope;  
A blinding snow whirls down the slip  
And covers up the trail of hope!

A day of reckoning on the ridge,  
A night of mazes in the vale,  
A cry against the sacrilege  
Of Christmas—smothered in the gale!

A last mirage of gleaming gold  
Glimmering on the banks of snow—  
The fangs of Famine and of Cold,  
Locked in the dreams of long ago!



## TELEPATHY

---

BY KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON

The night is calm. Such tender stars are there  
Gleaming athwart the mists with wistful eyes  
Upon the streams and valleys here, and fair,  
Aye, fair as was that earthly Paradise,  
The great world lies at rest. From care all free  
Drinking the sweetness of the night, and far,  
One dreams alone within the resting sea  
Of human lives, of hopes which distant are  
As those far stars which beckon thro' the night.  
Across the spaces wide, and thro' the room  
Comes to his soul a voice distinct and clear  
Of one who watches 'neath that same star-light  
Who calls him thro' the intervening gloom,  
And o'er it all he cannot choose but hear.







## BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER

David Starr Jordan. *“Paucis vivat humanum genus”*

(‘the many live for the few’). This shall be true no longer. The earth belongs to him who can use it, and the only force which lasts is that which is used to make men free.”

Prof. David Starr Jordan is at word-coinage again. He is out with a new, and, in a general sense, a good book, “The Call of the Twentieth Century.” Professor Jordan shares with all pedagogic presidents the failing of falling into prophecy. Given an exalted position at the head of a great university, the average man immediately takes unto himself the gift of divination. Dr. Jordan endeavors in a delightful literary way to tell us what the twentieth century is to be. He sings of the end of wars and the triumph of the pursuits of peace.

He writes in a happy way, rambles along generalizations and somnolizes good advice to nation and individual by the yard.

Dr. Jordan is the gifted author of another work, “Imperial Democ-

racy,” which was hastily published in 1899 to take advantage of the rabies then prevalent among a certain set of the literary elect.

Note some of the prophetic passages: “A virtual serfdom under American Martial Law is the fate of Cuba, though we may declare her free and independent.”

The last of two artillery companies remaining in Cuba sailed for the United States in November of last year. A virtual serfdom indeed!

“Only by force can the masses of Hawaii or Cuba be held to industry and order.” Oh, my gentle brothers of Hawaii! in what disesteem were you held by the prophetic pedagogue, and why did you not give cause for a standing army?

“Cuba, Manila, Nicaragua will be slave territories for years to come.”

Let us now take up part two of “Imperial Democracy.” “We are pledged to give self-government to Cuba. This we cannot do without the risk of seeing it relapse into an anarchy as repulsive, if not as hopeless, as the tyranny of Spain.”

“In a few years Alaska will have no resources left.” The prophet was blind in one and crossed in the other optic when he wrote the Alaskan prophecy. Alaska is richer in its developed mineral resources than ever before and, what is more surprising, it is developing in an agricultural sense.

Part III of “Imperial Democracy” is called “A Blind Man’s Holiday.” Strange that the gift of

prophecy did not suggest this as a title to the entire volume. And yet, speaking in a broad sense, the Doctor admits "We know nothing of Philippine matters." This is a pearl, a valuable, inestimable confession and not a prophecy, but true, absolutely true, as after events have proven.

"In the cliffs and jungles they will defy us for a century as they have defied Spain."

In another place he speaks of the Filipino as tractable and the Government at Malolos as forbearing and sensible in every respect, and yet in another passage he paraphrases Kipling and dubs all Asiatics "half devil and half child." He speaks of the Philippines as "Nature's asylum for Degenerates!" "We cannot plant free institutions in the Orient because they will not grow; if they grow they will not be free!" "We see no other alternative save guerilla warfare, the condition in Luzon to-day, unless we recognize Philippine independence."

And the culmination of a mass of error and false prophecy is in the questions in which the author answers himself, thus: "Does the 'Outlook' believe that the Commanding General, with 30,000 troops, mostly volunteers held over-time, will conquer the Filipinos in a thousand years?" "Does the 'Outlook' believe that a brave Indian fighter, with 100,000 men, can conquer these people in five years?"

Shades of the lamented Lawton! The editor of the Overland Monthly feels like saying "Ah! Poo!" Once I sat in an audience in old Metropolitan Temple, in San Francisco, and listened to the gifted college president. He delivered a lecture on "Drunkenness." He said that there were many varieties of inebriates. Some people got drunk on alcoholic liquor; others on coffee or tea. I cannot help but believe that the President of Stanford occasionally gets drunk—on words.

If after events meet the professor half way in his new work, "The Call of the Twentieth Century," it will have served its purpose. Fact is footsore and weary, and a veritable Tatterton Raggs in its chase after the good doctor's Philippine Prophecies and Consummation may turn out a Weary Waggles pursuing his later work.

**"Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito."**

American Unitarian Association.  
Boston. 80 cents.

**At a recent** dinner party given in New York one of the participants, a gentleman for a long time connected with the Consular Service of the United States, made the remark that the Overland Monthly published at San Francisco, had nurtured more artists and writers of national reputation than any other magazine in the country. Warming to his subject, he said: "Why, you may call the Overland Monthly the cradle of Western literature. It produced Bret Harte, Noah Brooks, Charles Warren Stoddard, Clements, Frank Norris, Joaquin Miller, Herbert Bashford, Jack London, and probably fifty other names that are national. It saw their initial efforts and helped their first tottering steps in the paths of literature."

"The Servants' Point of View" should be read in every home in the land, and under the title of "The Toilers of the Home," it has been presented to the public by Miss Lillian Pettengill. It is a story of the author's own experiences in a study of the servant problem.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

In "Careers of Danger and Daring," Cleveland Moffett introduces us to much that is of great interest. It is supposed this book was written primarily for juvenile consumption, but there is material all through its pages to fascinate anyone at any age. Mr. Moffett makes



us familiarly acquainted with the heroes of peace and shows how calmly and coolly thousands of men go daily to tasks no less difficult and dangerous than that of the soldier on the field of battle.

The illustrations are by Jay Hambridge and George Varian, and from photographs, and they are good.

The Century Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

**Very few** of his readers know that Frank Norris illustrated the first short stories published in the *Overland Monthly*, and that at one time he was possessed of the idea of being a great artist.

In the February number of the *Overland Monthly* will be published a reproduction of an oil painting by Norris. This picture the present editor of this magazine, in his position of art manager, refused to use, much to Frank Norris' disgust.

News comes to us that "The Pit" promises to be one of the important plays of the season. It will be first produced in Chicago, the city Norris pictured with the hand of a great artist.

**The reviewer** has been flooded with religious and semi-religious volumes. It is a question whether it pays a manufacturer of health food to advertise that his particular cereal contains no chemicals or adulterants. It leads the consumer to investigate, and investigation sometimes spells confusion and loss for the manufacturer. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, author of "Doctrine and Deed," uses 380 pages of good white paper to prove that there is nothing wrong with the Christian religion. His language and his subject is good, but his theme is tiresome. Nine-tenths of the Christian world will quickly admit that he is right if faced with the alternative of reading the book.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.

**Present Day Egypt** has been pronounced by the Khedive of Egypt as "the only book published on the Egypt of to-day by an author thoroughly acquainted with the subject through long residence and official position in the country." Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield, the author, was United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul General to Egypt from 1893 to 1897. He has presented a series of faithful pictures of the Egypt that is interesting to the winter visitor, health seeker and general reader desirous of learning something, and not too much of contemporary conditions, in the oldest country in the world. It is a very attractive and discursive book told in lucid language.

The Century Company, New York. \$2.50.

**One of the most** charming of the smaller volumes of the Christmas season is "A Child's Letters to Her Husband." Some one asked the author, Mrs. Helen Watterson Moody, if the letters were real. She replied that "in a sense they are entirely veritable. Little Virginia did live and write letters to an imaginary husband, and there is scarcely an incident in the whole record that did not occur exactly as Virginia tells it.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

**"Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days"** has been followed by another book by the same author. In "Romances of Colonial Days," Geraldine Brooks has given us a charming volume to while away a few odd half hours. The author is thoroughly familiar with her ground, and she has not followed in the train of other writers of the historical novel. The threadbare mannikins of Washington, etc., are laid carefully away, and a new set is brought out. John Alden, Priscilla, Major Andre are in the lime light now. These characters do not receive con-

ventional treatment. Each tale is like a delicate cameo, and there is no blood and thunder and heroics.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., \$1.50.

This book is a compendium of thirty essays, supposedly written to furnish "inspirational thought and suggestive and illustrative material for preachers and Christian workers." It cannot be denied that there is a crying need for just such a book. Any work that will lend an original thought to the average Christian worker or preacher should be encouraged. Louis Albert Banks is the writer, and he has a fluent command of language and is an easy writer.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London. \$1.20.

"**The City of Is and Other Poems**" is the title of a book of alleged verse by Frederick Milton Willis. The Mercury Press, San Francisco, sends it out to a waiting world with the following inadequate apology: "The author bids us state that he feels almost ashamed," etc. "Almost," indeed! There should be an asylum for the ignorant who are afflicted with the itch for writing. The author of the "City of Is" should be an honored inmate. He is guilty of crass impertinence.

**Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's** Little Stories are sure of a wide and appreciative reading. They are exquisite and give food for thought in the anomalous conditions vividly portrayed. For fine workmanship, for mental and moral stimulus, they are to be classed with the walnuts and wine of Literature.

The Century Co., New York. \$1.

"**My Old Maid's Corner**" is a sane and sweet book. It is one of the few volumes to own and not to borrow.

"We cannot do much for the world, we old maids, but we can do this: We can keep an atmosphere

about us in which the best of young hearts can grow," might be taken as the key-note of the book. The corner where "the sky in its beauty seems so much nearer than the street," actually exists near the heart of things in New York City, it is said, and the people, the incidents, the experiences, best of all the cheery spinster who writes these sketches, are real. "A corner \* \* \* must be a present brightness, not a glory that has been. The sun should shine into it by day and the stars by night. Friends should come and go—rich and poor, old and young, the miserable and happy—else there is no corner at all, only a nook in which one is sheltered without sheltering."

The Century Co., New York. \$1.

Some of the most remarkable illustrations for even holiday editions are contained in Aquila Kempster's new novel, "The Mark." The author has succeeded in writing of native life of India and Hindu mysticism in an entrancing manner. It is a captivating story and the reader will forget wife, dinner and sleep until it is all absorbed and then rise with eyes distended and wild. Mr. H. H. Foley, who drew the pictures, is a young man, still unknown, but he has clearly a great future in the field of illustration.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

### Builders of the Beautiful.

H. L. Piner has written a work of inspiring suggestion upon the theme of the correspondence of physical form and spiritual nature. This volume is a compendium of epigrams. "Qualities are not physical. They simply become manifest through the physical."

"One grows like the things he thinks on." "Love is the soul's cosmetic." "The Legend says that the Cross of Christ was made of aspen wood, and that out of sympathy with His sufferings the leaf of the



tree always trembles at the approach of man. But the legend is wrong. The cross was made of beams of human cruelty and spikes of human ingratitude. And ever since its ugly arms stretched over Olivet the hearts of men have grown tremulous at the thoughts of the Master." "The heart of Bruce carried by Lord James against the Moors cannot save you from the passion Saracens that besiege your life."

Mr. Piner is a teacher and philosopher. His role is the Interpreter of the House Beautiful to those whose faces are set toward the Celestial City.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

#### Drawing Room Plays.

Among the holiday books issued by Paul Elder & Company is "Drawing Room Plays," by Grace Luce Irwin. Miss Irwin is the wife of Wallace Irwin, author of "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and other clever things he gave us before going East to browse in the larger and possibly greener fields of New York. The young authoress has written a baker's half-dozen innocent and perfectly harmless little parlor plays for amateurs. She frankly tells us in prefatory notes that "she disclaims all attempt at any object more ambitious than that of preparing something practical and humorous for amateurs not too ambitious," and with a modesty truly beautiful adds that "the action must furnish the mirth-provoking quality." With the work of a play-writer who passes the burden up to the action so honestly, it would be cruel indeed to find fault for literary shortcomings. One finds greater cause for wonder at Paul Elder's faith in a market for lukewarm parlor theatricals rather than criticism. The plays cover a variety of topics, from golf to Chinatown. It is hard to believe that golf has exercised the

physical at the expense of the mental sufficient to hope for very much success in her play called "A Domestic Dilemma," yet she gives it first place in the book. In this little play—and the word seems redundantly descriptive—Mrs. Irwin takes three sarcastic smashes at Marie Corelli, tangles visitors, servants and hosts up in a painful-to-read way. Finally she makes the heroine tell the hero "you may kiss me now," and drops the curtain with the heroine saying to the successful kisser: "We can begin to get acquainted." "Heroes" is a play of Civil War days. Vermont maidens, Southern belles, darkey cooks, a Revolutionary ghost, who steps out of a picture frame, very like Gautier's "Omphale," and of course a Federal officer. In this effort the authoress finds it necessary to tell the hero that "you may kiss me now," to create a satisfactory heroine. "An Innocent Villain" has, all in all, the greatest range of actor possibilities for "mirth-provoking qualities." A stupid young Professor falls into the hands of a strong-minded Carrie Nation-like housekeeper. A raw Swede servant-girl, a designing neighbor called Mrs. Butt-in, and a melting sort of niece who fails to win the young "Profaysur," as her Swede girl calls him. Just why a drawing room should be the scene of any such ninnyfied talk as she puts into this Professor's mouth is beyond our ken, but our lack of comprehension may be our remove from monkey dinner of Eastern society. "Art for Art's Sake" tangles up a cople of art students with a literary young man, a club chappie and a chaperon. "An Intimate Acquaintance" finds its excuse at a fashionable hotel, and lacks novelty.

"The Wedding of Mah Foy" is Chinese, of course. The plays end with "Music Hath Charms," just a hungry singer skit. On the whole the book may serve to amuse the older children, who are not immune

to the parlor theatrical craze, but we hope Mrs. Irwin will write better as she grows up. One closes the book with a feeling of sorrow and pleasure. If joy and sadness are the play's aim you find it: joy that it's finished; sadness that the recognized brightness of Grace Luce Irwin did not crop out somewhere in the book.

"The Young Woman in Modern Life," Beverley Warner, D. D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 85c.

"More Baskets and How to Make them," May White. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.00.

"How to Make School Gardens—A Manual for Teachers and Pupils." H. D. Hemenway, B. S. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.00.

## EDITORIALISM

### A NEW YEAR.

With the opening of the new year the atmosphere is laden with rumors of coming bad times. This is based on the fact that New York is at the present time reported in the throes of a financial panic. While this is regrettable, it must be remembered that the New York panic is entirely local in its effect. The retrenchment in expenditures and the cutting of salaries extends to that field only that is immediately tributary to New York City.

New England suffers most from the effect of the sales of "undigested securities," and the shrinkage of salaries consequent upon the gambling propensities of Wall street.

The signal fires that burn upon the hills of the West are the beacons of continued prosperity. The purchasing power of that section of country lying west of the Mississippi has been increased rather than lessened, and (unless there is a political upheaval that lands an agitator of the yellow stripe in the Presidential chair) the flare of contented citizenship will only beam higher and brighter.

The agitations of organized labor, the injudicious mouthings of the foreign-born labor leaders and the arrogance and impertinence of the great corporations, and the so-called "Captains of Industry," has much to do with the depression prevalent in Eastern centers. It is sincerely to be hoped that labor will see to it that their leaders are Americans in the full sense of the word and on the other hand, it is to be hoped that existing laws may be rigidly applied to the great corporate bodies. If these laws are deficient they should be remedied by Congress.

The State Harbor Commissioners at the city of San Francisco have applied the law to some of the larger commission houses. It seems there is a combination of the wholesalers and retailers for the dual purpose of raising the price to the consumer and a simultaneous depreciation of the profits of the grower. At the same time, the dealers outside the combination are denied the privilege of purchase of merchandise. It is to be hoped that the fight, organized by the Chronicle of San Francisco, be won.



# Beau-begetting Beauty, bubbles from



# Pears' Soap

Pears' Complexion Powder adds the finishing touch.

"All rights secured."



**Don't** pour the Pearline on the clothes dissolve it in the water before putting them in.

Pearline is harmless but there is a right and a wrong way for everything—Read the Directions (on every package) and get the best results.

Use Without Rubbing, other Soap, or help of any sort.

**Pearline**

REGISTERED TRADE MARK U. S. PAT. OFF. 5-121

PRESS AND PUBLIC IRONQUINCE PEARLINE PERFECT



## THE PLAYER THAT EXCELS...



The mere idea of a piano player is nothing, just as is the mere idea of a piano. There are all grades of players just as there are all grades of pianos..

### The Chase & Baker Piano Player

is not a machine. It is a musical instrument—a delicate means of communication between the music in you and its expression upon the piano. The player does the work. You have the pleasure.

—THE—

**CHASE & BAKER CO.**  
BUFFALO, N. Y.

New York Salesroom: 236 FIFTH AVE  
AND  
WILEY B. ALLEN CO. Market St. S. F.



#### BANKING BY MAIL

You can send your money to us, any amount from one dollar up, by mail and get

#### 4 PER CENT INTEREST

compounded semi-annually.

This is better than Stocks and Bonds. Ours is one of the largest and strongest Savings Banks in the country with immense capital and strong official board back of it. We have received deposits from all over the world and never a dollar has been lost.

**The FEDERAL TRUST CO.**

Capital \$1,500,000

**CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

"The City of Banks"

Write for Free Booklet



# Borden's Eagle Brand

## CONDENSED MILK

### Leads the World

**The Old Camper**  
has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.



**The Mother's Friend**  
when nature's supply fails, is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.

The name **BORDEN** stands supreme for **Quality**

## BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY

New York City

Originators of Condensed Milk.

Established 1857.

### THE SPECIAL WINTER SUPPLEMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, 1903-1904

4to Wrappers. \$2 net. Uniform with "Corot and Millet," "Masters in Landscape Painting," "Etching and Etchers," etc.

### THE GENIUS OF J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

#### Scope:

This supplement is universally pronounced the most complete illustrated work on the subject ever compiled. It is divided into five sections, dealing respectively with Turner's pictures in oil, water color drawings, monochromes, Liber Studiorum, and the engravings after his works.

#### Authorship:

Articles on the various fields of Turner's activity are contributed by the well-known and eminent critics, M. Robert de la Sizeranne, Mr. C. F. Bell, and Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow.

#### Illustrations:

Reproductions in color form an important feature of the book, and the editor has been fortunate enough to obtain from private collections and other sources a number of hitherto unpublished works of great beauty and interest, which effectively demonstrate the artist's extraordinary versatility. In addition to the colored reproductions, the black-and-white illustrations are numerous and attractive.

A special feature of the number is 17 plates in colors, showing different phases of the master's work in sepia, oil-painting, water-color and body-color on gray paper. Rare proofs and plates from Liber Studiorum, from the well-known collection of Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, will be represented by 16 beautiful prints in facsimile.

JOHN LANE

THE BODLEY HEAD  
67 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK



## PERFECTION IN BUST AND FIGURE

The Knowledge How to Possess It  
YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Would you have a form second to none, perfectly free from all scrawny and hollow places, and a bust as full, plump, and firm as you could desire? You may easily obtain these inestimable blessings if you write to Mme. Hastings, the marvelously successful Form and Face Specialist, of Chicago, for her famous system of development, a discovery which vigorously stimulates the developing forces of nature and makes plump all the flat and sunken places and which creates the most fascinating and beautiful curves. It enlarges the bust measure 6 inches and makes the arms and neck plump and round. The Nadine system is the one praised so highly by leading society women everywhere. It is perfectly harmless and failure is unknown. Special instructions are given to thin women to gain 15 to 30 lbs. more in weight and round out the entire form. While using this treatment you will receive constant care by mail until you are entirely developed. Prominent physicians highly indorse and prescribe it because of its great superiority over everything else known for physical development. Upon request and a stamp for postage, a package, sealed in a plain wrapper, will be sent you containing beautiful photos and full information how to develop yourself at home. Do not fail to write at once to

MME. HASTINGS, B. S., 59 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

In addition to its regular superior news service

## THE SUNDAY CALL

is now publishing the latest and best  
novels complete in two or three editions

HALF HOUR STORIETTES—the choicest obtainable

Have you read "LETTERS BY A SELF-MADE MAN TO HIS SON?" They have been published every Sunday in the **CALL**. Then there is the Comic Supplement, which is really funny.

A puzzle page for the children.

Something good for everybody, and in addition to all these the **Pictures**—real art products—ready for framing. It all goes with the regular subscription price.

Daily and Sunday delivered by carriers—75 cents a month

## Union Photo Engraving Co.

WE MAKE PRINTING PLATES AND WE MAKE  
A SPECIALTY OF MAKING THEM RIGHT

142-144-146 UNION SQUARE AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO





ANY of these beautiful, genuine Diamonds and fine Pearls, in solid gold, hand-made mountings will be sent direct from our factory on receipt of price, or C. O. D., subject to inspection. Order by number. We send goods prepaid and guarantee safe delivery. Your money back without a question if you are not wholly pleased. Our Diamonds are of superior quality; we sell only fine high-grade goods and list everything at wholesale prices. Our beautifully illustrated Catalog shows thousands of photographs of the newest and finest goods. IT'S FREE—send for it to-day and save one-half on your Holiday shopping. We are the largest concern in the business and one of the oldest Est. 1840. We refer to the Commercial National Bank of Chicago. Capital two million dollars.

**S. T. ALTEMUS & CO., Diamond Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths**

**DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, STERLING SILVER,  
CUT GLASS, NOVELTIES, Etc., Etc.**

**134 A. Stewart Building,  
Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.**



## It's in the Back Action

The action that takes the strain off the shoulders—the buttons—the trousers—the patience. Found only in

# PRESIDENT Suspenders

Satisfactory to you or money back from the manufacturers. No leather to soil the shirt. Buckles cannot rust. At your dealer's or by mail, 50c and \$1.00.

**THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,  
Box 242 Shirley, Mass.**

# RHEUMATISM

## Cured Through the Feet

External remedy so successful that the makers  
send it **FREE ON APPROVAL** to anybody

**TRY IT.**

Send your name and address to the makers of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for every kind of Rheumatism—Chronic or Acute, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout, etc., no matter where located or how severe. You'll get a pair of the Drafts by return mail—prepaid—**FREE ON APPROVAL.**

If they give relief, send them a **DOLLAR**; if not, keep your money. You decide.



Magic Foot Drafts are worn without inconvenience and cure rheumatism in every part of the body by drawing out the poisonous acids in the blood through the great foot pores. You can see that this offer is proof of their merit, for hundreds of thousands of persons answer these advertisements, and only those who are satisfied with the benefit they receive send any money. Write today to Magic Foot Draft Co., 134 E Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Michigan, for a trial pair and be cured. A valuable illustrated **BOOK ON RHEUMATISM** also sent free.

# Indispensable Books at Low Prices

## FAMOUS ILLUSTRATIONS

All of the frontispieces are full-page illustrations colored by hand in aquarelle. These are such illustrations as usually appear only in the highest priced and most luxurious books—books that sell for from ten dollars a volume upward to twenty-five and even thirty-five or forty.

Otherwise the illustration of the sets is rather elaborate and consists (with the exception of a few text engravings in the Thackeray) entirely of full-page insert etchings, photogravures, photo-engravings and wood-engravings by such artists as Cruikshank, Pailthorpe, Baudouin, Taylor, Price, Freer, Harper, Sandham, Laplante, Wilde, Flameng, Rochegrosse, Schell, Johnson, Merrill and Dielman.



Eliot



Carlyle

|        |           |
|--------|-----------|
| ELIOT  | CARLYLE   |
| DUMAS  | THACKERAY |
| IRVING | HUGO      |
| BALZAC |           |

## MECHANICAL PERFECTIONS

These books are full octavo (8 x 5 inches). The paper is a pure white wove stock, specially manufactured for these editions. It is made very light, to save as much as possible in the weight of the books, but is opaque to prevent the type "showing through." The printing has been carefully done on slow-speed presses to secure a proper distribution of ink and prevent off-setting. The folding has been carefully done in order to obtain accurate folding registry.

The Irving, Thackeray, Balzac and Dumas are bound in dark red, and the Carlyle, Eliot and Hugo are bound in dark blue half morocco, with crash buckram sides and gold tops.



Dumas



Thackeray



Hugo

## Our Guarantee, The Small Price and Why

The members of our Book Club run into the thousands. Every year we save them money in printing, illustrating and binding on account of the large number of volumes we have published at one time. The plates, illustrations and "getting ready" to print fifty sets of books cost as much as if you printed a thousand sets. We can always determine beforehand, within a few sets, just how many our Club members want, and print and bind accordingly, saving them thereby from  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Now, we have just saved our Club members a considerable amount on this years' book purchases. We have a few sets left—only a **very few** of some—easy payments, if you prefer. You have ten days' time to look them over carefully—you'll find them better than you think and will be satisfied.



Irving



Balzac

## SEND IN YOUR ORDER TO-DAY

# John Wanamaker

CUT HERE

| Name of Author | No. of Vols. | No. of Illus. | Special Prices |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|
| Eliot,         | 8            | 53            | \$18.00        |
| Thackeray,     | 10           | 256           | 22.50          |
| Balzac,        | 18           | 91            | 40.50          |
| Hugo,          | 10           | 49            | 22.50          |
| Carlyle,       | 10           | 71            | 22.50          |
| Irving,        | 10           | 89            | 22.50          |
| Dumas,         | 15           | 99            | 33.75          |

## SCALE OF PAYMENTS

On any single set \$2.00 a month

On orders for more than one set amounting to less than \$60—\$3 a month

On orders amounting to more than \$60 and less than \$80—\$4 a month

On orders amounting to more than \$80 and less than \$100—\$5 a month

On orders amounting to more than \$100 and less than \$125—\$6 a month

On orders amounting to more than \$125 and less than \$150—\$7 a month

On orders amounting to \$150—\$8 a month.

**JOHN WANAMAKER, New York or Philadelphia** Overland Jan.

Please send me Standard Library sets **not crossed off in list above**, total number of volumes ..... total price .....

If I do not return the same to you within ten days of their receipt by me, I will pay you or your order \$..... a month till their purchase is completed. Title in books is not to pass to me till entirely paid for.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# THE EQUITABLE

HENRY B. HYDE  
FOUNDER

J.W.ALEXANDER  
PRESIDENT



J.H.HYDE  
VICE PRESIDENT

1904

JANUARY

1

*To-day and  
every other day of 1904  
is a good time to take  
life assurance*

## 1 OF 2

events is sure—death or old age.

An adequate Endowment policy  
in the Equitable will make pro-  
vision against both. It will  
protect your family if you die—  
or yourself—if you live.

Now is the time to make such  
provision. To-morrow may be too late.

*Vacancies for men of character to act as representatives.*  
Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President.

For full information fill out this coupon, or write

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States

" 120 Broadway, New York

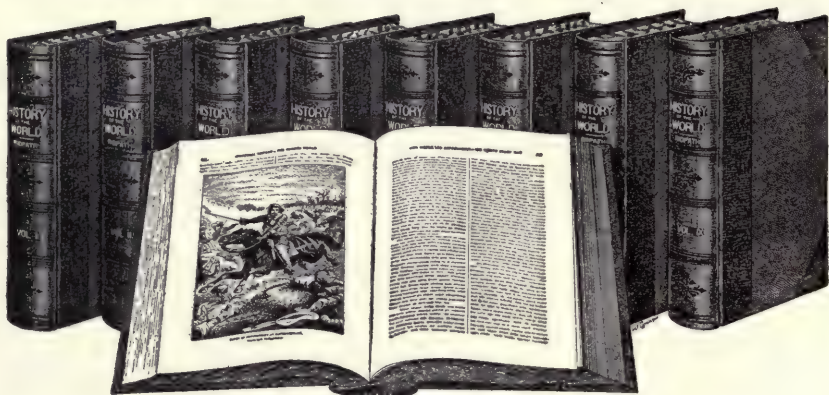
Dept. No. 33

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$.....  
if issued at..... years of age.

Name.....

Address.....

# A Few Slightly Damaged Sets



Books are Royal Octavo—About 11 inches tall

## Ridpath's History of the World

In cleaning up our stock preliminary to the season of 1903-04, we find a few slightly "rubbed" sets of RIDPATH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

There are only about fifty in all, and sooner than rebind such a small lot we prefer to dispose of them at a big discount from the regular price and on payment of \$2 a month.

If you'd like to possess the only world's history that reads like a story book—yet is recognized by such men as William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Vincent, and hundreds more, as a standard authority and the greatest historical reference work in existence—send for the free specimen book TO-DAY, using the coupon below.

That specimen book will tell you all about the history—How it came to be written, How it will interest and entertain you, Why you need it, And how you can secure one of the slightly rubbed sets at much less than the subscription price.

Ridpath's History of the World is a great big set of nine royal octavo volumes, with 4,000 illustrations and many maps and color-plates. You pay only \$1 down. The complete set is sent at once. The rest you pay in monthly payments of \$2. Cut the coupon off and send it to-day

**MERRILL & BAKER**  
PUBLISHERS

9 and 11 E. 16th St., New York

Cut this corner off along this line

Overland Monthly

**MERRILL & BAKER**  
9 and 11 E 16th St.,  
New York

☐ WITHOUT COST TO ME, PLEASE SEND the RIDPATH Sample-page and illustration book which contains specimens of the Race Charts, Chronological Charts, Colored Race Type Plates, Engravings, Photo-engravings, Tint-Block Color Plates, Text Pages, with full particulars and prices of the slightly damaged sets.

Name .....

Inquiry Coupon Address .....



# The Chocolate Creams

—WHICH MADE—

CALIFORNIA  
FAMOUS

—:

A trial box will convince  
you. Sent to any ad-  
dress for **30c** in stamps

—:

F. A. MARTIN  
Room 11. 320 Sansome Street

San Francisco

## News Letter

Devoted to the Leading Interests  
of California and the Pacific Coast

\$4 per year

10c per copy



## Dr. F. A. Clise & Sons

Scientific Opticians and  
Proprietors of the

### CLISE INSTITUTE

1023 MARKET ST.

The only optical college on the Pacific Coast. A  
complete course in optics. Eyes examined Free of  
Charge. Write for booklet.

### OPTICS TAUGHT BY MAIL

Write to-day for terms and learn how to test  
eyes and fit glasses scientifically. We teach you  
by correspondence. Diploma awarded. We teach  
you how to get business, as we have had 25 years'  
experience. Address, with stamp, THE CLISE  
OPTICAL INSTITUTE, 1023 Market street, San  
Francisco.

## MUSIC LESSONS FREE

at your home. For a limited time we will give free 48 music les-  
sons on either Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin  
(your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music  
you use, which is small.) We teach by mail only and guarantee  
success. Hundreds write: "Wish I had known of your school before." Any instrument supplied, cash or credit.  
For booklet, testimonials and FREE tuition contract, address. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, BOX 621, 19 UNION SQUARE,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.



If  
it's an **H&R**  
it's an honest  
well made **Revolver**  
that's **Safe** to use and  
**Simple** in construction.  
Write for Catalogue 11  
**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.**  
WORCESTER: MASS:

## MAGIC



**I AM A TEACHER** and entertainer in  
Magic. I teach parlor tricks and  
games—by mail. I teach the hidden  
and occult arts, sorcery, legerdemain  
and enchantment. I will teach you  
two new fascinating coin and card  
tricks (and include my 56 p. illustrated  
booklet of 240 tricks) for 20c. Go to—  
learn how to amuse, delight and be-  
witch. Make yourself the most wel-  
come visitor at every social gather-  
ing. One trick 10c. "BOOK OF CARD  
TRICKS" 25c. 180 p. My name is  
Robert Wassmann. I live at 227 O.  
Webster Avenue, Chicago.

## Stimulation without Irritation

MEANS NEW LIFE TO THE SCALP

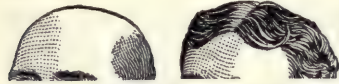


The Evans Vacuum Cap gives  
the scalp a thorough massage and  
encourages a free and healthful cir-  
culation without rubbing and with-  
out the use of drugs or irritants. It  
will stop hair from falling out  
and restore a normal growth  
where live follicles exist. The Cap  
is used about ten minutes twice a  
day and its effects are pleasant from  
the very beginning. We will refund  
your money in full if results are not satisfactory after a  
thirty days' use. Call on or address,

**EVANS VACUUM CAP CO.**

St. Louis Office, Fullerton Bldg.; New York Office, 1300 B'way.

Note:—To those who find it convenient to call at our  
offices we will give a sufficient number of demonstra-  
tions free to satisfy them as to the merit of this appliance



## I GROW HAIR

**ON BALD HEADS** that still show fine hair or fuzz to prove the capillary Glands are not dead. Cure all diseases of the scalp and prevent baldness. (Write today.) Send 4c in stamps for question blank and full particulars. 14 years successful practice.

Prof. GEORGE A. GARLOW, Specialist.  
Los Angeles, Cal.



### LOCKE ADDER

**ONLY \$5.00**

ADDS SUBTRACTS  
MULTIPLIES DIVIDES

Cannot Make Mistake Will Last a Lifetime

CAPACITY, 999,999,999

BOOKLET FREE AGENTS WANTED

**C. E. LOCKE MFG. CO.**

158 Walnut St. KENSETT, IOWA

MADAM ADELINA PATTI says: "I have found

## CREME SIMON

It is used today by over one million fastidious women the world over

Careful mothers  
know the  
value of this  
preparation for



Baby, as well  
as its worth  
for all members  
of the family

Do not fail to send 10 cents and secure expensive sample of this delightful Skin Tonic, and of Simon Powder and Simon Soap. Explanatory booklet free.

GEORGE R. WALLAU, 2-4 Stone Street, New York

"We extend to all an invitation to visit the Simon Exhibit at St. Louis Fair—French Section.

### Electrical Engineering Taught by Mail



Write for our free illustrated book  
"CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER?"

The electrical field offers the greatest opportunities for advancement. We teach Electrical Engineering, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, at your home by mail. Institute endorsed by Thos. A. Edison and others.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE

Dept. 44.

242 A. West 23d St.

New York.

Have you read

## El Porvenir?

It's the New Western Magazine

Brimful of Western

HISTORY, FACT and ROMANCE

The only magazine of its kind published.

If your newsdealer does not have it send for Sample Copy to

El Porvenir Co.

Denver, Colo.



MARIE JEANNE DU BARRY.

## SPECIAL OFFER

# French Court Memoirs

FROM Henry of Navarre to and through the reign of Du Barry (whose personal memoirs occupy four of the volumes), this set of books covers the back-stairs-and-kitchen-gossip side of French Court history, much as Guizot covers its outward manifestations. And where so much was set afoot with secret and obscure design, where so little was open and above-board, where boudoir councils dictated treaties and the wounded vanity of favorites instigated campaigns, where a low-born woman's caprice could send forth the torch to lay waste the half of Europe, it is impossible to comprehend the curious events of history without knowing the intimate details of those underlying causes. It is characteristic of these Memoirs that, in dealing with the peculiar affairs which are associated in every one's mind with French Court history of the period, their very simplicity and frankness purge them of all offense.

The undersigned controls a few sets of these personal French Court Memoirs (translated with fidelity into English), which can be secured in complete sets only, at a very low price, and on small monthly payments, if preferred, provided application be made at once.

These few copies are from a limited numbered and registered *de luxe* edition, bound up to sell at \$10 a volume. But through a binder's error the leather of the volumes is imperfectly matched, consequently it becomes advisable to dispose of them outside of regular subscription channels, and at a price about equal to the value of the unbound sheets.

A booklet fully describing the edition will be sent, together with price particulars, if you sign and send the inquiry slip below at once. Address,

J. B. CHADBOURNE, 11 E. 16th St., New York.

Please send me particulars—advertisement in **January OVERLAND MONTHLY**

Name .....

Address .....



# IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

2126 CALIFORNIA STREET

Accredited to the Universities. Conservatory of Music, Art and Elocution.

For Catalogue address the Principal. Reopens Aug. 1909

REV. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

**BEGIN BUSINESS** for yourself; stop working for others  
We start you in profitable Mail-Order business at your home. Pleasant work; immense profits; unlimited possibilities. Full information for stamp Franklin Howard Co., Denver Colorado.

**SHORTHAND.** Invest no money until convinced that the original consecutive vowel, no-shading, no-position PERNIN excels all others; sentences written with 15 minutes study; used everywhere. **FREE** lesson and circulars; textbook on approval. Write H. M. PERNIN Pub., Detroit, Mich.

## LEARN PROOFREADING

A profession that offers literary opportunity with pecuniary profit is one that intelligent people desire. We, the original proofreading school, can prepare you for the work more thoroughly than any other.

**HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia**

## EAMES TRICYCLE COMPANY



Manufacturer of

Tricycles,  
Tricycle  
Chairs, and  
Invalids  
Rolling  
Chairs

Catalog Free.  
2018  
Market St.  
S. F.

## ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM

will relieve and cure chapped hands, lips, rash, sunburn, chafed or rough skin from and cause. Prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of the skin. Keeps the face and hands soft, smooth, firm and white. It has no equal. Ask for it and take no substitute.

**Package of Espey's Sachet Powder Sent Free**

On Receipt 2c to Pay Postage

P. B. Keys, Agt. 111 So. Center Ave., Chicago.

## DR. G. S. MOORE'S

## SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESTORER

A positive cure for all diseases of the scalp. Will positively produce hair on the worst of bald heads. Guaranteed to stop hair from falling out. A certain cure for Eczema. Should be used on children's heads when diseased and the hair is thin.

Remedy sent to all parts of the World  
**He Challenges the World to Equal this Remedy**

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

332 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PHONE BLACK 6532

## PLAYS

Dialogues, Recitations and other Entertainments. Send for free catalogue of over 2000 plays.

The Dramatic Publishing Co.

358 Dearborn St., Chicago, or 40 W. 28th St., N. Y.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

## DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN. NO OTHER COSMETIC WILL DO IT.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 56 years and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOURAUD'S CREAM' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months using it every day.

**"Gouraud's Poudre Subtile" Removes Superfluous Hair Without Injury to the Skin.**

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.



## DEAFNESS

**THE AURAPHONE** is a new invention which will restore the hearing of any one not born deaf. Invisible in the ear, causing no discomfort. Send for Pamphlet, mailed Free. Address F. F. FINLAY, 539 Ellis St., San Francisco. **CURED**



## ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM

will relieve and cure chapped hands, lips, rash, sunburn, chafed or rough skin from and cause. Prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of the skin. Keeps the face and hands soft, smooth, firm and white. It has no equal. Ask for it and take no substitute.

**Package of Espey's Sachet Powder Sent Free**

On Receipt 2c to Pay Postage

P. B. Keys, Agt. 111 So. Center Ave., Chicago.

## DR. G. S. MOORE'S

## SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESTORER

A positive cure for all diseases of the scalp. Will positively produce hair on the worst of bald heads. Guaranteed to stop hair from falling out. A certain cure for Eczema. Should be used on children's heads when diseased and the hair is thin.

Remedy sent to all parts of the World  
**He Challenges the World to Equal this Remedy**

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

332 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PHONE BLACK 6532

## PLAYS

Dialogues, Recitations and other Entertainments. Send for free catalogue of over 2000 plays.

The Dramatic Publishing Co.

358 Dearborn St., Chicago, or 40 W. 28th St., N. Y.

## PAUL P. BERNHARDT & CO.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

## RUBBER STAMPS

Seals, Stencils, Badges  
and Steel Dies : : :

512 Montgomery Street, S. F.

Phone Main 5357

## KIDDER'S PASTILLES

STOWELL & CO., Mfrs.

A Sure relief for Asthma, Sold by all Druggists or by mail, 35 cents. Charlestown, Mass.

## PIANOS

308-312 POST STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Warranted For Ten Years—SOHMER Agency  
Cecilian Perfect Piano Player.

# BYRON MAUZY

**A MILL THAT WILL**  
**REVOLUTIONIZE MINING**  
**THE**  
**Centrifugal Impact**  
**Pulverizer**

THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
THE MOST PERFECT  
THE MOST SIMPLE

**ROTATING**  
**FRICTIONLESS**  
**ORE PULVERIZER**

Can be Adapted to Coarse Concentration, or to the Very Finest Material. Will Crush any Character of Ore. Completely Under Control of Operator. Cheap Installation—Low Horse Power. This Mill Does not Slime. For Particulars and Price Address

**A. R. PARTRIDGE**

**213 Starr King Bldg.**

--

**121 Geary Street**

Phone Private Exchange 216.



—THE—  
**Northern Pacific Railway**



GIANT GEYSER

is the best route to the

## YELLOWSTONE

Double Daily  
 Train Service

If you have not visited the famed Yellowstone Park, you have not seen the greatest wonders of the world. To alone observe Old Faithful or the Giant in eruption is well worth the trip to this famous Natural Park. Word pictures are not adequate for the occasion. You will have to see in order to be satisfied. To make this trip, you will leave Portland on the

### "North Coast Limited"

arriving at the Park the second morning. The Park was opened June 1, 1903.

You will get all the comfort of home en route as the "NORTH COAST LIMITED" is one of the best equipped trains in the world, consisting of Pullman Palace, Pullman tourist; dining and Observation cars, all vestibuled and electric lighted. The Observation car is a marvel of luxury and beauty. It is supplied with barber shop and bath, library, card and smoking rooms, in fact all the comforts one can desire while traveling.

Our rates to all Eastern points are the same as our competitors. Stop-overs allowed at Yellowstone Park. For information address

**T. K. STATELER, General Agent**

647 Market Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

CAPITALIZATION \$1,000,000

100,000 SHARES \$10 EACH

We are offering a limited amount of Common Treasury Stock of the

**AMERICAN UNITED SAFETY EXPLOSIVES COMPANY****At \$3.00 Per Share For a \$10.00 Share**

Possessing uniformly accelerated movement by a succession of volume-increasing explosives, expanding by continued dissociation and recombination, giving complete combustion as it moves along the bore with the inherent ultra elasticity of these explosives, thus producing the highest muzzle velocity. In fact, the results so much desired by all the complex mechanisms of the "Pocketed Dynamite gun" are here entirely realized in the very nature of the structural make-up of these compounds, and the manner in which explosion takes place under these formulas, each atom is absolutely transformed into explosive gas by "first intention" in the impact of initial ignition.

The first real test of our modern Ordnance, Rapid-Fire and Machine Guns was at the Naval Battles of Manila and Santiago, and the resulting smoke from the old powders proved to the world that they must be discarded. It was considered, when the new smokeless powders for small arms was produced, they would answer for ordnance, but the cost per bulk pound made it prohibitory. Our powders are the result of twelve years of indefatigable research and practical experiment, which embrace entirely new processes, compounds and patented powder mills, all of which are exceedingly valuable (for which the corporation has paid over \$300,000) and are destined to revolutionize the manufacture of explosives.

Our sporting, rifle and ordnance powders are quick, smokeless, of high velocity, unsusceptible to the extremes of temperature, are non-hygroscopic and will not detonate or deteriorate; they are clean in the gun, of low average pressure; no noxious fumes from combustion and leave no residue when burned. **ONE POUND (16 oz.) EQUALS TWO POUNDS BLACK POWDER**, and is far superior in general ballistic qualities; whereas other smokeless powders are termed bulk, or equivalent pound, equaling only one pound of black powder.

The great economy of our powders is readily seen in the enormous saving in transportation, storage, etc., and will cost the consumer but 75 cents for twice the number of loads he gets now for \$1.00 of the smokeless powders at present on the market. Thus obtaining a smokeless powder at the same cost as black powder; hence our great field in which to market our product.

Our blasting powders are **FLAMELESS** and **FUMELESS**, and combine great safety in all underground mining, and saving of time, as men can work directly after blast.

We claim special safety in coal mining.

It is well known that blasting powders at present used in coal mines produce a temperature at the moment of explosion, of 3,000 to 3,600 degrees, while it requires but 2,800 degrees to ignite the dust and gases in the mine.

Hence the many colliery disasters. Our blasting powders never go above 2200 degrees.

Our patent powder mixing and incorporating mills will prove a source of revenue of tens of thousands per annum.

We respectfully invite your attention to this series of treasury stock. No other industrial can produce so great profit for the capital invested, and our field is unlimited. We believe that within a short time the common as well as the preferred stock will command a high premium in the open market, and the values will be increased according to the earnings of the company and the dividends paid.

The proceeds from these issues are to be invested in land for improvements, improved machinery and full equipment of plant, the capacity of which will be increased from time to time.

It is also proposed to establish plants for the manufacture of blasting powder only, in the vicinity of the several great mining districts, and also in the vicinity of the Isthmian Canal.

Full Paid and Non-assessable. Free from Bonds and Mortgage Debts

High Grade Investment. Price will be advanced in 30 days

"Halseite" (Hal-seite) Flameless and Fumeless Blasting powder. High power.

New Smokeless Sporting; Rifle, Ordnance **Powder**

Safety in Manufacture, and Safety in all underground Mining.

The greatest Explosives ever compounded Write us for any further information you may desire. Address all communications and make checks and money orders payable to

Shares now \$3 for a full-paid \$10 share. Price will be advanced in 30 days.

**American United Safety Explosives Company**

**519 Mission St.  
San Francisco, Cal.**





East Oakland, California.

Feb. 18, 1903.

Messrs. Bullard & Breck,  
131 Post Street,  
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:—

The large "Colt" Acetylene Gas plant installed by you last December to light the six cottages belonging to the Mrs. Mary R. Smith Trust, for Orphan Children, in East Oakland, Cal., and the "Colt" Carbide Feed Generator put in early in January on Mr. Smith's private grounds are working very satisfactorily. I am pleased to be able to fully recommend the "Colt" for simplicity, effectiveness and economy.

Yours very truly,

John P. Froumüller,  
Supt. for Mr. F. M. Smith.

# Colt Acetylene Gas

TRADE MARK.

Carbide-Feed Generator  
LIGHTS ANY BUILDING  
ANYWHERE

Better than city gas or electricity—cheaper than kerosene and for free booklet.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH  
597 South Spring Street,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

J. B. COLT CO.

MAIN OFFICE  
21 Barclay Street  
New York

The largest manufacturers of Acetylene Apparatus and Stereopticons.





## GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

GOLD SEAL RUBBER GOODS  
THE BEST MADE

RUBBER BELTING,  
PACKING AND HOSE,  
RUBBER SHOES AND BOOTS,  
TENNIS AND YACHTING SHOES,  
RUBBER AND OILED CLOTHING

## GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

573-575-577-579 Market St., San Francisco.



### Every Woman

is interested and should know  
about the wonderful  
**MARVEL Whirling Spray**  
The new Vaginal Syringe. *Injection and Suction. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.*

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the **MARVEL**, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. **MARVEL CO.**

Room 103, Times B'd'g., New York

**BUSWELL COMPANY**  
**BOOKBINDERS**

**BINDING AND MAILING**  
**PERIODICALS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION**  
536 CALIF ST. SAN FRANCISCO TEL. RED 1461

**An Editor  
or Manager  
Wanted  
for a  
Standard  
Magazine**

Three successful Southern Magazines have been consolidated. The trust principle applied to publishing: They are "Things and Thoughts," published in Virginia, now in its fourth year; the Florida Magazine of Jacksonville, Florida, now in its fifth year, and the Alkahest of Atlanta, now in its eighth year. The combined Magazines make one very valuable with the best field in the United States. An interest in this valuable property would be sold in order to get the right man for either editor or general manager.

**THE ALKAHEST**

ATLANTA

GEORGIA

## THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC"

Sewing Machines

**STANDARD PATTERNS** Highest Perfection  
Lowest Price  
Catalogue Free

J. W. EVANS

1021 Market St., near 6th. South Side



### INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by learning

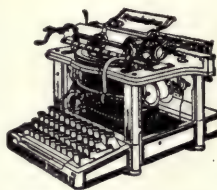
**Profitable Poultry Raising.**

### The Columbia School of Poultry Culture

can and will make you a successful poultry raiser. It does not deal in generalities, it gives seven distinct practical courses by the personal correspondence method, and a residence course at its magnificent 60-acre farm at Waterville. The faculty are thoroughly practical poultrymen, and in their various departments, represent the highest authorities in the poultry world. All students who have studied with us have made money, and as this fascinating business is still in its infancy there are tremendous opportunities for those who begin NOW.

**The Cost is Small. The Advantages are Great.** Lay this magazine down and write for handsome illustrated prospectus giving synopsis of the courses, and positive proof of the success of our school. **Columbia School of Poultry Culture, Box 632, Waterville, N. Y.**

## TYPEWRITERS GREAT BARGAINS



We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast.

Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand

### The Typewriter Exchange

536 California St., S. F. Tel. Main 266.

HEADQUARTERS

## Telegraphic Codes

All the Standard Codes and Ciphers Kept in Stock

**JOHN PARTRIDGE**

Importing and Manufacturing **STATIONER**

Printer, Lithographer and Bookbinder

306 California St., bet. Battery & Sansome

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

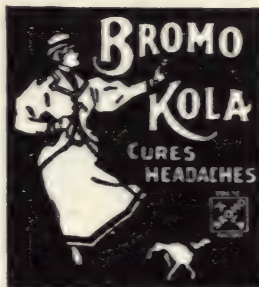
—Send your Magazines to me to have them bound—

TELEPHONE MAIN 614.



**THE SAN FRANCISCO  
CHRONICLE**  
IS THE  
**LEADING  
NEWSPAPER**  
OF THE  
**PACIFIC COAST**  
AND  
HAS THE  
**LARGEST  
CIRCULATION**

# BROMO-KOLA



**The Nerve  
Restorer**

**Seasickness, Consti-  
pation and Dyspepsia.**

For sale everywhere.  
Accept no substitute.

**FERRY'S**

**Seeds**

cost more—yield more—  
save all experimenting—  
save disappointments. 48  
years the **Standard Seeds.**  
Sold by all dealers. 1904  
Seed Annual postpaid free,  
to all applicants.

**D. M. FERRY & CO.,  
Detroit, Mich.**

**AN AGE OF SPEED**

and an

**AGE OF LUXURY**

produced the

**NEW OVERLAND LIMITED**

which whisks you into Chicago in

**LESS THAN THREE DAYS**

and provides for your comfort by the way

as in a

**FIRST-CLASS HOTEL**

The Barber, the Bath, the Buffet,  
Library and Electric Reading Lamps,  
The Electric Lights and Electric Fans,  
The Observation and Compartment  
Cars, Dining and Drawing Room  
Sleeping Cars leave : : : :

**Nothing More to be Desired. The Best of  
Everything is Here and Everything  
is of the Best**

Ask for a copy of the Folder "DOLLAR  
for DOLLAR" of any Agent of the

**SOUTHERN**

**PACIFIC**

E. O. McCormick  
Passenger Traffic  
Manager

T. H. Goodman  
General Passenger  
Agent

**When Going East**

Be sure and see that your  
ticket reads via the

**Colorado  
Midland Ry.**

**"THE PIKES PEAK ROUTE"**

View the grandest  
scenery in Colorado

See

**Glenwood Springs**

**Manitou**

**Colorado Springs**

**etc.**

For full information write to

W. H. DAVENPORT  
General Agent  
647 Market St., S. F., Cal.

C. H. SPEERS  
Gen'l Pass. Agent  
Denver, Colo.

# \$30,000 DIVIDEND

PAID TO SHAREHOLDERS BY

## The Cripple Creek Free Gold Mining and Milling Co.

### SECURITY AND BIG PROFITS

In a general way, investments may be divided into two classes: First, the investment which is for the purpose of receiving a regular income; second, the investment which is for the purpose of making great profits.

The man who buys stock usually takes one of these two positions with reference to his investment. If he has a sum of money on hand which he thinks ought to be earning something he looks about to find some stock which is a sure, safe investment, which he can dispose of without loss at any time, and which will yield him a small annual dividend. Such an investor does not expect to become rich by holding such stock, nor does he wish to risk the whole or any part of the money he has thus invested. He wants it to earn him something. He has probably paid par value or over for such security and can sell it at any time for what it cost him. In other words the purchase of such a stock is similar to buying United States bonds or to putting his money in a savings bank at three per cent interest. He does not expect his securities will be worth much more than he paid for them, and is satisfied if he gets his money back when he wants it, and has been drawing a fair income meanwhile.

It is almost impossible to find a stock which will answer these requirements of safety and security and at the same time have a chance of leaping up in value to many times what was paid for it.

On the other hand, the investor may wish to place his money in some stock selling at a low figure, and which may become worth ten times or a hundred times what he paid for it. If he buys such a stock it should be for the purpose of making big profits. There must be an element of risk and this element is always in inverse ratio to the element of security or safety. In this class are the investments in stock of mining and oil companies. Some years ago, for instance, the investor of this kind could have bought at from 10 to 50 cents a share the stocks of some of the greatest mining and oil companies now in existence, worth at the present day from \$50 to \$100 a share.

A third class of investments might be said to exist which combines to some extent the characteristics of the two kinds mentioned. This class would be, of course, the ideal investment, combining security with the chance of large profits, such an investment as stock of the Cripple Creek Free Gold Mining and Milling Co.

The location of properties, work done, capitalization, experienced and reliable management and everything of like importance considered, this is as good a mining investment as was ever offered, with large possibilities.

We have already paid \$30,000 in dividends.

Prospectus, Order Blank, Maps, etc., can be obtained by writing

## THE CRIPPLE CREEK FREE GOLD MINING AND MILLING CO.

312 BOSTON BUILDING, DENVER, COLO.





Chipeta  
Falls,  
Colorado,

on the  
D. & R. G.  
R. R.

# TOURIST EXCURSIONS To the East VIA THE DENVER <sup>and</sup> RIO-GRANDE SYSTEM

A CHEAP AND COMFORTABLE  
WAY TO TRAVEL

For Particulars address  
W.J. SHOTWELL, Gen. Agt.  
625 Market Street - San Francisco, Cal.

Saltair  
Beach,

Great  
Salt Lake.

on the  
D. & R. G.  
R. R.



# Peck's Mediums

FOR

PROFITABLE ADVERTISING

## Peck's Touring California

We publish monthly an illustrated descriptive guide for tourists, sight-seers and all travelers.

## Peck's Cabinet System

We distribute literature in the principal hotels and resorts of California through our extensive cabinet system.

## Peck's Railway Guide for the Traveler

An official schedule for Railways, Steamship and Stage Lines, containing valuable information for travelers.

## Peck's Information Bureau

We operate the two largest Information Bureaus in the United States. Information Bureaus are a necessity. Ours are well known and are used extensively by the general public.

Write us for rates and full particulars

**PECK'S TOURIST BUREAU COMPANY, Inc.**

Free Information.

11 Montgomery Street  
San Francisco

410 South Broadway  
Los Angeles

JOHN W. HOPEWELL

MANUFACTURER OF

## Surgical Elastic Goods



STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS,  
ANKLETS, LEGGINGS.

FOR VARICOSE VEINS  
SWOLLEN ULCERATED LIMBS  
SPRAINS, FRACTURES Etc.

SHOULDER CAPS,  
ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS,  
HOSPITAL BELTS,  
SUSPENSORIES, Etc.

40 ELLIS STREET

Near Market

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Red 2712

## PIMPLES, FRECKLES, Etc.,

Quickly Removed

And the Skin Made Beautiful.



Face Bleach not only removes pimples, freckles, moth, brown spots, oiliness, tan, sallowness, Acne, Eczema and other skin diseases and blemishes, but it wonderfully improves the skin. For those who doubt its marvelous efficacy I have published a few of the thousands of letters I receive which praise its merits.

### PROOF POSITIVE

June 15, 1902. Dr. J. B. SILVER, 12 CAUSEWAY ST., BOSTON, MASS., writes: I recommend your wonderful Face Bleach in the treatment of skin diseases and in the successful removal of all blotches and pimples. I daily receive the highest compliments of the efficacy of your Face Bleach.

June 23, 1902. Mrs. MARY WILCOX, MT. JEWETT, PA., writes: I have been using your Face Bleach for some time. It has done wonders for me. I had a very oily and pimply skin; now my skin is smooth and not oily at all.

June 21, 1902. Miss MARY MOONEY, EREBVALE, PA., writes: I am using your Face Bleach and my freckles are fading quite fast.

Face Bleach will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$2.00 per bottle. Book "How to Be Beautiful" sent upon request for 6 cents stamps. MME. A. EUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., New York City.

## 10c A YEAR

### Rocky Mountain Magazine

Largest, brightest and finest illustrated magazine in the world for 10c. a year. (Special offer.) Stories of western life, sketches and fine engravings of grand scenery, mountains and famous gold mines, ranches, etc. Published by an old and strong publishing house. Send at once. 10c. a year postpaid anywhere in the U. S., Canada or Mexico. 6 yrs. 50c., 12 yrs. \$1. Or, clubs of 6 names 50c., 12 for \$1. Send us a club. Money back if not delighted. Stamps taken. CUT THIS OUT. Send to-day.

### Rocky Mountain Magazine

DENVER, COLORADO.



# California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

COR. CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS  
San Francisco.

Capital and Surplus - - \$1,245,225.94  
Total Assets - - - 6,026,309.49

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS subject to check at the rate of TWO PER CENT per annum.  
INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS at the rate of THREE AND SIX-TENTHS PER CENT per annum.

TRUSTS EXECUTED. We are authorized to act as the GUARDIAN OF ESTATES and the EXECUTOR OF WILLS.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES RENTED at \$5.00 PER ANNUM and upward.

Our new booklet, "THE MAKING OF A WILL," mailed on application.

**J. Dalzell Brown, Manager**

## The German Savings and Loan Society

No. 526 CALIFORNIA STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus .....\$2,397,758.10  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 30, 1903 .....34,819,873.12

Board of Directors—President, John Lloyd; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, H. B. Russ, Emil Rohte, N. Ohlandt, L. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

## CHILDREN TEETHING

### THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

## FREE TRIAL

### DEATH TO HAIR - ROOT AND BRANCH

NEW DISCOVERY by the

### MISSSES BELL



A Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face, Neck, or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheek or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges to any lady who will write for it and say she saw the offer in this magazine. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidences of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

**The Misses Bell,** 78 and 80 Fifth Ave.  
New York City DEPT. Y

# Vapo-Cresolene

Cures While You Sleep



Whooping Cough,  
Croup,  
Bronchitis,  
Coughs,  
Grip,  
Hay Fever,  
Diphtheria,  
Scarlet Fever

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Cresolene is a boon to ASTHMATICS.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

180 Fulton Street,  
1651 Notre Dame Street,

New York  
Montreal, Canada

## THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

An Illustrated Magazine  
of Travel and Education

MORE THAN 128 PAGES, MONTHLY.

Its scope and character are indicated by the following titles of articles that have appeared in recent issues:

Footprints of Columbus in Spain—Illustrated, Frederick A. Ober  
A Watch with a History—Illustrated, N. S. Olds  
A Journey Among the Stars—Illust'd, Frank W. Mack  
In the Great North Woods—Poem, Eben E. Rexford  
Where Pilgrim and Puritan Met—Illustrated, Hezekiah Butterworth  
In Rip Van Winkle's Land—Poem, Minna Irving  
Nature's Chronometer—Illustrated, H. M. Albaugh  
Abandoned Farms—Illustrated, Howard W. Coggeshall  
The Three Oregons—Illustrated, Alfred Holman  
Ancient Prophecies Fulfilled—Illustrated, George H. Daniels  
The Stories the Totems Tell—Illust'd, Luther L. Holden  
A Little Country Cousin—Illustrated, Kathleen L. Greig  
The Mazamas—Illustrated, Will G. Steel  
When Mother Goes Away—Poem, Joe Cone  
A Little Bit of Holland—Illustrated, Charles B. Wells  
The Romance of Reality—Illustrated, Jane W. Guthrie  
The War Eagle—Illustrated, Mary L. Austin  
Under Mexican Skies—Illustrated, Marin B. Fewwick  
Niagara in Winter—Illustrated, Orrin E. Dunlap  
Little Histories—Illustrated:  
Old Fort Putnam, William J. Lampton  
Charter Oak Chair, Bessie H. Dean  
The Confederate White House, Herbert Brooks

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS, OR 50 CENTS A YEAR

Can be had of newsdealers, or by addressing

GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher,

Room 15-A, 7 East 42d Street, New York

A home where harmony reigns is a refuge from the world; a place of peace and love and mutual helpfulness.

Do you know that the SIMPLEX will bring to your home all the grandeur, the sweetness, the throbbing, soul-stirring, heart-lifting beauty of the great masters of music?

The SIMPLEX differs from other piano-playing attachments in two important respects—in the ease of operation, and in the player's control of expression and tempo. Any one can play it. Its capacity of expression is infinite.

The range of music is great—both classical and modern. Sacred music, lively waltzes, inspiring marches, the beauty of Beethoven, the grandeur of Wagner, the sweetness of Mendelssohn, Sousa's latest march, or the lightest bit from comic opera—all these are at your command, in your own home, if you have a SIMPLEX.

## SIMPLEX PIANO PLAYER

MAY BE BOUGHT ON INSTALLMENTS  
Send for Catalogue.

Price \$250

THEODORE P. BROWN, Mfr.

51 MAY STREET

WORCESTER, MASS.



## Varicocele Cured at Home

### PAINLESSLY, RAPIDLY & PERMANENTLY

Men suffering from weakened nerve force, constant depression, gloomy forebodings, fast becoming unfitted for active business life, fail to attribute their deplorable state to the proper cause. They know they have Varicocele as they have suffered some discomfort on account of it, particularly while standing. But the evil effects due to Varicocele are so gradual that they neglect it until the entire system is undermined and they are forced to realize that something must be done to prevent them from breaking down completely. To such sufferers I say, don't fall into the hands of Quacks—don't submit to the knife—don't pay enormous sums to so-called specialists. After an exhaustive study of pelvic and nervous diseases extending through my entire medical life, I became convinced some years ago that Varicocele was the foundation of almost all nervous breakdowns among men. I then bent every energy toward the discovery of a cure for this disease, and two years ago succeeded in perfecting and patenting a simple mechanical device with which I have since cured 3621 cases, I guarantee this device to cure any case of Varicocele without inconvenience or loss of time from business.

I will send sealed my treatise on the cause, effect and cure of Varicocele, to any sufferer **FREE OF CHARGE**, or my device in a plain sealed package, prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00.

**MARK M. KERR, M. D.**

336 Park Building,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

**A. ZELLERBACH & SONS**

**PAPER..** Of all Kinds

416-426 Sansome St., S. F.

Los Angeles Branch—311 N. Main St.

## SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. **25¢**

At all stores, or by mail for the price.

**HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.**



Write for **FREE** booklet on  
Trusses, Braces, Elastic Hosiery,  
Abdominal Supporters, etc.

Avoid That Tired Feeling...Wear a  
**Bunker Hill**  
**WHY?**

It Fits. No Buckles to Irritate. Does Not Chafe  
Seamless Sack. Can be Kept Clean. Is Adjust-  
able. Sliding Loop Adjustment. Is Durable.

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST.**

Or will be sent postpaid on receipt of prices named  
as follows:

277 A Linen, 60c.

277 C F'y S'k \$1.25

277 B Silk, 85c.

277 D D'k bl. S'k P'ch \$1.50.

277 E French Silk, \$2.00

Satisfaction guaranteed absolutely or money re-  
funded. Bunker Hill booklet sent free Address  
**THE OHIO TRUSS CO., 28 E. 9th St., Cincinnati, O**

# Varicocele Hydrocele



**Cured to Stay Cured. No Cutting or Pain. Guaranteed Cure or Money Refunded.**

**VARICOCELE.** Under my treatment this insidious disease rapidly disappears. Pain ceases almost instantly. The stagnant blood is driven from the dilated veins and all soreness and swelling subsides. Every indication of Varicocele vanishes and in its stead comes the pleasure of perfect health. Many ailments are reflex, originating from other diseases. For instance, innumerable blood and nervous diseases result from poisonous taints in the system. Varicocele and Hydrocele, if neglected will undermine physical strength, depress the mental faculties, derange the nervous system, and ultimately produce complicated results. In treating diseases of men I always cure the effect as well as the cause. I desire that every person afflicted with these or allied diseases write me so I can explain my method of cure, which is safe and permanent. My consultation will cost you nothing, and my charges for a perfect cure will be reasonable and not more than you will be willing to pay for the benefits conferred.

**The Master Specialist, who Cures Varicocele, Hydrocele, and treats Patients Personally. Established 1869.**

**Certainty of Cure** is what you want. I give a legal guaranty to cure or refund your money. What I have done for others I can do for you. I can cure you at home.

**Correspondence Confidential.** One personal visit at my office is preferred, but if it is impossible for you to call, write me your condition fully, and you will receive in plain envelope a scientific and honest opinion of your case free of charge. My home treatment is successful. My books and lectures mailed free upon application.

## STATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Safe Deposit and Trust Company's Building, 701 First Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

## Everything Comes to Him who Hustles while He Waits!

You can make money canvassing for the **OVERLAND MONTHLY**. We want a live, energetic agent in every block, in every large city and village in the United States. Write the Circulation Manager

**OVERLAND MONTHLY**

*San Francisco, Cal.*

## BIXLER'S PHYSICAL Training in Writing

For home instruction and all the people all the time,  
Prof. G. BIXLER, Cor.

complete mastery of the pen; a book for in all vocations. 60 pp. illustrated.  
Ogden Ave. & Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Price  
\$1.00





**Hon. Wong Kai Kah**, Imperial Chinese Commissioner at the St. Louis Exposition, writes: "*Orangeine Powders keep me always in condition to perform mental and physical effort; always effective; easy to take; produce no other than the effect desired.*"

# Keep Well and Happy with ORANGEINE

(POWDERS)

**The Instant Help and Speedy Cure for "Grip," Colds, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervousness, Fatigue, Daily Ills.**

Quickly offsets Exposure, Chill, Climatic Changes, etc.

## UNIVERSAL EXPERIENCES.

**Dr. C. L. Lawrence**, Oakland, Cal., writes: "Have used \$50 worth of Orangeine this year in over 100 different directions. I would not do without it. It's ever ready and accomplishes all that is claimed for it."

**Mr. H. M. Hoke**, Harrisburg, Pa., private secretary to the attorney-general, says: "In my family the usefulness of Orangeine Powders multiplies right along."

**Mrs. Mena Kemp Ogen**, the talented authoress, Tipton, Ind., says: "I am glad to attest Orangeine's efficiency for my often infirmities, and its stimulating qualities when physically or mentally tired."

**Professor O. B. Super**, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., says: "I have not had a cold for more than a year—thanks to Orangeine Powders."

"We use Orangeine Powders for everything and we think everything of it."—**Rev. A. C. McGilton**, Port Henry, N. Y.

**Mr. J. W. Tillinghast**, Grand Island, N. Y.: "Your powders have become indispensable in my family."

**Mr. W. H. Forbes**, Harrisburg, Pa.: "I expect to use Orangeine all my life. It saves me many a bad hour."

**Dr. H. M. Aspinwall**, London, Eng.: "Please duplicate my last Orangeine order. I have given nearly all my powders to my patients, and as I have already told you, neither I nor my family can possibly do without it during the winter in this climate."

**Mrs. A. H. Rogers**, 62 State St., East Orange, N. J.: "I have tried Orangeine for Hay Fever and Bronchitis. The effect is wonderful, affording speedy relief, and finally a cure. For Neuralgia, I have found nothing better. I am thankful to know Orangeine, for it is the only remedy I have found to relieve and cure Hay Fever and Neuralgia."

**Rev. J. Reynard Lawrence**, Lancashire, Mass.: "I count it a privilege to be able to call attention of people to Orangeine Powders."

**Mr. P. A. Daly**, Vesper Boat Club, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pa.: "I am subject to very severe headaches—those which nearly drive one to suicide. Last night I had another such attack. I gave you powders a trial, and really in five minutes I was like a new man. The pain left me entirely. I feel it my duty to let you know the good Orangeine has done me."

**TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.**—Orangeine is sold by druggists every where in 25c, 50c and \$1 packages. On receipt of request we will mail 10c trial package FREE with full directions, composition and description of its wide human influence. Address "Orangeine," Chicago, Ill.

## LATOILA

Marvelous preparation for the toilet for men and women. Best for shampooing, shaving and the bath. No soap required. Nothing else like it. Stops falling hair; prevents baldness.

**LATOILA** does its work instantaneously. A few drops on the hair and a wonderful shampoo is instantly produced.

A few drops on a sponge and you have lather for the bath.

A few drops in a clean shaving mug, stirred with a moist brush, produces shaving lather immediately.

Invaluable to actors and actresses for cleaning up after the performance.

Cleanses the skin as you never saw it done by a soap.

**LATOILA** is perfect skin food, supplying the oil it demands to prevent dryness, chapping, and other unsightly effects.

It supplies to the hair the oil required to make it soft and wavy instead of dry, stiff and unmanageable. Barbers and hairdressers are delighted with it.

**MISS MARIE SCHULTZ, NEW YORK, says**

"My hair has been coming out so rapidly that I was greatly worried. Nothing I could find that was recommended for the hair did any good. After three shampoos with **Latoila** it stopped coming out, the irritation and itching was gone and my hair was in fine condition. I recommend it to everyone, man or woman, for the hair and bath."

Send 50 cents for regular-size bottle by mail, or 4 cents for large sample.

**THE LATOILA COMPANY,**

1133 Broadway, New York City

"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in its Name.

Appropriate in its Route,

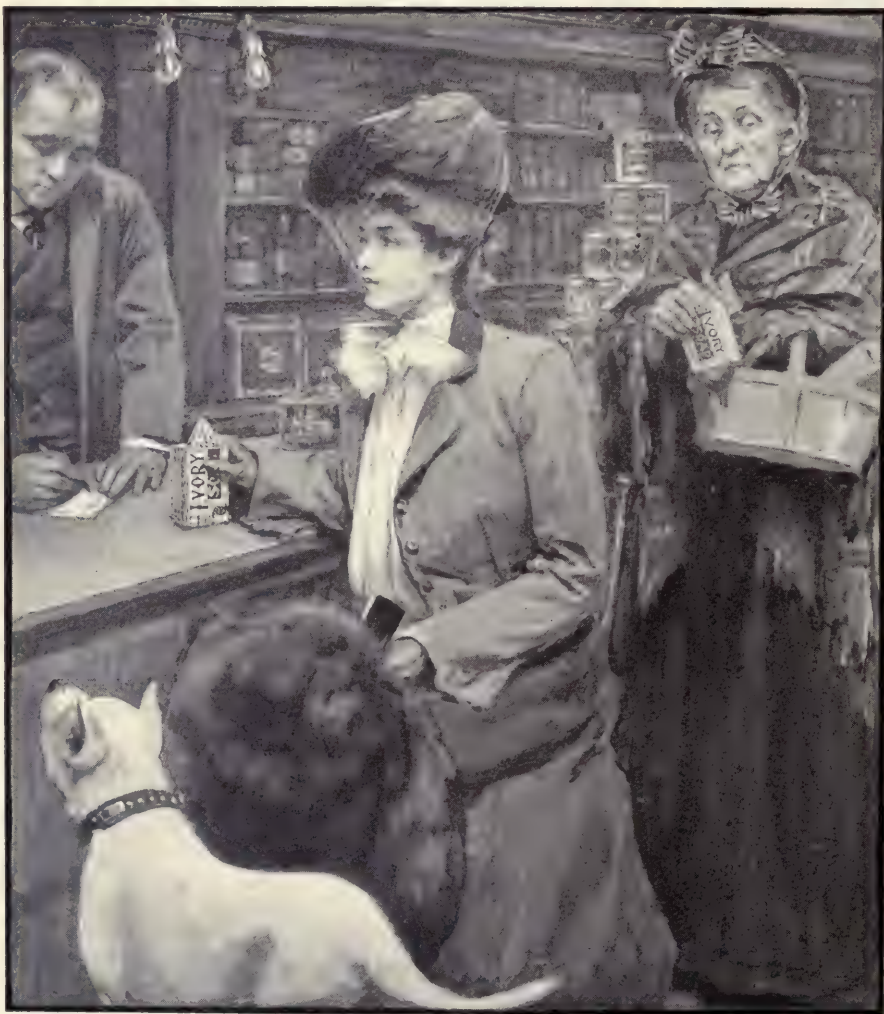
Appropriate in its Character—

**"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED"**

This is THE century of all the ages. The New York Central's 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is THE train of the century and is appropriately named

**"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED."**

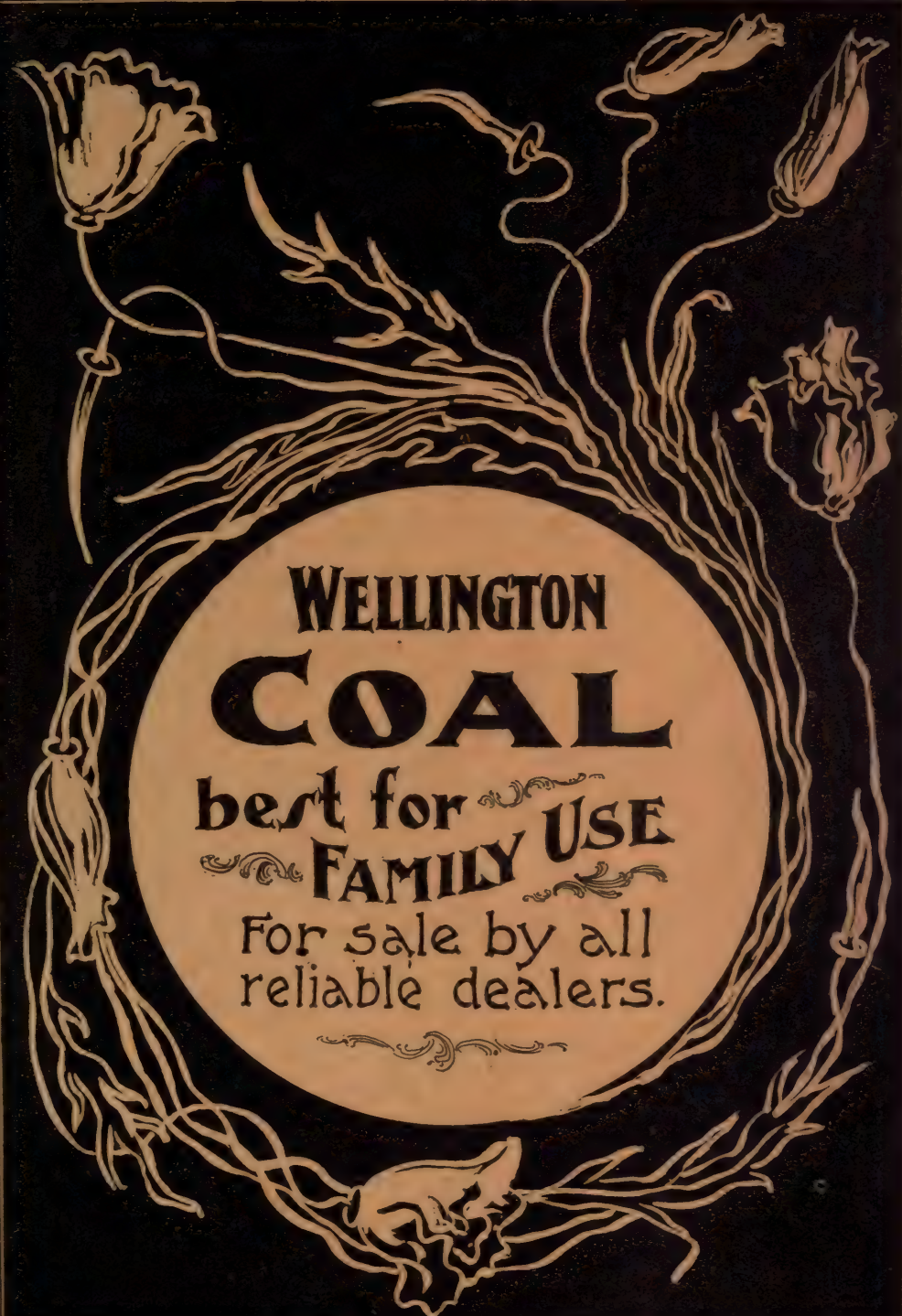
A copy of the 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four Track Series" will be sent free upon receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



It knows no class distinction.  
The rich find it most satisfactory,  
The poor the most economical.

$99\frac{44}{100}$  Per Cent. Pure.



A decorative border of stylized white flowers and vines on a black background, framing a central white circle. The flowers are arranged in a circular pattern, with some buds and some fully open. The vines are long and flowing, creating a sense of movement around the central text.

**WELLINGTON**  
**COAL**  
best for *USE*  
*FAMILY*  
For sale by all  
reliable dealers.

# THE OLD RELIABLE



**Absolutely Pure**  
**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

## Look at the Trade-Mark



TRADE-MARK

ON EVERY GENUINE PACKAGE OF

The Finest  
**Cocoa and Chocolate**

in the World. Made only by

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

40 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

# STEVENS



Santa Claus speeding o'er  
housetops in his "STEV-  
ENS-DURVEA" automo-  
bile, loaded down with  
Stevens Firearms for the  
youths of the land, is the  
most welcome visitor this  
time of year. There is no  
more appropriate Xmas  
present for the rising  
generation. MAKE A  
MAN OF YOUR BOY by  
giving him a "STEV-  
ENS." We manufacture a  
complete line of:

RIFLES from \$3 to \$150

PISTOLS from \$2.50 to \$50

SHOTGUNS from \$7.50 to \$30

DON'T FAIL to send for  
Illustrated catalog, mailed  
FREE upon request.

All dealers handle the  
"STEVENS"

**J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY**

735 Main Street  
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

# Vose PIANOS

Write for Catalogue D and explanations.

**VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 100 Boulster St., Boston, Mass.**

have been established over 50 YEARS. By our system of pay-  
ments every family in moderate circumstances can own a Vose  
piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the  
new piano in your home free of expense.





*"Rag-Tag."*



*Moonlight.*





*Typical of the Land of Sunshine*



*Adah Lee Bascom*

Playwright. Author of "Bacchante," "The Jade," etc.





*Miss Helen Russell (Fischer's Theatre.)*



*A Lily of the West*





*A California Cherry Blossom.*



*Miss Adele Block (Alcazar Company).*







A Remarkably Artistic Photograph.

Photo, Blanche Cumming.



# Overland Monthly

## February

Vol. XLIII

No. 2



A Masterpiece.

Blanche Cumming.

### CALIFORNIA WOMEN AND ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

---

BY HENRIETTA S. BRECK

**S**INCE that last tribunal of mooted questions, Public Opinion, declares photography to be a fine art if the photographer be an artist and succeed in making not an exact likeness of nature but a picture of her evident in-

tentions, a new field of almost unlimited possibilities has suddenly opened out before women.

The significance of this is seen at once when you scan the names that have, in the past, achieved distinction in the various branches of

art, for nine hundred ninety-nine thousandths are men. The thought that woman could walk in such a pathway was not even entertained until recently, for the way is long and toilsome, and none but the strong of limb and brave of soul

is no weight of names to crush the aspirant; no standards of excellence to reach before recognition is gained, for each worker creates his own standard with each new effort. Men and women start in the race exactly even, and success depends



A Delightful Study in Light and Shade.

Adelaide Hanscom.

may reach the heights. So tradition and precedence have worked adversely to the choice of art as a profession for all save an occasional Rosa Bonheur.

But in artistic photography there

upon individual ability, skill and persevering, hard work.

That there should be a new medium of artistic expression, one within the reach of the people, was inevitable, since popular education



has raised a demand for art in homes that a few decades ago could not have told the difference between an oil and a water-color painting.

pected happened. Color artists have, for a long time, made use of the camera without a thought of its value, save as an aid in preserv-



On Her Good Behavior.

Adelaide Hanscom.

And as this demand was bound to be supplied, the veriest novice among prophets could have foretold that the supply would follow in Daguerre's discovery. The to-be-ex-

ing some fleeting effect, some transient form. The conception was daring and the steps laborious that led to the development of these fleeting effects and forms into genuine



One of Miss Hanscom's Artistic Studies.





Ye Olden Time

Photo, Blanche Cumming.



Faded Away to the Tint of Dreams.

Photo, Blanche Cumming

works of art without any aid from color, but such development was bound to come.

Other things being equal, the best artistic work is always produced in art-centers. So, in looking up the record of women in this line, one is not surprized to find that Mrs. Katzbier whose "Manger" alone would place her in the front rank of camera artists, is a New Yorker,

nor that the most notable names following hers belong to the Eastern cities. Yet California, in spite of her isolation, is not to be left out of the reckoning, for, as a State, it is instinct with the very spirit of art. Each new twelvemonth is an ever new kaleidoscope of song, of fragrance, of color, tempered by an endless procession of shadows. With so much that appeals to the



senses, the recent discovery that even young school children were extraordinarily accurate in form and color work was not surprising. Had we but the traditions of Italy! However, Art is in our debt for Keith, for Yelland, for Welsh, and many other names that gain us instant admission into the world's Louvre. Further than that, there are excellent academies that are

training young men and women to see and interpret both nature and art aright.

It is at this point that photography's claim to be ranked among the fine arts frankly rests, for there are many students who work just as carefully and long in fundamental principles and technique, and who will also serve an apprenticeship with brush and palette, who look to



Babyhood.

Photo, Miss Hanscom.



Diffidently Gazing into the Future.

Photo, Miss Hanscom.



the camera for a profession and a livelihood. Already, throughout the State, as a result of such training, one finds in small towns women's cards announcing artistic photograph studios. Tyros, the workers usually are, finding their worth before entering the keen competition of the greatest art center of the Coast, San Francisco.

Search in this place for what was actually doing in this new field by women resulted in an invitation to "Afternoon Tea." Two young artists, who had abandoned the fascination of color for the subtler one of light and shade, were receiving in their own modest studio. Little groups of critics and admirers were gathered here and there around pictures, portraits and sketches upon the walls or in portfolios. Everywhere technical terms caught the ear. Now one criticised in friendly terms and in turn was answered with criticism; there was no dullness, no apathy. Each knew whereof he spoke, each guest had come for inspiration, or from an absorbing interest in the work that many of them were essaying.

There was one cherubic baby face with a few etched-like lines and ex-

quisite shades, that smiled with subtle witchery upon the visitors, drawing them again and again before her. No color could have enhanced the charm of it, and no one in viewing it could deny that this was art, pure and simple.

"You like to portray children best, Miss Hanscom?"

"Yes, children and old people; there is so little self-consciousness to struggle with. Yet each new sitter brings his own interest and constitutes a new study. The great secret of this portraiture, and its greatest difficulty, is to see at a glance the dominating characteristic and to make all others subservient. The shadow that the camera gives us is the merest framework."

"And you find that it satisfies you as a medium of expression for all your ideals?"

"Perfectly. One cannot hope to exhaust its possibilities."

"And"—it seemed sordid to ask the next question, but the rapidity with which the refreshments disappeared, and the very evident enjoyment of the careless, happy young artists was an excuse for putting it—"does it pay?"

"Handsomely."





A Life of Careless Freedom.

## A CALIFORNIA VENICE

BY TOM S. RICE

**I**N the city of Stockton, California, is waged a most peculiar and unusual warfare. It is not attended with the clashing of swords, a pyrotechnic display or any of the other incidents characteristic of regular warfare, but by the bitter feelings aroused by a reform movement relative to the clearing out of one of Stockton's most interesting and characteristic landmarks, or, more correctly speaking, "water-marks"—the colony of people known locally as the Ark Dwellers whose arks or house boats have floated on the Channel and McCleod's Lake since the beginning of the city.

Time and again the city authorities have raised a protest against these squatters, and have tried to rid themselves of them; but in vain.

These people, who are spoken of as a "public nuisance and a disgrace to a civilized community," have fought their own battles too well, and seem destined to hold their own battle ground until Uncle Sam shall raise his protesting hand against them.

The city Board of Health discussed the ark question at some length recently, and finally passed a resolution declaring the "arks on McCleod's Lake a public nuisance and a menace to health." There



has been much complaint for years because of their "unsightliness," and it has further been argued that "they pollute with sewage the waters of the lake."

Perhaps these arguments are all true, but if the arks are compelled to move, Stockton will have lost one of its most unique and picturesque features. Perhaps nowhere is there to be found a colony so curious as the ark village of the Stockton Sloughs, and it is one of the first things to attract the attention of the visitor to that city if he happen to wander several blocks northwest of the business section.

The word slough is a local term for a stream or the outlet of streams which overflow during the rainy season, and are almost dry for eight months in the year. The waters of the sloughs near their outlets are affected by the rising and falling of the tide.

Old residents remember when a network of these sloughs extended through the present site of Stockton, but at present all traces of many of them have disappeared,

while others have been filled in to deep water mark.

The banks of the sloughs are delightfully shaded with oaks and willows, thus affording pleasant nooks and shelter beneath their gnarled and twisted branches for the class of people known as the ark dwellers, whose arks or floating homes literally line the margin of the lake on all sides. These are not merely summer residences, but permanent homes of a more or less settled community, moored to the banks or the tree trunks by ropes or steel cables, usually about eight or ten feet from the shore, and easily accessible from land by a row boat or a plank extending from the bank to the scow. These arks are not large, containing not more than two or three rooms and having an extension at either end something like a ferry-boat. They vary in shape from one which resembles a Saratoga trunk on a scow to a neat little summer residence built with a railing and lattice work about it. Some of the arks are low for the sake of rapidity of travel; others, more stationary,



An Early Start for Market by Boat.

are high; some are merely white-washed with small rude windows and doors; others are built more substantially, and painted in white, green and blue; some are spotlessly clean, others greasy and dirty; some have masts attached for sailing, principally those belonging to old seamen, while others have merely an old oar lock and oar for rowing.

Here in the semi-tropical climate of California, the ark people dwell serenely the year round, enjoying a true Bohemian life of carelessness, freedom and exemption from

the reedy marshes along the San Joaquin, and at the close of the season migrate to the Stockton Slough, where, on land, they often earn a scanty living by doing all sorts of odd jobs. The population of this village is ever shifting; like the Arabs, they, too, "silently steal away," or to be more accurate, float far down stream whenever a Government official pays a visit of inspection to the harbor, and only return to their former anchorage after all danger is past.

It is not to religious or social fanaticism that this water colony



The "Swell" Section of the Ark Village.

taxation; for they claim that they are not subject to the laws of the city, and that the latter's jurisdiction does not extend farther than eight or ten feet beyond the banks of the stream.

The population of this unique community is very cosmopolitan, having among it representatives of Germany, Holland, Scotland, China, England and America. A large percentage of these are old seamen, duck hunters and trappers who, during the hunting season, frequent

owes its origin, but the more potent factor is that life in such an ark boat is wonderfully cheap.

Many of the men do their own housekeeping. Perhaps an ark can be built for one hundred dollars, or rented for much less; the owner has the privilege of choosing his own non-taxable site; and, by loaning boats and doing all sorts of odd jobs about the city, he can eke out a comfortable, if not a luxurious living. Fish and mud-hens are plentiful, and for fuel one has simply



to be energetic once a day and catch the drift-wood that floats by the house. There is a fascination about ark life, due, no doubt, to the freedom and unsettled condition of the population. Many of the citizens lead more or less solitary lives, and, strange as it may seem, not only is there no social intercourse between those who live in Stockton and those who live in the arks, but there is also little social intercourse between the ark people themselves. There is, however, a strong bond of unity among them, and that is in their warfare against their common enemy, the land people.

This colony's inception dates back to the year 1862, when a Scotchman who had been at one time a steward aboard a ship, came to Stockton, where he conceived the idea of building a boat which would also serve as his home. The boat cost him two hundred dollars. Hunting and trapping paid well at that time, so that in time the ark paid for itself. It was then sold, another built and sold, and so gradually others came and he built and sold more. Some copied his model and so the colony grew until it assumed its present size of probably a hundred or more ark boats.

## THE PLAINT OF THE PASSING PEOPLES

The Last of the Men of Never-Never

BY VINCENT HARPER

Of all the races sacrificed in the advancement of civilization none has proved so utterly incapable of amalgamation with the white man's destiny as the Australian blacks.. They were not at all like the negro, nor like any other known people. As if made of the very stuff of the weird and stupendous and fantastic elements that mark Australian scenery, these blacks set up a mute, determined, desperate resistance, and of course perished. In Tasmania the Government has actually exterminated them by a systematic and relentless policy. They were regarded as so many deadly reptiles, and killed as such. In Australia some few survived, but from time to time outrages of unspeakable ferocity show that the barbarism of these sons of Gloom and Despair is beyond hope of subduing.—Author's Note.

**I**F the spirit of Moogong, that, men say, moans in the night at Woolloomooloo, and of them whose home was the Never-Never, come I to tell this story. Come I once more to tell a tale of a passing people, black and brutal, who stood in the way of the Larger Life when the White Day dawned.

They died. They died, those mumbling Bushmen, as all must who

stand in the way of the wheels of Progress, for the Empire Makers have only one god, and his name is Power, a Juggernaut needing the blood of the weak to grease the wheels of his car of state. They died, these Blacks, that the Whites might grow. They died, white brother, for you and me! And whenever men die that others may live, be they black and brutal, or



King Moogong of the Land of the Never-Never.

Drawing by Beringer



white and meek, they achieve the right to become the theme of the stirring tales that the living tell to frighten death from the camp of life.

Come, gather about our snug camp-fire—let us fancy ourselves in the dismal Bush—and hear this tale of what men say the ghost of Moogong cries at night in the streets of Woolloomooloo in Sydney—Sydney, the city the White Man reared on the grave of the Black, as fair a tomb as ever was built, a whited sepulchre full of bones!

Now this ghost is the spirit of old Moogong, the last of the kings of the Never-Never, and it could not rest in its grave in the bush, for it has this gruesome tale to tell, to lift this plaint to the pitying moon. So, quite against nature, against the sun, speak Moogong's spirit from West to East, from the dimmest past to the faintest future, from the awful hush of the Bush—to Sydney.

What the ghost that wails in Woolloomooloo, when the wind is west and full of sighs, complains to the moon, here followeth:

Hearken, oh Moon, and ye stars, give ear while Moogong, I, the last of the kings, call a curse on the white despoilers. We Blacks were the men of the Oldest World, of the world that was made in the dawn of things and never has changed. Our land was the land of primeval life, the land of the weird, the awful, the vast, where end is not to the gloom of the bush, and where silence reigns from age to age. Gaze from your skies and behold, oh lights, the land that the black gods gave to us, and which now the white thief ruins. Had they not room in their Four Great Lands, that they needs must come to the end of the world to drive us from ours? Ye know that those Four Great Lands are not like ours, being new and noisy and full of life—fit home for such chattering, restless, flippant fools, these Whites,

who are bubbles of fever on a sea of desire.

Behold ye the lands—their lands and ours! Mountains have all of them, but ours are the funeral pyres of all hopes that are dead. Forests, but ours are haunted by gloom where dread and secrecy lurk in the murky twilight of eternal doubt. They have their deserts, but Desolation dwells in ours alone. Our mountain gorges know no sound save the terrific cry of mad despair whom sullen fate strangles and stifles but suffers not to die. Our bleak, burned, blasted moors drink tears, but yield not one poor blade of green in gratitude. In other lands the dying year is mourned by falling leaves and the surcease of heartache born of Summer's life, but here no leaves fall, no blessed change relieves the everlasting sameness of long sorrow. Have ye not heard the swishing and the lashing of the stripped gum bark hanging like death plumes from the gaunt, lonely trees? That is our only jester! All else is silence, save that the nights are hideous with the cry—half-human—of the mopoke which rends the hot, still air with peals of fiendish laughter. Night? Our night, as all the gods know, is nothing more than that the Bunyip rises from the ooze of the lagoon and draws his slimy length, shaped like a monstrous sea-calf, loathsome and deadly, across the hushed, tired earth. Our trees, flowers, animals and birds—I ask ye, do they not all proclaim that this great land of ours is not as other lands, but such a world as the gods made first—before they had grown weary and had lost their cunning? Our trees, they give no shade, our flowers no perfume, our birds fly not, our beasts hop on two feet, not having fallen yet—all that is ours is of that elder time ere yet the earth had grown a courtesan bedecking nature with the gems of pride. And we to whom the gods gave this sad land of the grotesque, the weird, the ev-

erlasting, were such as could alone endure and understand the majesty of darkness, the pomp of silence. The monstrous and fantastic spoke to us, we yielded to the thrall of loneliness. We caught the whispers of the barren and the uncouth, there was a nameless beauty in twisted, tortured, tangled chaos to our eyes. Crashing through trackless forests, or spreading far across the silent, shelterless and hopeless plains, we came to mingle our hearts' blood with the eternity of which we were a momentary part—and thus we rose above the crawling smallness of speech and thought and planning, as do our ancient grandeur of hill and forest above these crumbling city walls the White Man rears. We sang—but ever was our chant such as to make the White Man's blood freeze in his veins. We laughed—but we had learned to laugh from the mopoke, whose horrid peals are of a spirit damned. We danced—but we were painted all like skeletons—with Death for partner. Few words, and they but mumbled, were speech enough for men whose home was solitude, whose life was lost in the interminable Bush out of whose hungry depths no "cooe" carried to any waiting ear. Such were we, such our land. Then came the White Man, whom may the demons of drought and sun-blast and scorching winds and thirst and racking pains and loneliness forever torture.

Hear me, ye moon and stars, the while I tell you how we, the men of silence and the past, perished before these chattering apes, these builders of mud cities on the graves of men. Ye that have seen and spoken not, ye everlasting lovers of the wordless Truth, behold the noisy ruin, and revenge!

\* \* \*

Not here where this city was builded by felons and fools did I, Moogong, reign in the days of life, but far in the East, in the Never-Never, the land in which horror and

heat and thirst fought on our side to the very last. But fought in vain, for in greed of gold and of lands to blight, the White Man endures what no other can. We perished. The tale is this:

They threw the scum of their great, vile towns upon our shores, to punish by exile in our wilds their basest and worst. And the spawn of these human wrecks remained and with more who followed in quest of gain they dared the darkness, the thirst, the fire, and pressed to the heart of our dismal land. They had wrested from men of many hues the lands which the gods had given them, so they thought they could cozen the Black Bushmen as they had the Brown and the Yellow and the Red. But they little dreamed of the black despair and blacker endurance and blackest hate stored up in the men of the Never-Never! The children, we of the men of old who had wrung its secrets from Nature's heart—the terrible secrets of struggle and death whereby she works in her speechless way the fate of the peoples as of the beasts.

So, we fought for each inch that the white Man claimed, and killed and slaughtered and broke our word and thought of him as of the snakes or the poisoned roots or the deadly fever—mortal foes, all, of us and our children. They had tamed the Maori and bought the slaves, but us they must kill lest we kill them, for barter and faith and compromise are things not known by the men who sprang from the womb of the Land of Heartless Force—the sons of primeval, chaotic, gigantic struggle to live for an hour in the whirl of sense that precedes the night, the night of eternal nothingness.

Came they, therefore, these boys of To-day, with toys of littleness, joys of mice, like chattering monkeys came they all, with glitter of newness and weakness of change—to ask us Men of Silence and Sorrow to dance while they piped us



away from our Gloom, our glorious, eternal, wordless Gloom!

We gave them for answer—the boomerang! We knocked out their brains with the nulla-nulla. We said we were friends—till they felt secure! Boiling his billy of noisome tea, fetching his herds from the far-off ranges, rearing his bungalow, loving his wife, dangling his baby upon his knee—he could never know just when from the bush there would leap our hate with death-tipped spear and a blood-thirst fever; and a shriek and a spasm, a cry for mercy—and then darkness deeper than that of the night, a hush more awful than that of the Bush!

But they came by tens to make good the ones, by thousands to fill the gap of the few—a leprous invasion without an end that finally crept to the Never-Never, to me, forsooth, King Moogong, it came.

Beyond me alive it could not go—dead it must leave me, or never pass. So, from far and near I summoned my men—stern, silent, unfeeling and merciless men like the forces of nature about them—and there like a bulwark of final despair we challenged the right of our foe to come.

And came the last great day of life, when, Moogong dead, the Black Day died—and they who had lived in the land of grief succumbed to the race of jugglers and fools to whom life is laughter and loving and kisses and jeers, a race of thieves with liars for priests who tell them they steal for the White God's glory!

It came, that last great terrible day of right, and the Bush was roused by the fiendish calls of the go-go-burra, the bird that cries before the dawn; and the stealthy dinggo whined and screamed like a loveless mother bearing a child; and the winds moaned low, and the sun rose

blood—came dark with horror and big with fate, that terrible last day of Moogong's might. We thrust and we gashed, and we rent their flesh, but forty grew where we slaughtered one—so by night the gloom and the silence which was our souls had slipped forever into the past. And the White Man sows on our fathers' hills, and rears his roof on our fathers' soil, and his is the land of the Never-Never. But I, the spirit of Moogong wail, and the gods send curses of thirst and fire, and the land they stole will be their grave.

\* \* \* \*

Thus endeth the plaint of the ghost of Moogong, that wails at night in Woolloomooloo, in Sydney, the White Man's mighty town. The troubled in conscience hear the moan, and mothers say: "'Tis the wind" to their children, but the pitying moon and the calm, just stars, they know that the wail is the cry of wrong that will not down, build whatever of greatness man may on its grave.

The Blacks who had from the dawn of life lived in the land of the awful and vast are going, or gone, and the White Man reigns. But already the gods of No-water and Fever and of the Aloof are dealing their deadly blows in revenge for the wrongs of their black, grim children.

The kangaroo hops in his primal way, and owls and parrots that do not fly fill the lonely nights with their hoots and cries, and the scorch of the sun and the deadly dews make the struggle to live in the Never-Never almost too great for the weakened Whites—as if Nature resented their coming, and mourned for the men who were mute and fierce and black and gaunt as the hills themselves, and would come back never—never!

# COLOMBIAN BARBARITY

---

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON, EX-LIEUTENANT COLOMBIAN NAVY

THE frequent recurrence of revolutions in Colombia is of itself enough to stamp that country as a semi-civilized State, hardly to be regarded by the United States as a "sister republic," as some of the academic humanitarians of a certain cult are wont to regard her. But beyond the generally known fact that the Government, such as it is, is upheld solely by force of arms, there exists in Colombia a spirit of inhumanity that would seem incredible to people who live in the peace and enlightenment of a nation like the United States.

During the few months that I served as an officer in the Colombian Navy, I had instances brought to my notice which shocked me, notwithstanding the fact that I had been trained from early youth to a military calling and knew what war was. I have seen barbarous practices which were not only cruel, but absolutely without provocation. Nor are these cruelties practiced solely upon enemies. Their own people are made to suffer at the hands of tyrants in power. I shall begin with facts that were reported to me in detail by reliable eye witnesses, and by the victims themselves, in the matter of the treatment of prisoners of war. While the last revolution, which did not end until the autumn of 1902, was in progress, many prisoners were taken by both sides, and it is hard to tell which party—Liberal or Conservative—surpassed in cruelty towards its captives. It is not surprising that the prisoners were half starved in view of the fact that the soldiers themselves were not over-fed, but, in addition to this, prisoners were over and over again cruelly flogged, sometimes until dead, for little or no cause. At other times, prisoners who had put up a

particularly strong resistance were maimed, either by cutting off hands or ears or other members, and occasionally in this crippled condition turned adrift, to find their way back to their own lines as best they might for the purpose of striking terror into the minds of their companions in arms. Many died from these cruelties, and others were deliberately shot to save the trouble of caring for and feeding them. Those who were retained as prisoners were nearly always made to do the duties of pack animals. My ship was coaled by heavily guarded prisoners of war, who were made to perform many other menial duties as well as onerous manual labor of all kinds. The most revolting details were told me by some men, some of whom could speak English, others having to converse through an interpreter, from among those captured at Agua Dulce by the Liberals. In the summer of 1902, when General Gomez surrendered his starved and besieged troops to General Herrera, the indignities inflicted upon those poor men were almost too disgusting to relate. Among other things they were at times given no water to drink except that in which the underwear of their captors had previously been washed. I mention this simply as a specimen of their treatment.

Men in the military service are time and again shot without trial by the mere verbal order of a senior officer, for offenses which are often of a trivial character. For nearly all offenses, however, castigation with rods is the most frequent form of punishment for infraction of discipline. The number of lashes seldom falls below twenty, and is inflicted upon the bare back. Sometimes they are given five lashes at a



time, with a pause between each series of five, but this is not always so. The whole dose is sometimes administered at once, and I have had well authenticated cases reported to me where men have received a hundred, and even more, lashes without a pause.

At the time the last revolution was ended by the surrender of the Liberals, all of whom were granted amnesty, there were some determined spirits who declined to acquiesce in the surrender. Some of these were, however, captured, and they met severe fates. While I was in Panama, after the war, officers in the insurgent army were taken to the Chiriqui Fortress in Panama, and there lashed to death on two successive mornings.

There was a bright little Jamaica lad in the ranks of one of the organizations who could speak good English. He showed me numerous scars all over his body from the various lashings that he had received, and described the offenses that earned them. To the best of my recollection, boyish heedlessness was the cause of most of his derelictions.

General Vasquez Cobos, one of the highest Generals in the Colombian army at the present time, and right-hand man of General Nicolas Perdomo, is a sample of the brutal Colombian officer. He was once my senior officer and was on my vessel when we were towing a schooner into which, by Cobos' orders, a great crowd of refugees had been placed, the crowd making a weight too heavy for the small vessel to bear. During the night, the strain of this human freight had caused the schooner to leak badly, until she began rapidly to fill with water. Hauling her alongside of our vessel quickly, we took everyone off her, and I was about to give the order to cut her adrift, and let her sink, when Cobos interrupted me with an order to the Captain of the schooner and his five men, di-

recting them to remain on board the fated craft, from which all the sails and boats had been taken. I protested, but unavailingly.

"Let them perish with her," he brutally exclaimed. "He is the captain and they are the crew. It is their schooner, let them perish with her," he repeated.

No remonstrances could move him. He set the five innocent men in the schooner adrift without means of escape, for no fault of their own, and merely because the vessel was damaged as a result of his own bad judgment. Neither men nor schooner were ever heard of afterwards.

I heard of another case from an Englishman, who had engaged in two or three revolutions during the years that he had lived in Colombia. This man fought gallantly for the side he was on, but the force in which he was serving was defeated in one of the battles and put to flight. He and two companions remained to cover the retreat with a machine gun, which he used valiantly, until both of his companions were killed and his gun had exhausted all of its ammunition. He was then captured. Instead of being treated as a prisoner of war, for he had done nothing but make a gallant stand in the face of tremendous odds in a legitimate way, he was stripped to the waist and cruelly lashed until he fell from exhaustion. To this day he bears the scars of the lashings on his back.

The Colombian of the Twentieth Century has the make-up of the Spaniard of the Sixteenth, made worse, if anything, by the blending with the blood of the Ethiopian savage and the American Indian. He possesses few of the good traits of any nationality, and lacks few of the bad ones of all.

Instead of advancing with the rest of the world, he has remained stationary, and unless some strong hand takes him in charge he will lapse further into barbarism.

# HYGIENIC CONDITIONS OF COLOMBIA

BY HENRY BAILEY SARGEANT

**A**LL tropical countries are beset with diseases, some of them peculiar to the climate. There are other diseases more widely known that once transplanted seem to thrive in the tropics.

As I am not a medical man, I can only describe from the standpoint of the layman the various diseases that came to my notice through several months' service as a lieutenant in the Colombian navy, during which time I was stationed on the Pacific Coast of Colombia, from the Costa Rican border, around by way of Panama to Cauca.

One of the first things that strikes the resident of temperate climes, upon reaching Panama, is the utter lack of invigorating tonic in the atmosphere. The heat is intense, and the humidity great, with the result that lassitude is cultivated and energy hard to arouse. It is difficult for a Northerner to be in good spirits in that country, and he finds it hard to recuperate from any undue fatigue or from an attack of sickness. The climate is extremely depressing. The conditions of Panama would appear to be particularly favorable to the existence and spread of small-pox, the people not being cleanly, the sewer system being on the surface, and a general stagnation prevailing, where there should be a constant flow and clearing up. Plumbing of any kind is rare, and such as is to be found is not in accord with the best sanitary principles.

Much has been said and written about the "Panama fever." While I escaped an attack of it myself, I saw much of it, and from what I could gather from unprejudiced, intelligent physicians, I am inclined to the belief that it is a slow, pernicious malarial fever al-

though at times there are cases of apparently the same disease having symptoms of the dengue fever or of the yellow fever. True yellow fever is rare. Of the many reported cases of yellow fever of which I heard, I failed to find a single well authenticated case of the genuine article, although two Americans of normal good health were attacked with great suddenness while I was in Panama, with a severe fever, accompanied by a jaundiced appearance of the skin, which ended in death very promptly. I have seen both yellow fever and dengue fever in other parts of the world, and by comparing their symptoms, my layman's opinion is that the Panama fever is more nearly like the dengue fever than like anything else.

There is much of this fever, principally among Europeans. It is extremely debilitating, some of our men who had it for but a short time being mere shadows when they returned to the ship. It frequently ends fatally, as in the two cases referred to above.

Among the natives there is not a little leprosy. I have seen elephantiasis and that phase where the skin becomes scaly or blotchy.

Among the lower classes there is a disease concerning which there is great mystery. My attention was directed to it by seeing many negroes with large patches of white skin over their bodies, giving them a sort of piebald appearance. I imagined that this was leprosy, until some of the more intelligent Colombians informed me that it was not, but was something very common, particularly among the soldiers, and was not accompanied by any special suffering. It was popularly attributed to a kind of insect which gets in under the skin, but as I



never saw the insect, I am unable to state how it causes the effect described.

Some of the Colombians told me that it poisoned the blood and affected the pigments of the skin in that manner; others told me that the insect was a minute one and its track was followed by the whitened districts of the skin. As a matter of fact, no Colombians that I saw seemed to know much more about it than I did, although public opinion seemed to attribute the strange disfiguring disease to the mysterious insect.

The most revolting human ailments that came to my notice were numerous kinds of obstinate running sores. Some of these might be readily recognized as of a specific nature, but many were otherwise, particularly among the troops on both sides during the last revolution, some of whom I have seen with repulsive sores several inches long on backs, hips, calves and feet. Anaemia was common among the troops, but I attributed this to the scanty food to which many of them were reduced during the struggle. Lack of cleanliness is one of the worst traits of the Colombians in the middle and lower classes. The stench arising from a throng of ref-

ugees of both sexes and all ages is something that I shall never forget. To the Americans, it was something nauseating.

It is safe to say that the shore and the low lands of Colombia are no fit places for an inhabitant of a temperate climate. Fever attacks every foreigner who undertakes to live there for any length of time, and dysentary is not uncommon. The high mountains and plateaux, however, from all accounts, are pleasant and healthful. The same thing is true of the small islands just outside of Panama, such as Taboga, Otoque and others. These are beautiful spots, far enough from the mainland to escape the miasma, and with supplies of delicious pure drinking water. The great blessing at Panama is the abundance of good water, brought from Taboga, than which there is probably no better to be found anywhere. The use of this water no doubt is responsible for the virtual absence of typhoid fever.

The principal hygienic feature of Colombia is the intensely depressing and debilitating character of its climate, even upon the individual who is not attacked by any definite disease.

---

## IN CALM AND IN STORM

---

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

The Sea in dainty gown as blue  
As lapis-lazuli,  
A graceful measure treads to-day  
With tuneful melody,  
Showing her ruffled petticoat  
Withal, coquettishly.

But now the dogs of war are loosed,  
Their angry jaws are white  
With foam of madness, as they rush  
The shrinking land to bite.  
All's strife between the land and sea,  
Forsooth, a fearsome sight!

# THE FAR EASTERN SITUATION

---

BY EDWIN MAXEY, LAW DEPT W. VA. UNIVERSITY

**D**AY by day it is becoming increasingly evident that what the balance of power in Europe has been to the politics of the nineteenth century, that of the balance of power in the Orient will be to the twentieth century. In the former question the United States had simply an academic interest; in the latter it has both a political and commercial interest, due to her possession of the Philippines and her rapidly expanding Oriental trade. While, therefore, the balance of power in Europe affected Europe only, that of the balance of power in the Orient involves the interests of all the leading powers of Europe, Asia and America.

Up to a decade ago the question attracted very little attention, for until then the influence of England was unquestionably the supreme influence in the Orient, and under such conditions the question appeared to be a very simple one. But the Chino-Japanese war changed the face of affairs. By combining with Germany and France, Russia succeeded in robbing Japan of the greater part of the fruits of her victory. The pretext under which this robbery was committed, solemnized and made respectable, was the preservation of the integrity of the Chinese Empire.

Yet their zeal for maintaining the integrity of the Chinese Empire, which was consuming in its intensity, very soon manifested itself in rather a remarkable way, for, hardly had Japan been ousted from the Lao-Tung Peninsula, when Russia made the discovery that said Peninsula would be useful to her, as it would furnish her an ice-free port, a naval base, a terminus for her Trans-Siberian Railway and an excuse to have troops within easy

striking distance of Peking; and, simultaneously with this revelation, Germany became convinced that under all the circumstances in the case the harbor of Kiao-Chow, together with a considerable portion of the province of Shantung, was a fair equivalent to her for two German missionaries. There is no record that the property thus taken from China has ever been turned over to the families of said missionaries or that it is being held in trust for them by the German Government. Perchance Germany is not yet entirely convinced that the "meek" should "inherit the earth." France received as her share in the reward for guarding the territorial integrity of China, the occupation of Quanghai Bay, in the province of Quanghai, her lease being similar to the one under which Russia was given possession of Port Arthur and its adjacent territory. Thus none of them returned from their labor of love empty-handed.

It is not surprising that such appropriation of Chinese territory by these doughty champions of the territorial integrity of China should have lead to speculation upon the part of Japan, and even of China, notwithstanding the fact that the former had received from them much kindly and soothing advice and the latter an equally lavish amount of good offices.

During this period of zealous activity of the allies on behalf of China the diplomacy of England in the Orient was lamentably weak and invertebrate. English diplomats did not seem to awaken to a realization of what had been going on at the Tsung li Yamen until 1898. They then awoke to find that Russian and not English influence was the dominant influence in China.



Nor can this change be attributed to the Boer war; since it had been wrought as early as 1896, and was due largely to the weak and vacillating policy of England at the close of the Chino-Japanese war. Had she played a strong hand at that time she could have saved herself much loss of prestige, both political and commercial, and at the same time promoted the peace of the world.

The acquisition of Wei-Hai-Wei was an attempt upon the part of England to offset the advantage gained by Russia in the possession of Port Arthur. Although the English Ministry cackled over this triumph as though it had layed an egg, and the organs of the administration demonstrated how superior was Wei-Hai-Wei to Port Arthur as a strategic position; more extended study at close range has shown that as a naval base it is almost worthless as compared with Port Arthur. The fact is, that Port Arthur is, as Japanese and Russians fully realize, by far the most commanding port in China. That the English are now convinced of the inferiority of Wei-Hai-Wei may be safely concluded from the fact that they have given up the project of fortifying it.

Having failed single-handed to regain her lost prestige in the Orient, England resorted to an alliance with Japan to accomplish the desired end. It is perhaps too soon to say whether or not this will be successful, as that is a question which the future alone can answer. But we may say that as a general proposition, an alliance is a confession of weakness rather than an evidence of strength, and as a rule confessions of weakness are not well calculated to increase prestige.

After having secured a lease of Port Arthur, Russia lost no time in pushing a branch to her Trans-Siberian Railway through Manchuria to that port; so that when the Boxer outbreak occurred in 1900 she

had an excellent excuse for placing her troops in Manchuria in order to protect her railway in that province. It would seem to the outsider that out of her abundant caution she had been rendering ample protection to this railway, for even two years after the Boxer outbreaks in that region were at an end, she had in Manchuria 250,000 troops, more than four times as large a body as the standing army of the United States and more than three times as large a number as England has in India for the purpose of enforcing order among 300,000,000 people of an alien race. A solemn promise had been given by Russia to withdraw these troops by a fixed date, unless disorders in the Chinese Empire rendered it inadvisable to do so. Her recent attempts to evade the fulfillment of this promise, coupled with certain demands upon China, or, to speak plainly, her refusal to be bound by her solemn pledges, have resulted in the present strained relations.

Bearing these facts in mind, let us view the situation as it presents itself to one who is at a safe distance from the scene. Russia is, in accordance with her usual custom, playing a waiting game. She will avoid, if possible, being forced to show her hand, until Manchuria has become Russianized by the influx of Russian capital and colonists. We may get some idea of the rate at which the former is going on from the fact that the Russian Government is spending \$80,000,000 a year upon improvements in Dalny alone; and while there are no available statistics, it is well known that in many of the towns along the railway the Russians are already in the majority. It needs no argument to prove that this rapid growth of Russian interests in Manchuria will strengthen the hands of the Russian diplomats.

It is true that Russia has made a solemn disclaimer of any intention to retain possession of Manchuria,

permanently. But he who would ascertain what Russia intends to do should seek evidence in the acts of her officials as well as in the words of her diplomats; and when these two cannot be made to harmonize, it is at least equally safe to rely upon the former. Such being the case, we have but to study the amount and the character of the expenditures of the Russian Government at Port Arthur and at Dalny in order to conclude that Russia does not intend to abandon Manchuria unless forced to do so.

This brings us face to face with the question: are the interests of the other powers such as to warrant an appeal to force in order to convince Russia that the principle of the integrity of the Chinese Empire should be observed by her as well as by Japan? In endeavoring to answer this question, the character as well as the extent of the interest must be considered.

China undoubtedly has a sufficient interest, as the acquisition of Manchuria by Russia would be the signal for a further dismemberment of her Empire. But unfortunately China has neither the national spirit nor the organization to enable her to use force effectively against Russia. Hence, if the territorial integrity of China is to be preserved, it must be with the assistance of the other powers.

Next to China, Japan has by far the most vital interest. This is of a political and military as well as of a commercial nature. With Russia in complete possession of Manchuria, Korea is doomed. To prevent this, is a life and death matter with Japan. Japan can never afford to let Russia get possession of Korea and will never permit it until she is exhausted of her naval and military arms.

Thus, Japan had far better accept the issue with reference to Manchuria than to wait until Russia is firmly established upon Korea's western frontier. When it is evi-

dent that force must be resorted to, it is akin to folly to let the enemy choose his own time and field of battle. At present Japan has many advantages arising from her geographical position. She can "get on the ground" first, strike the first blow, and by using Korea as a base cut the Russian line of communications between Vladivostock and Port Arthur, an advantage which to Japan is worth several army corps. It is for this reason that Russia has for years been planning to get control of Korea. Once in possession of Korea, Russia could not only protect her communications between Vladivostock and Port Arthur by sea and land, but would be a constant menace to the safety of Japan. The Muscovite could then dictate terms at Tokio as now at Peking.

Nor is Japan at present unprepared for war, either from the standpoint of national spirit and determination or material equipment and military organization. Such is the discipline and efficiency of her army and the strength of her navy that she would give a very good account of herself in a war with Russia. That it would be exceedingly expensive for Russia to wage war so far from her base of supplies and with troops individually superior to her own, must be evident to Russia as well as to every one else. In the naval contest, Japan would have a decided advantage, as her navy is superior to the Russian squadron in Asiatic waters. Under all the circumstances it is safe to predict that the outcome would at least not be evident from the start, as is asserted by many who reckon strength by numbers only.

The interests of England and the United States, unlike those of China and Japan, are principally commercial. Yet commercial interests are not to be lightly disregarded in an age of strenuous competition for the markets of the world. Such has been the rapid growth in her exports that in certain lines the United



States controls the Manchurian trade. If she can maintain access to the Manchurian markets upon equal terms with Russia, her cotton trade alone will soon amount to \$10,000,000 annually. Hence, it is not surprising that the United States should have been the first to protest against the Russian demand on China that no more foreign consulates or open ports be established in Manchuria. She has so far triumphed as to have secured from China a treaty opening Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and Antung, to American trade; and has intimated to Russia, diplomatically, that she will resist by force, if necessary, any interference by Russia with her treaty rights. The attitude of the United States, which is dictated by her interests and love of fair play, is unquestionably a source of uneasiness to Russia.

Not only is the maintenance of open markets in Manchuria matters of importance to the Southern cotton mills, but the value of Manila as an entrepot of trade depends measurably upon the maintenance of the open door throughout China. Whatever threatens the policy of the open door in China, affects the United States to such an extent that it is her duty to speak—and her position in the Orient entitles her to be heard. Were it certain that Russia would adhere to the policy of the open door in Manchuria after absorbing that province, a change of political sovereignty from China to Russia would not affect American commercial interests injuriously.

True, Russia has assured the United States that she will adhere to said policy. But, as is usual in Russian diplomacy, her promises contain a saving clause which in the present case is the following: "as that principle (the open door) is understood by the Imperial Government." When translated, this means that Russia intends to be the sole interpreter of the treaties of the United States with China and

to grant such commercial privileges in Manchuria as she feels compelled to. It has not been the custom of the United States to have her treaties authoritatively interpreted by outsiders, and it is doubtful if, as a self-respecting nation, she can afford to yield to any such pretensions upon the part of Russia. To compel respect for her treaties, it has never been necessary to use actual force, and in all probability never will be, so long as it is well understood that force will be appealed to as a last resort.

To England the question presented is partly commercial and partly strategic. For the supremacy of English influence in the Yangtse Valley can be much more easily maintained when Russian rule stops at the northern boundary of Manchuria than when it extends to within easy striking distance of Peking. Such being the case, England cannot well afford to stand idly by and see Manchuria become a Russian province. It would seem that her most practicable way to prevent this would be to strengthen the hands of Japan and China, and it is equally clear that this assistance should not be confined to the writing of despatches or a liberal supply of "moral support," but should take the more substantial form of loans. Also the presence of a rather strong British squadron in Asiatic waters would exert a salutary influence.

Germany claims to have no interest in the matter, and would no doubt keep "hands off," as she would have more to gain by so doing. Asia Minor is at present a more productive field of operation for Germany than is China. Furthermore, the position of a neutral usually has its decided advantages. Were France to follow the line of greatest advantage, which in this case coincides with the line of least resistance, she also would remain neutral; but the power of habit is

strong, and France has become so used to having her foreign policy dictated from St. Petersburg that it is difficult to say just what attitude France would assume.

A more exhaustive discussion would undoubtedly be valuable, but

perchance enough has been said to make clear that the question is of vital importance and hence worthy of the most careful study; that it is far from being settled; and that its settlement may yet convulse three continents.

---

## McKINLEY ROAD

---

BY E. T. J.

**A**WAY down in the South Seas is an island of rare beauty, which rises out of the clear, blue water soft and dark and green, while around the edge, below the dark brown of the rocks is a narrow line of white, which now and then dashes against the rocks and bursts high in the air, while a thousand rainbows form in the falling water. This white line is the never ending surf that beats against the island as though it must work on until the mountain disappears below the ocean from whence it came. Still, as the steamer approaches nearer and nearer to the harbor entrance, there are bits of that white streak around the water's edge that lie so still and quiet under the hot sun as almost to blind one but for the relief which comes from the cocoanut palms that grow in clusters here and there, waving majestically in the breeze, welcoming voyagers into the beautiful harbor of Pago Pago.

It is just such a bit of coast as this that goes by the name of "McKinley Road." When the news of President McKinley's assassination reached Samoa, the natives mourned his death as though they had known him personally. Semicivilized as they are, the instinct of the savage prevails at times of great joy or deep sorrow. It was only natural, then, that they should wish to honor his death with a "lagi," such as they would have given their

own native king or ruler, which is a period of feasting, carousing and idleness, with much dancing, and which may last for two or three weeks.

The Governor knew that this would be far from desirable, to put it mildly, and so sought to divert them from it. It would have meant weeks of idleness in all the villages around the island, if the observance of the "lagi" became general, and all work on the roads and Government reservation, as far as the natives were concerned, must cease for the time being, and much money would be wasted. Memorial services were ordered in the churches and an especial memorial service was held in Fagatoga, where the station is located, which was attended by the naval officers in full uniform, and many of the native chiefs and officials. Samoa abounds in churches. The natives are all professors of christianity, and will give most of what they have to build a church, and they become so extravagant in this that an order was issued, forbidding for a time the erection of any more churches in the island of Tutuila.

The memorial services were not sufficient for the famous old war chief, Leiato, who requested permission of the Governor to hold in his village of Fagaiatua a "lagi" in memory of the deceased President. The Governor then told Leiato that he appreciated his desire to



honor the memory of President McKinley, but explained that to do something which would be permanent would be far better, and he suggested the making of a road which would connect the village of Fagaia-tua, the principal one of the district over which he is high chief, with the bay, and that it be called "McKinley Road." Leiato returned to his district and had a "fono" with his chiefs, after which it was decided by them that they would build a road, but they still requested permission to hold the "lagi." The Governor said he would not order them to build the road, nor refuse permission to hold the "lagi," but hoped they would voluntarily do as he had suggested. And so it came about that a in few days we were invited to Lauili, a village about three miles from Fagaia-tua, through which the road was to run, to be present at the starting of a road and to be the first to break ground. It proved to be truly a case of "breaking" the ground, and a pick-axe would have been much more useful than the shovel we carried.

The village of Lauili is about half a mile outside the harbor entrance, and the surf at that place being very high, it was not considered wise to attempt landing there, so, after a run of about a half hour from Pago Pago in the launch, we anchored near the harbor entrance and just outside the coral reef, and were rowed ashore in small boats. We landed at the foot of a small mountain and had only a short walk on the white sand before we came to the bush which is so thick on the mountain sides as to be almost impassable to the uninitiated. We found several chiefs awaiting to lead us through the narrow path up over the mountain and down the other side to Leiato's house in Lauili. It was a pretty rough climb, and we were grateful indeed for the help of the sure-footed fita-fitas (native guard) who walked always near to save us from a fall. The climb up

was hot and fatiguing, but at the top the change was sudden and grateful. A cool wind blew in our faces, and we could hear the rush of the mountain stream, and soon our path was directly in it where it runs over bare rocks and then under tall ferns and palms, and then into a series of tiny waterfalls making a slippery stairway for us to descend. This was no laughing matter, for it was alarmingly narrow and there was a considerable drop to one side. But the native never falters, and ahead of me I could see moving quickly and safely the tall fita-fita, Mailo, with his scarlet turban showing out brightly against the dark green of the trees and on his broad, brown shoulders sat my "tami-titi" (little boy), his golden head catching the bits of sunlight which glittered through the trees. Safely at last we reached the foot of the mountain, and there, burning in the hot sun, lay the village of Lauili.

Having previously been guests of Leiato, we knew well his hospitality, and seldom does one meet a better hostess than his wife. They were awaiting our coming, and took us into the "fale" (house) for refreshment and rest. The beginning and ending of all Samoan ceremonies is kava drinking, and so we took our places in the "fale" and listened to the greetings of the talking-men while the "taupo," or maid of the village, made the kava. After this the Governor signified to Leiato his readiness to start out for the place where the work on the road was to be commenced. It was a walk of about half a mile along the beach through the burning sun, and we wondered as we walked if we could hold out to the end. It was a strange procession, in single file as Indians march. It was headed by Leiato, dressed in his white lava-lava, or loin cloth, and white uniform coat with shoulder straps showing his rank, the guests of honor next, and then the priests in

their black lava-lavas, with the villagers bringing up the rear. Now and then would come an old chief dressed in a tapa cloth and carrying a bright red or blue silk parasol such as a society girl at a fashionable resort would use. Generally they have to content themselves with an umbrella to keep off the sun, but now and then a gay ruffled parasol makes its appearance at the trader's store and it commands a big price. It is no uncommon sight to see a big chief with only his lava-lava on walking down the road, holding in solemn dignity a dainty, ruffled parasol over his bare head.

Arrived at the spot where the work on the road was to be commenced, which was a little point of rocks extending out from the beach, the Governor made a few appropriate remarks, which were followed by short addresses from the principal guests and native missionaries. I give here a translation of one of the native missionaries' addresses to give an idea of the native mode of thought:

"For the exhortation and prayer concerning the building of this road in memory of the death of the President, William McKinley, read Genesis 35, 9th to 20th verses; Nehemiah 2, 11th to 20th verses—the story of the monument erected by Jacob to commemorate the death of his beloved wife. That monument was built by Jacob as a sign of her grave. The mound on which it was built was like the 'fatutai' (a heap of stones built in a lagoon to attract fish) and placed inland, that it may remain always; that he and his wife's children and family might look upon it and that it might be known by all traveling to and fro on the great road to Israel, as well as generations to come after; that they might see all that had been done in past years, and that it might extend into future generations.

"It was considered that this story would be appropriate for the occa-

sion; that it would be useful and proper. Leiato and this district agreed to do something to commemorate the death of the President, and this was their resolution: To have a death feast and go through the customs observed on the death of honored kings and great chiefs in these islands; but this district and Leiato obeyed the desires of the commandant and the officers of the Government, that they should build something substantial that would last forever, like was done by Jacob.

"Nehemiah was in Babylon, and serving upon the king of Artaxerxes, when he heard the report about the destruction of the walls of Jerusalem. Then he begged the permission of the king to go to Jerusalem and again build up the wall which was broken down. Nehemiah reached Jerusalem. The first thing he did was to go from place to place and see the condition of the wall and to observe what work was necessary. Then a second thing was done by Nehemiah. He brought together all of the high chiefs of Israel and old people, that they should deliberate about the work about to be done. When that deliberation was over there was great rejoicing and much satisfaction among the people, and they began their work with pleasure.

"The weak governments of the past are like the wall broken down; but now has come the great Government of the United States of America, and Your Excellency, the Governor, came, and you saw the wrong things that existed in this country, and you made exhortations like those made by Nehemiah; and then Sua and Saifauna and His Excellency, Leiato, responded with great pleasure—such as the pleasure of the old men of Israel."

After this came a short service, with prayers, from native priests, and then to the two American women present was given the honor of starting the road—"turning the



sod," it is called, but it was truly breaking the hard ground. Many persons seeing this narrow road running a few miles only might say: "Is this all?"—but could they ever have seen these natives make a road they would realize the labor it means. The women do most of the work, and the stones for the foundation have all to be carried some distance in their hands or on their heads first, and then, after this is done, sand must be carried from the beach and piled on top. And is this done as a task? Not at all. It may be difficult to start the natives building roads, but while doing it, it is a festal occasion, where women of high rank work with those of lower birth, and they do it altogether to song. They sing throughout a dreamy sort of chant, and the words are extemporaneous, for in all choruses there is a poet, and he gives the words appropriate to the occasion and the others follow.

And so the road was started, and now I hear that it is finished as far as the natives can do it. Uncle Sam must lend a hand in blowing up rock in some places and building little foot bridges in others, for the Samoans have neither powder to do the former nor planks and nails for the latter.

Back again we went to the "fale" for a brief rest ere we took our mountain tramp again. It had seemed hot in the early morning, but now it fairly burned our feet until we reached the bush. Down the mountain again to get into our boats and then to the launch. But to our surprise and chagrin the boats were high and dry on the coral reef which extended an hundred yards in front of us perfectly bare, with only an occasional pool of water shining in the sun, and the launch bobbed serenely out beyond the reef. Surely we could not go back to Laulii. To get the boats over the reef was impracticable. Just then two long, narrow objects, native canoes, were seen up under

some cocoanut palms. Mailo, still caring for the "tami-titi" like a faithful nurse, was sent with two other fita-fitas to carry the canoes out to the edge of the reef. Not more than two could go in a canoe, so we must await our turn. The wonders I saw in that walk across the reef are beyond description. Such forms of low animal life I had never imagined. Mailo carrying his precious burden, went first and stepped with him into the canoe and was paddled out to the launch. Neither Mailo nor the child could understand a word of the incessant conversation they carried on all through the journey. There was perfect content on the child's part to be with the big chief (for such he is) who had fought in the wars, and pride on that of the chief at the confidence shown in him. My turn came, and I succeeded in stepping from the slippery reef into the canoe without upsetting. The fita-fita was behind me. I sat down, supposing he would follow the example of the others and step in and paddle me out to the launch, so I did not attempt to look around and see where he was, as I felt and realized that to change my handkerchief from one hand to the other might plunge me into the depths, for Samoan canoes are far from steady. Suddenly I was shot out into the water far from the reef. Being true to the traditions of my sex I turned involuntarily to see what had happened, and there was no one in sight on the reef but my husband and the Secretary of Native affairs, both apparently enjoying the joke. For a few seconds I wondered what was to become of me alone in a canoe, out on the deep, with no paddle, when a little spluttering sound in the water by the canoe attracted my attention, and I looked down in my guide's brown face wreathed in smiles, his scarlet turban turned somewhat darker from its plunge down into the deep sea. With a pleasant "talofa," he put his hand on the back of the ca

noe, and so swimming propelled me out to the launch, returning afterwards for the others.

Thus McKinley Road was started out of the sincere desire of those friendly people to honor the name of their dead President. Strange and

uncivilized as those islands appear as one approaches the harbor entrance for the first time, it is truly pleasant and reassuring to have some one point out that bit of white along the coast and say "That is McKinley road."

## A CALIFORNIA MINSTREL

### THE MOCKINGBIRD



Virginia Garland.

Author of "Feathered Californians."

**I**N Southern California a big, grey, jerky-tailed bird takes possession of the long summer, filling the days and nights with exuberant music. When you are sound asleep between two and four in the morning, and a shrilling, penetrating song assails your open window, a drowsy brain is apt to resent this arousing; you devoutly wish the mockingbird would refrain from song at that hour. But when you are far away from the scent of or-

ange blooms, out of the region of the mocker, his loudly jubilant song, ringing through the warm, fragrant dark of the morning, will be remembered the thrillingly beautiful thing it is.

One morning when I had tried in vain to sleep through his calling, I rose at three o'clock and went out to him, and the strange, stillness of of the dawn-dark. A big moth fluttered by into the honey-suckle bush, flattening his wings against the underside of a broad leaf, there to hide until nightfall. A humming bird, with a quiet blur of wings, went about snipping up unwary spiders, clicking an odd little note low down in its throat the while. Everything is comparatively still but the mocker; flowers unopened, leaves furled, the stars dim, the world asleep. The expectancy of dawn has laid a hushing touch on all but this not-to-be-subdued bird. There he is, leaping and singing his loudest in the pepper tree. The daybreak means something infinitely more to him than to sleepy human folk. Perhaps he wonders how one can sleep through its stirring, mysterious beauty. It makes him wild with delight; it goes to his head. He insistently calls to others to hear at least his joy in it if they cannot hear what he hears, the music of the opening day. In listening to his song that morning I found much beside the pleasure in his



singing, for in seeking one thing of beauty we never fail to gain many other treasures. I seemed to have caught a wild rapture from the bird. All day I was conscious of an up-rising tide of emotional insight into nature my hours in bed would never have brought me.

I do not know when the mocker takes his rest during the spring and summer. He sings all day, and night after night, all hours after and before midnight. He is not able to contain himself for joy. He leaps into the air over his perch, coming down with a fillip and a loud burst of notes, which are not always melodious, but always heart-felt and sincere in expression. You cannot help laughing at him, he seems so hilariously happy. He sings at his best dark nights or before the daylight, when there are not so many things to take his attention and call forth his gibing. The bright moonlight or sunlight makes him perform all kinds of foolish antics. Like another of our famous ventriloquists, the Chat, he delights in mocking and fooling everyone, but unlike the Chat, he does not hide in doing so. He comes boldly to your threshold to jeer at you. If you walk out in your garden he calls a saucy quip at you, and always wants to know what you are about. He hasn't the remotest idea about being shy; he is not diffident about letting you see all the joy of living that overruns his being, as are so many of our birds. You may stand below and gaze at his courting; he and his mate are swift of wing, stout of beak, brave of spirit. He does not fear you, nor is he embarrassed under your regard of his domestic life. Then, too, I believe he is coming to know that California is making a law or two to protect his family. His mate's name is Mariette, for I have often heard him call to her: "Mariette! Mariette! hurry up, hurry up, quick, quick, quick, quick. Come up, hurry up Mariette!"

These birds sing far sweeter, I think, in San Diego County than elsewhere in the State. I have listened to them in San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange and Los Angeles Counties, and missed a certain richness in their song. I remember an orange grove in the Mission Valley near the city of San Diego, where several had their nests, built low down in the protecting thorns, hidden by the big, glossy leaves. There I have heard them sing softly, one at a time, in the grey morning. Sometimes the notes would increase in volume until all were singing in unison. Oftener each would keep his song distinct and apart from the others, trilling each phrase with careful ecstasy. Then another at the farthest edge of the grove would answer the strain, striving to sing a little longer and sweeter. I have never heard them sing so free of their mocking mannerisms at any other place.

Each bird in the grove claimed the domain of a certain number of trees: his nest tree and four or five around it. If a bird flew to a tree claimed by another he was sure to leave in a guilty hurry, chased by the indignant owner. No animal seemed to molest them. The house cat was mortally afraid of the wings that swooped down behind its head, and the sharp, brave beak, and used to take a wide margin around the outside of the orchard when it went abroad.

A cynical downward twist in the corner of the mocker's bill can plainly be seen in the unfeathered youngster bird.

The young develop big, strong legs while their wings are still weak and small, so they promptly walk out of their nests and fall to the ground squeaking. The parents are there to protect them, teaching them to "freeze," as Seton-Thompson has it, stiff and motionless, hiding under leaves or clods of gray-brown earth, if danger is near. If they are taken in captivity, the par-

ent bird will contrive to visit and feed the little ones poisonous berries, thus saving them from an imprisoned life, constant torture to any wild bird, but especially so to the mocker, who is so keenly exuberant to every change in the wide sweep of sky.

He must sing a little, even behind cage bars, in the misery of cap-

tivity, still responsive to the earth's every mood. Therefore he is caged for those listless ones who are too inert to watch and love the birds in the woods, too dull of ear to know the difference between a song of longing and despair and the glad paean of free ecstasy up-flung to a free sky.

---

## THRO' THE GOLDEN GATE

---

BY LUCIUS L. WITTICH

The sun sank low, and the hour grew late,  
The clouds swept in thro' the Golden Gate;  
The sea gulls soared and the night winds moaned  
As a ship to the Westward creaked and groaned.  
A mother sat, with longing eye,  
Watching the clouds go flying by;  
And her thoughts were out on the dreary sea,  
Wondering where her boy might be.  
Alone she waited, tho' the hour grew late,  
For her boy to come through the Golden Gate.

With a hiss and a roar the tempest flew,  
Dooming to death the white-faced crew;  
But through the wind and wave and foam,  
A lad stood forth and his thoughts went home.  
He heeded not the billows' swell,  
He did not flinch when timbers fell;  
His salt-washed lips were firm as stone,  
But his brow was sad and his blue eyes shone,  
Longing and waiting—longing in vain—  
He pictured his dear old home again,  
And a mother's love and a mother's care  
Came to him then in his deep despair.  
A lightning flash, then the thunder's roar,  
And the wild sea broke o'er the ship no more.  
A mother waited, the hour grew late—  
Her boy had passed through the Golden Gate.



## CURIOUS FACTS AND STATISTICAL TRUTHS

### New York's Historic Landmarks of the Revolutionary Period

BY H. M. RISELEY

NEW YORK has a number of Revolutionary landmarks, but the rapid growth of the great commercial interests of the city during the past century has so absorbed the attention of its somewhat cosmopolitan population that too little thought, until quite recent years, has been spared toward preserving them, and the uplifting thereby of the patriotic sentiment of its citizens. As the city of New York grows older and greater, however, there is a noticeably increasing tendency to look back with pride upon its magnificent record, and the remaining relics of its early struggles.

In the three colonial cities which played leading roles in the struggle for American Independence—namely, Boston, New York and Philadelphia—there exist to our own day buildings so identified with that struggle that they deserve to be preserved to all time as among its priceless landmarks. In Boston such landmarks are Faneuil Hall, the so-called "Cradle of Liberty," and the "Old South Church" on costly Washington street, which was rescued from destruction some years ago by the herculean efforts of united Boston womanhood. Very recently the patriotic men and women of Philadelphia have restored their sturdy "Independence Hall," as it was in Independence days down to

the minutest details, and the "Betsy Ross Cottage," or the little "Flag House," on Arch street, is being bought by ten-cent subscriptions from all over the country.

In New York there remain three notable architectural relics of the colonial period, and they are particularly associated not only with the early history of Manhattan Island, but with George Washington as General, President and Christian. The oldest of these is "Fraunces' Tavern," situated at Pearl and Broadway streets, in which, on December 4, 1783, Washington bade farewell to his officers. The youngest of the three is "St. Paul's Chapel," at Broadway and Vesey street, whither Washington went to worship immediately after his inauguration as President, and where he had a pew during his presidential residence in New York. Between these two landmarks, in order of erection, is the so-called Morris, or Jumel, Mansion, located between 162d street, Edgecombe avenue and 160th street and Jumel Terrace, which was Washington's headquarters in 1776. The city has already decided to restore, as nearly as possible, the building known as Fraunces' Tavern, and to make a public park of the city block on which it stands. An ordinance is still pending before the municipal authorities to create a public park of the two

city blocks on which the Jumel Mansion stands, and to preserve that magnificent specimen of classic colonial architecture as a public building. St. Paul's Chapel, being the property of Trinity Church Corporation, has been preserved and cherished by the parent organization for nearly a century and a half; so no fear need be felt as to the future of that stately edifice.

### Fraunces' Tavern.

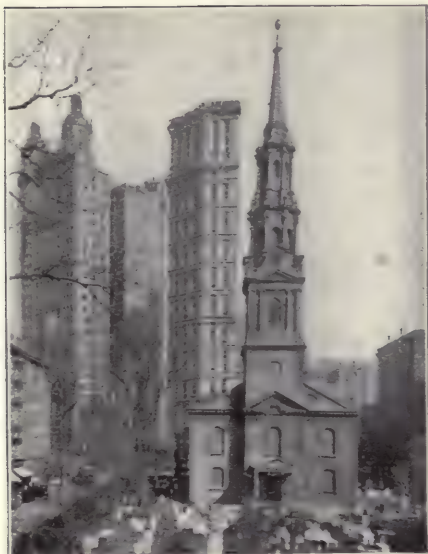
This historical building was built in about the year 1706 by Stephen De Lancey, a French Huguenot nobleman and an enterprising merchant. It was constructed of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, and was presumably roofed with tiles of Dutch make also. During the years since its erection the building has been somewhat altered, but it is hoped that it can be restored to nearly its original state. The De Lanceys were people of considerable importance socially, during their occupancy their mansion was the home of fashion and lavish entertainment. January 15, 1762, the building passed by deed into the possession of Samuel Fraunces, the favorite boniface of the day, with whose patriotic name it has become imperishably associated. "Black Sam," as he was

commonly called, named his inn the "Queen's Head," and during his ownership it became one of the most celebrated houses of public entertainment of the Revolutionary period. In April, 1768, the New York Chamber of Commerce, to-day the most potent body of men on the Western Hemisphere, was organized in the "Long Room," with 24 importers for members and John Cruger for president. For the accommodation of banquets, balls, citizens' meetings and social clubs generally, all important taverns had their "long rooms," so called in imitation of the Indian usage which named the large lodge in each village, in which were held the tribal councils and feasts, the "long room." As the troubles between England and the colonies came more and more angrily to a head, Fraunces' Tavern became a hot-bed of rebellion against the crown, and the favorite meeting place of the active malcontents. On August 23, 1775, the building was penetrated by an 18-lb. solid shot, one of a broadside from the British warship "Asia," and this shot was preserved and treasured with pride as late as 1894, since which date, unfortunately, all trace of it has been lost. After driving the British out of Boston in 1776, Washington hastened to New York in the hope of preventing Lord Howe and his 30,000 oncoming troops from occupying the city, and Fraunces' Tavern was among the various headquarters occupied by Washington during the anxious months prior to the evacuation of the city by the Americans. November 25th, 1783, following the triumphal re-entry of the Americans into New York, Fraunces' Tavern was the scene of brilliant fetes given by Governor Clinton in honor of the Commander-in-Chief, and on December 4th, 1783, in this building, Washington bade farewell to his officers.



Fraunces' Tavern as it appears to-day.





The old and the new in New York—St. Paul's Chapel.

### St. Paul's Chapel.

The cornerstone of St. Paul's Chapel was laid in a growing wheat field on May 14, 1764. This building has, fortunately, been preserved in architecture practically as it was when the subjects of George II and George III worshiped in it before the Revolution, and when Washington and his contemporaries worshiped in its afterwards. It is the oldest church edifice in New York, and is the only colonial house of worship standing on its original site, services having been held there continuously for over a century. It was the third "English" Church on Manhattan Island, Trinity having been founded in 1696 and St. George's in 1752. Trinity Church was re-built after the Revolution, having been destroyed in the great fire of 1776, and St. George's was replaced by a modern building in 1845. The sounding board on the pulpit is said to be the only pre-Revolutionary relic still in its original place in the city of New York. When the patriots went through the city, destroying everything which symbolized our allegiance to the Mother Country, the coat-of-

arms of the Prince of Wales, on the summit of this board, escaped their notice, and here it has remained until the present time. Entrances on the north and south sides of the chapel were closed to provide state pews for the Royal Governors, and later for President Washington. Over the Washington pew may be seen to-day the seal of the United States, and opposite is the coat-of-arms of the State of New York. The President's pew was occupied by Washington from 1789 to 1791, during his residence in New York, and his diary regularly records his attendance at the morning service. Eloquent divines and laymen have spoken from its pulpit. Lafayette was welcomed there in 1824. Three Presidents of the United States—Washington, Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland—have attended its services. Four American Bishops were consecrated there at one time, and many imposing funerals have been held within its walls. Eminent men and women of every profession and clime repose within the vaults and grounds, and the various inscriptions on the tombs vividly recall the history and achievements of the past. In 1818 the remains of General Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec December 31st, 1775, were deposited under the monument in the Chancel window.

### The Jumel Mansion.

This colonial relic stands upon a commanding eminence along the eastern edge of a range of hills bordering the Harlem river, included in the rather vaguely applied title of "Washington Heights." It was built as a family mansion in 1758 by Colonel Roger Morris, and in five years' time will be 150 years old. Although referred to in common parlance as the Morris, or Jumel, Mansion, its distinctive honor is that it was occupied by Washington as his headquarters in 1776, and it is therefore more properly designated as Washington's head-



The Jumel Mansion.

quarters. This building is associated in a peculiarly direct and interesting manner with the history of New York during the Revolutionary period. It has not only escaped the destruction which has been the fate of all the fine old colonial residences which at the time of its erection dotted the island, but also, by reason of its having been owned in recent years by persons of taste and patriotism, it has also escaped the equally disastrous hand of the "improver." It therefore exhibits to-day the same features which have for a full century and a half rendered it the most conspicuous building of its class in New York. From this mansion the remarkable "General Orders on the Conduct of the Army" were promulgated. In its spacious council room, now the drawing room, the Stockbridge Indians pledged to Washington their sympathy and friendship, and there, too, Washington counseled daily with his staff about the condition of his army, and received prominent patriots of the city and colonies. When Lord Howe's army began working its way towards the rear of the Continental forces, the American Commander-in-Chief left the Headquarters House and the defense of the Heights in charge of Colonel Robert Magaw, whom he designated as Post-Commander. Washington then retired with the main body of his troops across the Hudson river to the north. After one of the most

heroic defenses in the history of the war, Colonel Magaw was forced to capitulate to his vastly overwhelming foe, and on November 16, 1776, the British flag was hoisted on the citadel of Fort Washington. The Headquarters House, therefore, became the temporary headquarters of the British Commander-in-Chief, Lord Howe, who in turn left it in charge of Baron von Knyphausen, the Hessian commander of the northern defenses of the Island. The building was used as his headquarters from that time on until the triumphal re-entry of the Americans into the city in 1783. In 1790 Washington visited the historic site and dined at the old mansion, which at that time happened to be occupied by an humble farmer. The distinguished party included vice-President John Adams, Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton, and Secretary of War Henry Knox. In 1810 the house and grounds were purchased by Stephen Jumel, and it has ever since been locally connected with his name, in spite of its previous associations. Madame Jumel made it a resort for society second to none in the city. In 1815 Stephen Jumel planted a number of Egyptian cypress trees from the garden of the Tuilleries, in Paris, where Napoleon had placed them, when they were given to him by the Khedive of Egypt.



The Egyptian Cypresses planted by Stephen Jumel.





Herder and Sheep at Laguna, Cal.

Great stretches of territory in California are devoted to sheep raising. The pictures represents a herder with the small portion of a herd at

Laguna. He has driven his sheep to water and from this place will retire to some cabin in the near-by hills for his siesta.



The Red Lacquer Bridge was one of the curiosities of Japan. It was destroyed by an avalanche of mud and water in the fall of 1903.

Globe-trotters and tourists will miss the bridge, as it was one of the attractions at Nikko. The Lacquer Bridge was reserved exclusively for the use of Royalty and on either side

of the structure other bridges were provided for the ordinary citizen. These two bridges were also carried away as well as a wire bridge farther down the river.



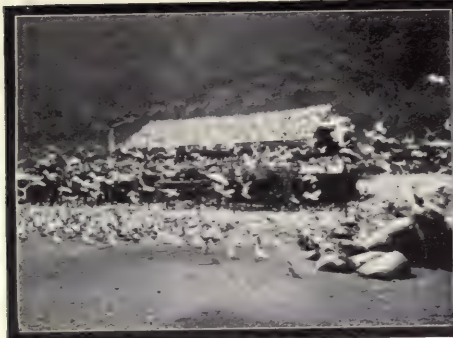
Congestion of traffic on the Pasig River, Manila. The building on the left is the United States Customs House. The thatch-covered boats in the river are called cascocs and are used for freight purposes. They are

very low draft and of great carrying capacity. The crew on board and the industry is in the hands of a union, at the head of which is an influential Chinese merchant.



Grove of Giant Live Oaks, in an Orange County Park, California.





20,000 Doves at a Los Angeles Squab Farm.



Giant Redwood Logs at a Kern County Mill.



A California Forest Curiosity.—An Ancient Redwood Tree growing over a well-preserved log.

This tree is a Kern County curiosity. At Mill Valley, near San Francisco, there is an old stump, thrown across a creek, out of which grows four redwood trees. The stump has taken root at either end and through these ends furnishes sustenance to the trees; these trees have attained a height of over sixty

feet, and to the casual observer appear to be without root. In the same grove there is the pre-historic stump of a redwood which is fifty-two feet across from outside to outside extremity of bark, above the ground. Inside is a spacious chamber thirty-eight feet across and from the rim a new growth of the *Sempervirens* reaches high in the heavens.



Filipino driving carabao or water buffalo tandem. This is a frequent sight in Manila. The buffalo is capable of drawing very heavy loads. He is slow, sure and long suffering. The only time that he will show extraordinary speed is when he is loose in pasture and he has an opportunity to make things lively for a Chinaman. He has an instinctive hatred for Chinese and is not slow in showing it on any occasion that presents itself.

# AN EGYPTIAN ENIGMA

BY ELEANORE F. LEWYS

“SHE looks as though she might have the blood of Egyptian Kings in her veins,” said Winston, knocking the ashes from his cigar against the railing of Sheppard’s Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

I glanced at the retreating figure of the girl as she passed down the narrow street, with its blank walled houses, shutting it in, the green jalousied windows breaking the blindness of their expression, the blue Egyptian sky like a slab of lapis lazuli gleaming over their tops.

“Perhaps she has,” I answered, lazily.

“Eh?” Winston dropped his feet from the chair in front of him and stared. I laughed.

“What business has she, then, to be lugging around a great, fat, idiotic Englishwoman’s baby?” he asked, angrily.

“Englishwoman idiotic, or the baby?”

“Bah!” Then: “She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw,” dreamily.

“The Englishwoman?”

Winston gripped his cigar between his white teeth, and swore a little, I think.

“Don’t get excited, old boy,” I said, calmly. “Too hot, you know. Might get an attack of apoplexy, or sun-stroke, or something. Keep as cool as you can.”

Presently: “She’s coming back, Blake,” in an agitated whisper. By Jove! Was Winston really caught at last. At his thirtieth year, and by a dusky, barbaric-looking nurse girl?

I looked from him to the woman coming up the steps of the hotel, with her little charge dragging back petulantly.

She was too tall for an Egyptian woman (besides, a woman of her race, “out at service,” and walking the streets unveiled in broad daylight was an anomaly) and too dusky for an English or American woman.

She walked with the air of one born to command, instead of to be commanded, as she doubtless was, in her present position. She wore her black hair in two thick braids; one lay caressingly over her breast. The nostrils of her straight, rather short, nose dilated like those of a thoroughbred. Her full red lips were curled in a satirical smile, as if she found the world in general slightly amusing. Her great dark eyes lighted up at times, full of life, fire, fierce rebellion. Youth emanated from her whole sinuous slim body like a perfume, but just now, in her face, a weariness of centuries looked forth.

After she had passed into the hotel, barely glancing at us, Winston suddenly whistled and ran down the steps. He came back with a ring in his hand. A dull gold ring, in the shape of a snake, only with a tiny, perfect head of the sphynx forming the back.

“The brat dragged it off and dropped it, I suppose,” Winston said. And then he added: “There is an inscription inside.”

Winston is a scholar as well as a soldier, and has inspired my lifelong respect by being able to read Egyptian hieroglyphics.

He read the faintly traced letters now, with a slight frown on his white forehead:

“For Thee, oh Daughter of Egypt, life is long!”

\* \* \* \*

There was a flurry of skirts through the open doorway, and the



owner of the ring stood before us, pale, trembling, with wide, frightened eyes. "Did you see——" she began quickly.

Winston handed her the ring in silence, but somehow something in his face made me suddenly feel, for the first time in our lengthy friendship, rather *de trop*.

\* \* \* \*

"It's a far cry from San Francisco," said Winston, dreamily, and looked from the great stone face above him, over the shimmering plains, lying breathless under the warm yellow gleams of the moon.

Over there were the pyramids, huge monuments of an unknown origin. From where we were, in the bright light, we could see the great blocks of stone that form them, like huge steps to the peaked summits. How many enthusiastic tourists from all over the world had laboriously climbed up those gray rocks, brought from no one knows where, and gazed over the desert, as we were gazing now

"I agree with that fellow in 'Cupid and the Sphinx' who said that the chip off her nose rather spoiled the dignity of her expression," Winston broke into my thoughts gently. "Wonder if some sacrilegious tourist climbed up there and chipped it off as a souvenir of Egypt? Or was it caused by the elements themselves?"

"Can't say," I answered, lazily. "One of the old lady's secrets, no doubt. By the way, doesn't it strike you as rather incongruous to have made the Sphinx a female? Perhaps, though, an Egyptian lady could keep a secret."

Winston frowned. "I would bet a good deal on the 'Princess's' secrecy," he said. We had nicknamed her "the Princess." It certainly suited her. Fearful that my friend would begin one of his rhapsodies on this strange girl that interested him perhaps a little too much for his peace of mind, I remarked that

it was about time to look up the donkeys and start for the hotel.

I turned slowly, thinking disgustedly of the long jolting ride before us on those ridiculous little animals, when an exclamation from Winston made me turn again to him quickly.

He had been digging aimlessly in the sand near the end of one of the long "ear flaps" (as he persisted in calling them), of the Egyptian head-dress. His stick had struck against something that gave out a faint, ringing sound, and now he fell on his knees (the immaculate Winston, in his cool white linen suit!) and was digging desperately with his hands, throwing the sand behind him, more like a dog than anything else I could think of.

"Has the Egyptian moonlight gone to your usually level head?" I asked, in sudden consternation. What on earth possessed him?

"Lend a hand, old man," was all he answered. And then, as I, too, began to dig vigorously (I had heard that insane people should always be humored), he announced, between deep breaths: "Who knows but what we are about to reveal one of the Sphinx's secrets?"

"Secrets! Fiddles!" I exclaimed, as my astonished eyes caught sight of a small iron ring, corroded with rust, the dun color of the earth that had so long covered it. This ring was buried in the drifted desert sands.

"By the shades of all the Pharaohs! Pull, old man!" and I pulled.

It was a small stone door that we had unearthed, not more than two or three inches thick, and just large enough to squeeze through. After we had jammed it back, and heaped the sand up against it, Winston struck a match and lighted the bicycle lantern that he was seldom without. The door opened into a passage just wide enough for one (Winston went first, this was his

funeral, I argued.) Down, down, into the body of the Sphynx. Would the windings of that stone alleyway never end? An atmosphere—damp and indescribable—came to our nostrils, an odor of dead and forgotten centuries, that swept around us in folds as tenacious as mummy-cloths. Voiceless, yet teeming with the clamorous ghost-tongues of dead and gone aeons of emotions; loves, hates, births, deaths; the voices of the Past! Pent up, beating against walls of stone! struggling for freedom!

By this time (the passage had given a sudden, unexpected turn), we had reached the end of our journey. The narrow alley had opened out into a vast chamber, divided by arches and stone pillars into many smaller chambers. We could make this much out, rather dimly, as Winston flashed his lantern to and fro. Then suddenly he uttered a strange exclamation, and stumbled back into my arms. "Good God! Old man, look there!"

If the sight unnerved Winston, of the gallant —th, what effect did it have on your humble servant, merely a prosperous business man, who had made his little pile in Wall street?

For in every arched alcove of the whole vast place was a group of mummied figures. We knew they were mummies because, wonderfully embalmed as they were, even the art of the eighth dynasty could not wholly conceal that fact. The dry, air-tight chamber had perhaps done more to preserve them than the embalming process they had gone through ages ago.

The skin was drawn too tightly over the bones; the apparently just-arrested movements were too stiffly posed; the teeth showed plainly through the skin of the lips; the eyes—God!—the eyes of the dead!

We made for a stone bench set against the wall, and braced ourselves up with a long drink from our flasks. "I begin to understand it

all," I mused slowly, in a half-dream. (How my voice sounded in that great mausoleum, a husky whisper that joined the other ghost-voices, and was mocked at and flung back in derision.) "Every group here represents scenes in the lives of Egypt's kings—their tragedies (they were all tragedies, because even a comedy would become terrible here) that is, the satellites of the kings, the principal figures in their reigns—not the kings themselves. To be hackneyed, it is the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out."

Winston mopped his brow, and took another drink. "There's a group near that I should like to examine more closely, old man, if you don't mind," he announced a little faintly. "And then, for God's sake, let's get out of this as quickly as we can."

I followed him (rather closely on his heels, I'll admit) to where two figures stood—a man and a woman.

The woman, of royal blood, from the jeweled band of gold across her low, dark brow to the tip of her small silken sandal; the curved, sensual, cruel mouth, the short nose, with its spreading, dilating nostrils, the flowing dark hair—a Princess of Egypt!

One imperious hand pointed—where? To the silken couch of some Rameses? The other holding a bowl of alabaster and gold, empty now of all contents, however death-dealing they might once have been) just as the stark figures around us were emptied of the vital essence that had once directed all their movements.

At her feet crouched the figure of a man. His face wore an expression of appeal, horror, fright; his eyes—well, they were eyes that once seen could not be forgotten, even after miles of ocean rolled between us and the mysteries of this strange land. He wore the livery of a slave, but lowly as he was, evidently he played the part of a factor in the



"Kismet" of one of Egypt's kings.

We turned back to the woman and Winston suddenly leaned forward. He touched a ring (a ring I had somewhere seen before), of dull gold, in the shape of a snake, only with a perfect little sphynx forming the back. My friend drew it off the dead woman's lean brown finger. There was a faintly traced inscription inside but Winston made the words out by the light of his lantern, as if he were already familiar with them:

"For Thee, oh Daughter of Egypt, life is long!"

\* \* \* \*

"If you hadn't been so careful about someone else discovering it we might have found it again," I said, a little wrathfully. It was really too hot to get very much exercised over anything.

Winston looked at me sadly. "That's one of my many faults," he

answered plaintively. "I put things away so carefully at home that I never find them again."

"I believe that it was a phantasy of our brains, anyhow," I answered, after a pause. "The effect of the moonshine, combined with want of food."

"How do you account, then," said my friend, convincingly, "for the carbide being exhausted in my lamp? You know I have had no occasion to use it since last night, and I filled it yesterday morning."

There was the same desert scene, only lighted now by a blazing sun shining from a great "inverted bowl" of turquoise. There were the sands, stretches of dirty yellow waves, with the fleeting shadow of some sailing buzzard to break their monotone; while above us towered the great stone face; inscrutable, unsmiling, indifferent as Fate itself—the face of the Sphynx.

---

## A VALENTINE

---

BY MRS. M. P. SMITH

Go, little bird, to my lady love—

The maiden so fair for whom I pine—  
Sing her a song, tell her, "Sweet, O Sweet!  
You are my only valentine!"

Go, little flower, thou sweetest of all,

Go, breathing this message of mine;  
Whisper: "I love you, Love, O my Love!  
You are my only valentine!"

Go, little verse, bird and flower in one,

Kneel to her love, as unto a shrine,  
And lay at her feet a heart full of love—  
She is my only valentine.

# JOHN RICHARD LEE, '62

BY ARTHUR D. COULTER

IT was a glorious day in June and passed uneventfully, save for the ever-changing scenery. A week before we had reached the headwaters of the McKenzie, and were now floating down the great river. We were but a part of the hundreds of gold-seekers which had invaded the Northland during the spring of '98.

At eight o'clock the sun was still high in the heavens. Weary with the long day, we had landed our camp outfit and shortly were at home in a beautiful spot on the river bank. A few hundred yards down the McKenzie stood an old trading post, a landmark of the Hudson Bay Company. As we sat about the camp-fire, enjoying the post-prandial pipe, the slow-going sun lent a spiritual beauty to the surrounding scene. The lengthening beams were filtered through the tall pines, and here and there the shafts of light were reflected by the polished bark of a birch.

In the gathering dusk I strolled down the river bank toward the old trading post. On my way I visited the ruins of an old fort and a quaint and unique Indian burial ground. Nothing but curiosity led me there. The trading post was constructed of heavy logs chinked with moss. The interior was completely filled with a great many furs and similar articles, the product of barter with the Indians. An agent of the company would soon visit the factor at his lonely outpost bringing a supply of goods for another year, and to carry the "spelter" back to the States. This agent would come overland from the headwaters of the Stickeen river.

As I reached the entrance of the post the trader arose from his seat on the doorstep and, without speak-

ing, preceded me into the store. For weeks I had been accustomed to strange experiences, but this man, charge d'affaires, by his manner and appearance, impressed me as being extremely odd. He was perhaps sixty years of age, and each year had left an indelible stamp upon his face. He appeared to be sixty, but looked as if he were much older. He was above the average in height, but slender and poor in flesh. His hair, once black, was thickly streaked with gray. His jet black eyes seemed to talk. He stood behind the counter and shot those eyes at me like two black darts. I stood before him, surveying the interior of the room, and he still held that unremittant gaze upon me. As yet he had not spoken.

As mine met his I thought the look in his eyes was that of a maniac. I stepped near a table where I noticed some books. Each one I picked up in turn. The first was Graham's Integral and Differential Calculus; then Kant's Critique of Pure Reason; next Jevon's Logic, and lastly a volume of Bacon's Philosophy. Their well-worn condition attested the service they had seen. For just a moment his attention was withdrawn and I hastily turned to the fly leaves of the last book, and there read: "John Richard Lee of Richmond, Virginia. Washington and Lee University, Class of '62." I replaced the book and turned to look at John Richard Lee. I had served my apprenticeship as a reporter on a metropolitan daily, otherwise I should have felt as if intruding on privacy. The old rapacious desire for a story nerved me to meet his gaze again. For just an instant we stood eyeing each other. His manner plainly asked one question: "What do you



want?" My whole desire then was to have him answer one question: "Why are you here?" I was convinced that he would not open the conversation (if indeed there was to be one) and so I asked: "Well, how do you like life in this part of the country?"

His look was contemptuous, as he replied without hesitation: "Very well, if people would only let me alone. Do you want to buy anything?" This broadside caught me full in the front. If I was dumbfounded and nonplussed I was also mystified. These were his first words, and yet his voice was as gentle as a woman's. His unpleasant words appeared to be studied and natural. Behind it all there seemed to be the better self of a high-bred gentleman. What was he? a cynic? a pessimist? a maniac? a combination of all three? Right there I resolved to talk to "John Richard Lee of '62." I determined to look behind those dark scenes of forty years.

"I want to buy a can of tomatoes," I said as patronizingly as possible. That was the only article that caught my eyes which I could use. He placed the can upon the counter and, answering my enquiry as to the price, he simply said: "Two dollars." While he was engaged with the change, I was arranging my mental troops for another attack. Believing that a man's hobby is oft-times his weakness, I said: "You have some very interesting books there." The shot went home like the arrow to the heel of Achilles. He fairly beamed with interest and attention: "Do you know anything about these books? If you do, you are the first man that I have met in twenty years that knows the difference between a syllogism and a sack of flour. What do you know about logic?" he asked.

"I can prove to you," said I, "that Des Carte's famous 'Cogito Ergo Sum' is a fallacy." His eyes

sparkled with pleasure, as I proceeded with the demonstration. I was endeavoring strenuously to entangle him in his own net. The discussion was carried to some length without disagreement, and then I thought to lead him back to the story of his life.

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Long enough to claim immunity from publicity and freedom from the curse of civilization," was his cynical reply. "Do you wish to buy anything else?" he asked. I concluded there was nothing further as I picked up my dear can of tomatoes and withdrew. His last reply had silenced my batteries, and I retired more interested and less satisfied. I acknowledged that I was defeated.

I wended my way toward camp, and pondered over this remarkable life, but felt that if I should ever have the story of "John Richard Lee of '62," it must of necessity be the product of my own imagination. Upon reaching camp I found my companions wrapped in blankets and asleep. It was quite dark as I sat beside the rekindled fire writing a letter to my mother thousands of miles away back in the States. The letter would be carried from that point by the Mounted Police to some connection with civilization. I had finished the letter and was arranging some beautiful, but odorless, wild roses plucked near the Indian burying ground, when suddenly the bushes were parted, and a man stalked in with a pack on his back. "I want to know what you d—— chechacos are coming in here for?" he hissed.

I did not recognize the speaker by the fitful blaze. When he spoke, I saw the black eyes of my friend, "John Richard Lee, '62." There was no mistaking that maniacal glare. If his eyes had been piercing before now they fairly blazed. The restless glare gave evidence only too plainly of the dethroned

mind. To say the least I was ill at ease. Somehow I did not care so much for that interview which I had so heartily desired. My first thought was to parley for time, and so I said as calmly as I could: "I suppose the purpose of this immigration is to develop the country."

"Develop the country!" he snarled, "this is my country, and I want——"

He did not finish the sentence, for just then he caught sight of the letter and the flowers I was endeavoring to enfold with as much composure as I could command. As he gazed his words were almost tender, and he asked: "My boy, are you in love with that woman?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am."

"Take my advice, my boy—don't send that letter. Save yourself before it is too late. Is it your first love?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied thoughtfully, "and the only one that has not proved evanescent."

"Evanescence could not be a misfortune, but the failure to be so may be your undoing," was his laconic rejoinder.

For some moments we sat in silence, both gazing into the smoldering fire. Then he broke the silence. "I believe I can trust you. Do you intend returning to the States soon?"

"At the summer's end," I said.

"May I not ask you to do me a great favor?" he asked, so earnestly that his manner was pathetic.

Endeavoring to reassure him, I answered: "Nothing would please me more than to serve you."

He glanced across the fire to where my companions lay asleep.

"Are they asleep?" But before I could answer him, he said: "I fear not. I do not wish to trust them. Let us walk down the river bank to where we may be alone." Side by side we walked, until arriving at a high bank directly overlooking the river he halted and sat down upon the grass. Immediately in front

of us and below at the water's edge two Indians were reclining upon some skins beside a birch canoe. They sprang up and began to load the boat. He spoke to them in their tongue. They again lay down upon the skins.

At length he turned to me and said:

"The curse of civilization is again upon my trail." This time his words betrayed despair. "If I ask this favor of you I must explain why I am here. And yet I must entrust it to some one, and you are a philosopher and a logician. Yes, I must entrust it to some one," he repeated. "Then, too, if you will listen to my story, which is a short one, you may think better and decide not to send that letter and those flowers to that woman."

\* \* \* \*

"I am a Virginian."

"An F. F. V." I suggested.

"Yes, but it is F. F. A. now."

I inferred that he had assumed the distinction of an order all his own—The First Family of the Arctic. Not wishing to interrupt him I did not ask for an explanation.

"I left college in '61 to enter the service, and I wanted to marry Rose before leaving."

"Who was Rose?" I asked.

"She was the most beautiful woman in Virginia—yes, in the whole South."

Here he paused. His voice and words and manner were the most pitiful, the most pathetic I have ever heard. As I looked into his strained face, its haggard lines lit up by the bright Arctic moonlight, I could see that forty years had not effaced the tender devotion for his Southern love. Time had not erased but had intensified this great passion. For some moments he sat wholly oblivious to his surroundings. I would not disturb his memories.

"I could have married her; and she would have married me; I know she would have married me," he re-



iterated, as if to reassure himself.

"Her father objected, and wanted her to marry the other man. Then he insisted that she should wait until the South should win its cause. I accepted the conditions and entered the service and left the other man behind." These last words were accompanied by an expression that I am sure he must have acquired from long association with the wolf-dog; the expression of the wolf-dog when expecting to be punished.

"Three years after entering the service," he continued, "I returned an officer. Rose had married the other man. Then the call for troops became so urgent that he enlisted to escape the last draft. He was in my command, and at The Wilderness he attempted to lead a charge. His real purpose was to rob me of my command. I saw the motive in his face. It was the same expression I saw in his face once before when Rose gave him the waltz that was mine. When he was in direct line with the Yankees' works and on higher ground—he dropped dead."

These last sentences came like explosive confessions.

"Shot in the back?" I suggested.

His eyes were averted as he said simply: "Yes, he was shot in the back."

The tone was no longer combative; with these last words he had grown sympathetic.

"But remember now, boy, I am trusting you to do me a favor. No human ears have ever heard these words before—I could not realize that I had done wrong. If you had seen Rose you would have understood. While the war lasted I was content to work and wait. I strived to gain advancement, and honors were showered upon me, but empty honors after Appomatox. Then I returned to claim my own—my own by right. On the gravel walk leading up to the house I met a tiny baby girl. Oh, she was just like

Rose in miniature. I caught her up in my arms and kissed her. Her dimpled hands pushed my face away from her as she asked: 'When my papa tum?' It was the accusing finger of God's wrath. I saw Rose but for a moment that evening. She was in mourning. The plantation was a wreck—the niggers gone."

"Then I left Virginia as if driven out by an angel with a flaming sword. The angel was little Rose—the sword was her pleading baby words: 'Will my papa tum soon?'"

The old man drew from his pocket a small leather case covered with bead work, and opening it so that the bright moonlight fell full upon it I saw a tiny curl of golden hair.

"Is that the angel's hair?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I took this in exchange for what remained of my fortune after the war. I gave all I had left to her mother.

"The curse of God was upon me. I went West. For ten years I hunted buffalo for a livelihood and I thought I should be left alone, but the cursed civilization beat upon my trail. Then I moved far into the mountains of Idaho, but some fool like you discovered the Coeur d'Alene, and before I knew it the country was overrun by a crazy mob looking for gold. From there I traveled far into the North. I was given a station by the Hudson Bay Company, and here on the headwaters of the McKenzie I had hoped to live in peace. I thought I should not be bothered by another drove of crazy prospectors, but you are on my trail again. This is my country. Mine by right of discovery and by right of occupation. But, by —, sir, you may have it. I was driven out of the garden of Eden when I left Virginia. From there you trailed me with your cursed civilization to the buffalo plains and from there to Idaho, and then dogged my steps toward the North. I have never turned back,

and I never will. I am going to a new country and one that I will hold as my own, and, remember, I don't want any of you d—— prospectors to——. But you said you intended returning to the States this Fall," and here his voice grew tender—"will you do me that favor?"

"Certainly; I told you I would be glad to serve you."

"Find Rose (you will find everything in this package) and tell her that I love her still. Tell her to forgive the past. If I did wrong, I did it all for love of her. And now, my boy, you say that you are in love with that woman—I knew it by the flowers——"

I simply nodded assent.

"Don't send that letter. Tear it up. You may lose her and then you, too, will be running ahead of this cursed civilization, and, my God! man, it travels like a prairie fire."

He arose and spoke to the Indians. Immediately they pushed the frail bark canoe into the water and placed within it the parcels they had brought. They floated out on the placid bosom of the great river which flows toward the pole. For a long time I watched the little craft going on its strange mission. I could hear the rhythmic dip, dip, of the paddle, and a great wide lane of beams was reflected in the wake of the boat. In my mind's eye I can still see that little boat floating down toward the Arctic Ocean.

In reply to my enquiry as to where he was going, he said, as he grasped my hand: "I am going to a new land. This river flows toward the North. I am going down that river until that pole-star yonder shall be in the South."

---

## DESPAIR

---

BY CHARLES W. STEVENSON

Above the gleaming walls, near-by the gate,  
 A giant figure stood, moveless as stone.  
 Woe writhed on livid lips that could not moan;  
 Fear caverned in dark eyes condemned to wait;  
 And came there no release, though it was late  
 In the eternal morning. Thus, alone,  
 Wearing the form of man, still to atone,  
 Stood the invisible shade, embodied Hate.  
 And ever as he looked, the great white doors  
 Of pearl did ope and close, with music sweet  
 As laughter; friends passed in with lute and song;  
 But saw him not, who stood there waiting long  
 The love rejected,—heaven stretched at his feet,—  
 And footfalls fading on the golden floors.



# AT POSO REAL

BY JAMES M. FELLOW

“TAIN’T no sin to cheat a Mexican an’ no trick neither,” spoke Len Tannehill, decisively.

The well-dressed man at his side could not understand why. He did not express himself, but such were his thoughts. What he did say was:

“No, I expect not,” and he said it with just enough emphasis to guarantee his knowledge of Southwestern idiosyncrasies.

But the cowboy was not deceived. He drained his glass at a gulp, wiped his huge mustache with a bandanna, and said:

“Yer don’t b’lieve it, eh? Watch me.”

At the farther end of the saloon three Mexicans played “coon-can.” Tannehill approached the table, and sat down among them. The stranger followed.

“Got any dinero to lose, amigos?”

They consulted in Spanish.

“Si, senor—poker,” finally responded the tallest, drawing his se-rape more closely about him.

They shuffled and dealt the pack. Mexican cards, and only forty at that.

The first hand, and a Jack-pot starting.

The cow-puncher caught the stranger’s eye and winked with awful solemnity. The little player opposite caught the action in his furtive glance. He was suspicious—that sufficed.

Conversation was not indulged in for five successive hands; then the fat Mexicano bluffed and carried the pot.

Tannehill cursed with startling vehemence; then consoled himself with an enormous mouthful from his stalwart plug.

This time he dealt. His adversary on his left and right drew out.

The small man facing him to play against.

“Easy,” he thought, and deftly substituted a card. It was an ace! He had a pair and bet.

Unhesitatingly the other raised him.

Tannehill grew ill at ease; then obstinate. Again he sought support by mistake—two cards when but one was wanted.

Four aces!

Now he was all confidence. In a bantering way he coached his opponent for further wager. But the limit was reached; the little Mexican called him.

With an assumed sigh of contentment, Tannehill coolly tossed his hand upon the table.

“Pick ’em out,” he said; then reached for the silver.

But a chorus of protesting shouts stopped him, and a sinewy hand gripped his wrist. He looked up, annoyed. The Mexican met his glance with a sinister smile.

“It is not r-right,” he said, with wonderful suavity. “You have four aces; me two. Por que? It is not r-right; six aces to ze pack? No?”

Tannehill looked the cards over. “By ginger! yer kerrect.” And he appeared surprised.

“Say,” he continued suddenly, and he scowled upon the other, “yer don’t work thet on me. I’m onto yer proper. Look a-hyar, them aces o’ yours don’t b’long to ther pack. Watcher givin’ us?”

The other compared all six. He looked at the back of each. The difference was beyond question. The diagonal lines crossed his at entirely opposite angles to any in the pack.

He was nonplussed, then grew alarmed. Cheating, or attempting the same, was serious business, and

he knew it. He mustered his most innocent air.

"Por Dios! I no cheat. Sure! Mixed deck, sure! You win 'm."

"No-o, yer wouldn't cheat, yer black hypocrite. Look yonder. What's thet?"

The Mexican moved back his chair. Scattered cards lay revealed. He was yellow-white when he looked up.

"Huh!" exclaimed Tannehill in supreme disgust. "These greasers can't play fair 'f they tried. Come, stranger, have a cigar or suthin'." He pocketed the stakes and walked to the bar. His friend followed.

They drank their liquor and went out, and the incident was forgotten in the bustle of the arriving stage.

For half an hour the moody Mexicans consulted. They had been wronged; they meant to resent it, and plotted accordingly.

It was then night. The moon was bright. Warm breezes from the desert stirred the cottonwoods along the creek-bank with a soft, purr-like rustle.

Tannehill and Manglee—his friend—repaired to their lodgings. Here a pair of new overalls, an eight inch turn-up at the bottom, blue shirt, wide-brimmed Stetson and gaudy neckerchief, replaced the soiled ones of the cowboy. He even discarded his weapon like a peaceful citizen.

They dined at Castleman's Inn, then returned to their quarters to sleep.

Later, when Manglee awoke, it was still night. How long he had slumbered he knew not. Unable to sleep more, he lay and thought.

An author was he. He had journeyed from a distance to study the mannerisms of a distinct grade of Americans; to locate the scenes of a story; to produce such a story as might be unprecedented in the archives of literature. Poso Real was the ideal town for his purpose. He was progressing, and he felt satisfied.

He raised himself, intending to suspend his coat before the small, square window, and thus cast out the moonlight which fell upon the bed.

But a sound which caused him to lay back, hastily, upon his pillows, even to draw against the wall, stopped him.

Some one was in the darkened hallway. He had heard the door-knob turn. More than that he heard a whisper through the rude partition.

From the adjourning room came Tannehall's deep discomposed snoring. The connecting door was open.

A minute passed; then his suspicions were assured. In the half-light he recognized the cowboy's late opponent at cards in the bare-footed figure which glided noiselessly across the floor.

A knife gleamed in his hand.

Terrified, Manglee lay and watched. He thought of calling out; it would have been rash, he considered. How he longed for Tannehill's revolver, lying where that individual had placed it when he changed attire, upon the table not two yards away. His hat was also there.

The little Mexican paused. He evidently searched for something. Now he stood at the farther end of the room. Again he moved, paused and looked about him. Suddenly he passed to the opposite side of the apartment; then to the table. His movements were cat-like. The watcher lay closer to the wall and trembled. Through his half-closed lids he saw the man take both the hat and weapon, and slink into the shadow. Then all was still.

Not until the pale light of dawn presaged the day did Manglee trust himself to move. Then he arose, and hurriedly recounted the mysterious visit, object and departure to his drowsy friend. Tannehill cursed roundly and intimated frightful vengeance.

Having dressed, they left the



place. Early as it was, the one wide street was dotted with chattering groups of men. Something was amiss, and Tannehill nervously commented on it. As they appeared there was a movement in the nearest crowd.

"Hey, Len," called a large man. He was Deputy-sheriff M'Millan.

The cowboy and the author approached. The former in particular was the cynosure of all eyes. Manglee looked into his face for explanation.

He noticed it was slightly pale; the blood-shot eyes even wavered and glittered strangely.

"Very sorry, old man, but I'm jest doin' my duty. I 'lows ye to know, Farrell of ther California Poppy Saloon, was kilt las' night——"

"Thet's orright, Mac," magnanimously responded the prisoner. "I expected it. Ther fact is, I were going to tell yer about it myself, ter-day."

They were slowly walking up the street; the crowd followed silently behind. He had many friends, had Tannehill, and all were in deep sympathy.

"What gets me," resumed the cow-puncher, "is how yer found me out. Thar were no ev'dence, I'll swar, ez pointed to my doin' ther killin'."

M'Millan looked at the man. He wondered if the deed had deranged his mind.

"Say," he said, confidentially, "I agrees Farrell were no good; ther hull town agrees to thet. Bein' a handsome feller, an' havin' ther knack o' sayin' things in jest ther right way, he were a great ladies' man. Thar's many a husband ez huntin' fer him." Tannehill's face grew dark. "And many will envy yer position, even now. But thar's jest this I wants to say: thet a man what ain't got sense enuff, after disposin' o' thet cyote, to take his sombrero an' his gun—an' mind ye, his name on both o' them—wal, he oughter—he oughter—damn me!

I'd bore him myself, fer luck!"

The cowboy looked at Manglee significantly, and his anger grew.

The deputy continued; this time in a caustic voice:

"And besides, Len, ther house were robbed. Now, did yer——"

"Just a moment, Sheriff," interrupted the hitherto silent Manglee, and he advanced the incidents of the card table and the midnight marauder. They were invaluable expedients, colored as they were by the author's clever deducing, and M'Millan was charmed.

That night, while an unusually large gathering at the store conversed on the recent murder, particularly condemning the dastardly methods of the Mexicans, the Deputy-Sheriff entered suddenly. He had a letter in his hand.

"Boys," he said, "I've word here thet Tannehill's mother is a-dyin' in Silver Crest. She wants to see him. Now, I wanten know how the sentment o' this town lies."

Manglee's eyes grew dim, when, unhesitatingly, the enthusiastic shout went up:

"Let 'm off, Mac."

He thanked him in a husky voice, then when quiet was restored, explained:

"Boys, my position don't exactly call for this yere kind of thing. Howsomever, I'll jest talk to ther bar-keep yere, sorter important-like, an' let yer play ther hand. And, Manglee, if I happens to drop ther quartel key, when I lifts my nose-rag from my pocket, ye'll please return it. Mind yer, ye'll return it—when yer sees me to-morry. I'll not need it 'fore then."

And so the key was obtained.

\* \* \* \*

The jail, a one-room, adobe appropriation set in the hill-side, was reached. Poso Real seemed gathered there in the moonlight.

Tannehill walked out and bade them all farewell. His eyes were wet with tears and shone brightly with deepest gratitude.

A little pinto pony stood near. To the saddle were fastened a roll of blankets, a small sack of provisions, a "bota" of water, even a 30-30 Winchester and ammunition.

Tannehill mounted.

"I'll see yer again sometime," he said, hoarsely, as he gripped Mangle's hand. "I reckon I might cross the Mississippi some day." Then to the crowd:

"Good-bye, boys, an' God bless yer all." And amid a weak cheer, he rode swiftly down the rocky canyon-bed. He never returned.

Later, as the author lay on his hard bed and thought, he wondered if Tannehill's mother was indeed dying, or if it was Deputy M'Millan's ruse.

He seemed to favor the latter explanation of the case.

---

## A CRY ON THE TRAIL

---

BY GEORGE HYDE PRESTON

**I**T was December, and winter had come into its own.

The Yukon, that in summer slid its muddy waters swiftly by the front of the trader's store, now lay across the face of the land like a huge frozen snake with its mouth in Bering's Sea and its tail in the Rocky Mountains.

The thermometer marked forty degrees below, but the miners sitting around the big stove in the center of the store were not talking about that.

The cold did not interest them until it went to 70 or 75 degrees below, and the thermometer gave up trying.

"Yes, sir," said Billy Delaney, "I can remember that hard winter on the head waters of the Kuyukuk, away up near the Arctic, when Jamaica ginger was froze for weeks and red hot stoves was dying of pneumonia all around us. Ain't that so, Cap?" and old Billy grinned at the trader.

"That's sure right," answered Cap, nodding his grizzled head. "That was the same winter when the ghost of old Indian Joe, that had haunted the Kuyukuk for years, froze plumb solid and never walked any more."

"Haw! Haw!" went the crowd.

"You always go him one better, Cap," grinned Jim Burt.

"It didn't freeze up all the ghosts," huskily muttered a little German, "I hear 'em often when I am alone on the trail."

The men around the stove looked at one another and nodded, and Cap, who was getting together a lot of supplies for Burt, whispered, "Dutchy has been in the country too long. He's sure nutty. He ought to go outside."

Burt nodded, and turning to the German, asked: "Did you ever see one, Dutchy?"

"No. You can't see them white things on the snow; but I hear 'em call. Sometimes way up in the hills and sometimes near the trail."

"Did you ever track one?" inquired Burt, carelessly, while he was going over his list of supplies.

"I tried once," answered the German. "I thought it was some man got lost. It was awful cold, and I know he freeze unless I find him. I call him, but he don't answer when I call. He just cry out other times. I go after him."

"You bet you did, Dutchy," said Burt, cordially, "I never knew you to go back on a man."



The German nodded gravely. "I put on my snow shoes and go. It was open country. No trees, just snow. I see where the cry came from, but I see no trail to it. I circle all round that place. There was no trail in. When I strike my own trail again I know it is not a man, for a man makes a track in soft snow."

The little man paused and looked at the men around the stove. They tried to laugh, but the German's face sobered them.

"What did you do then, Dutchy?" inquired Burt.

"I pray," answered the German, "and then I run, and I never go back to that place, but I think sometime they come to me on the trail, and then——" He paused and muttered to himself.

There was a moment of uneasy silence, and then Burt said, as he gathered up his supplies, "I've no more time to talk ghosts. I've got to make Glacier Gulch before dark."

"You can't do it with your load, Jim," said old Billy.

"Can't I!" retorted Burt. "You don't know my dogs. Old Bob and Grit would pull it through alone, to say nothing of Two Bits and Dick."

"That's sure right," said Cap. "I know 'em. Have you got everything you want, Jim?"

"Let's see," said Burt. "Yes, everything except tobacco. 'Give me three pounds of plug, Cap.'"

"Here you are. That all?"

"Yes," answered Burt. "I wish one of you fellows would give me a hand lashing up my load," he added.

It was Dutchy who helped him.

"Much obliged, Dutchy," said Burt. "Your heart's in the right place, anyhow."

Dutchy nodded. "You hurry. Get there afore dark. Them ghosts—" and the little man looked around apprehensively.

"All right, Dutchy, so long. Get up, Bob! Dick! Two-Bits! Grit! Mush there!"

The team strung out, and went yelping down the trail, the loaded

sled swaying and creaking behind. Burt soon turned into another trail that led away from the Yukon, and traveled along it uneventfully for a couple of hours. The dogs had settled down to their work and the only sounds were their straining in the harness and the creaking of the sled.

The short Arctic day was drawing in, and the shadows were deepening in the hills.

To the north the unbroken snow stretched away to the dim ice-ground coast of the Arctic, and to the south, way, way across the snow and ice and glaciers lay the land Jim had left, and was going back to when he had made his pile.

"What a God-forsaken, silent place!" muttered he. "A man is afraid to speak for fear something will break! Even one of Dutchy's ghosts would be company."

As if in answer, a muffled cry came over the snow from the low land to the left.

"Whoa, Bob! What was that?"

Burt listened and waited in vain.

"I believe Dutchy's stories have gone to my head," he muttered. "I've got 'em sure! There is nobody within miles of here. Get along, boys! We can't stay here all day."

The dogs had just started when the cry came up again, louder, more insistent, nearer. A discordant, unhuman cry!

"What is it?" exclaimed Burt. "That is no animal's cry—and no man's either! I wonder if Dutchy——" Again came the cry.

The dogs whined and stood in their tracks, with bristling hair and noses pointed in the direction of the sound.

Burt called loudly. "Hullo! Where are you? Hullo!"

There was no answer.

Burt shivered. "Dutchy said it didn't answer him," he muttered. "I believe——"

Again came the awful cry.

A panic seized Burt. He called frantically to his dogs. They plunged wildly forward, and again the cry sounded in Burt's ears as he ran. For a breathless space dogs and man raced along together, and then Burt cried, "Whoa, boys! Whoa! There are no ghosts. That's a man. It must be a man. And if it is, he needs help and needs it bad!"

Again and again came the cry.

"Hullo! Hullo!" called back Burt, and the sound of his voice gave him courage. "I'm coming! I'm coming! I wish I had not left my snow shoes at the cabin," he ejaculated.

Leaving his dogs and plunging into the deep snow at the side of the trail he wallowed along hip deep, in the direction of the sound, shouting as he went.

The cry came intermittently, but never in answer to his calls.

Finally Burt stopped, exhausted, and peered through the scrub spruce trees that stuck up stiffly out of the snow.

"Why don't he answer me when I call?" exclaimed Burt. "He must hear me. He is close by now. Is it a man, or what is it?"

At that moment the cry came loud and discordant from among the trees not a hundred feet away.

Burt staggered forward with trembling legs and white face, and saw an old Indian coming towards him on snow shoes, making a trail for the dog team that followed, pulling a sled loaded with a long bundle covered with white canvas. When he saw Burt he stopped and waited.

"Were you doing that infernal hollering?" demanded Burt, floundering up to him. "Why didn't you answer my calls?" he added angrily.

The Indian looked at him blankly, and shook his head.

"None of that! You can't play your 'no sabe' on me!" exclaimed Burt. "You heard me calling anyway. Why didn't you answer?"

As he said this Burt looked at the sled, and his hair stiffened on his head. The bundle had a ghastly shape. It looked like the body of a man!

"My God!" muttered Burt. "The thing that made the noise is on that sled."

He made a sudden dash and tore at the covering of the bundle.

As he did so, that terrible cry rang out again. Not from the bundle on the sled, but from the mouth of the Indian!

Burt started back and gazed in amazement. The Indian kept uttering again and again the same uncanny cry and made quick excited signs with his fingers.

"What in thunder——" began Burt, staring. Then the truth broke on him and he sat down on the load and laughed uproariously.

"Ha! Ha! The joke's on me! I've been chasing a dummy. He couldn't hear because he's deaf, and he can't answer because he is dumb! That cry of his has to do him for all occasions. And it pretty near did for me. I'm trembling like a leaf!"

Then Burt smiled genially on the Indian. "Sorry I ripped your load apart. It's lucky you can't hear yourself driving dogs, old man. You'd die of fright. Well, so long. You can't hear me, and it's no use getting mad, but you gave me an awful scare, and if I could talk on my fingers, I'd throw a double handful of cuss words at you."







The Greek Theatre at the University of California. This picture was taken during presentation of "The Birds."

## THE GREEK THEATRE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

BY CLOTILDE GRUNSKY FISK

ONE might almost imagine himself in ancient Athens as he sits in the new Greek Theatre recently completed at the University of California. It is decidedly appropriate that a conservative university should have an air of classicism about it. California has always jealously guarded the humanities, and it is fitting that she should have adopted the Greek style of architecture.

This University, located at Berkeley, is especially favored in having one of the finest sites in the world. Facing the magnificent prospect of San Francisco Bay, with the Golden Gate directly opposite, built upon the lower slopes of the Berkeley hills, and surrounded by magnificent paks, to many of which age has given a classic air, the buildings have every advantage of natural location and surroundings. The balmy California climate, which makes outdoor life so attractive, is an additional point in favor of the Greek structure, open to the sky and sheltered only by the surrounding trees.

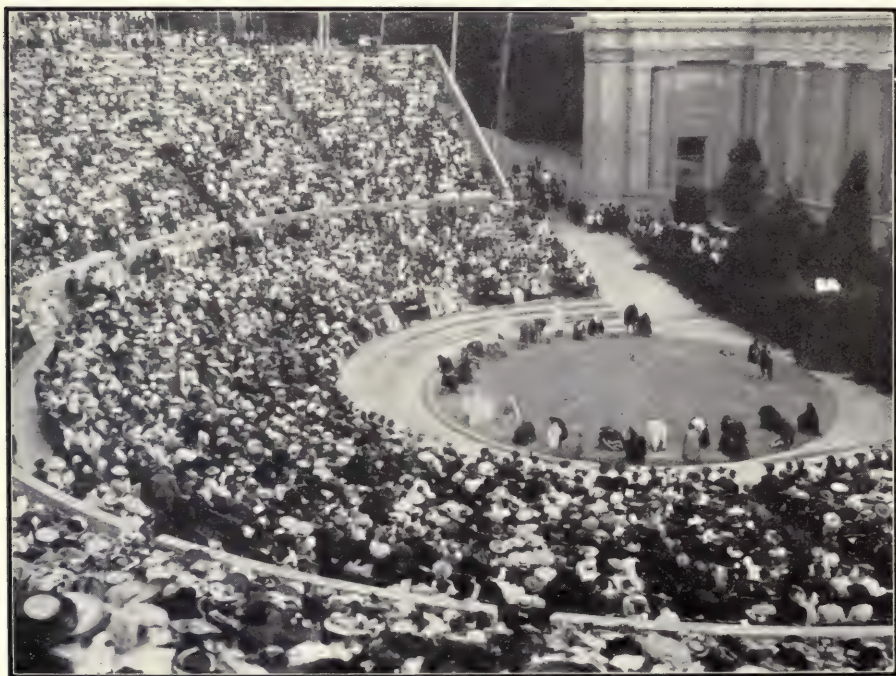
This is the first Greek theatre built in any modern country, and it is the result of a sort of evolution. The hollow among the hills which the theatre now occupies had been used by the students of the University for their Class Day extravaganzas for a number of years. It was in 1894 that Ben Weed, of the class of '94, discovered the adaptability of the spot to theatrical purposes. He conceived the idea of using this natural amphitheatre for the presentation of the Class Day play. It was cleared out and a rough stage erected. Seats were not thought of at the time. The slopes were well strawed, so that the spectators could sit on the ground. Ever since, the spot has been known as "Ben Weed's Amphitheatre," and each succeeding May it has been used for the Class Day spectacle. Nothing better was dreamed of in those days, and the students were proud of the fact that nature had been so kind to them.

But the University was doomed to grow, and larger things became necessary. The Phoebe Hearst

Architectural Competition of 1901 revolutionized everything. This drew the attention of the architectural world to California, and brought into competition the best architects of many nations. Monsieur Benard's plan, which was finally chosen as the basis of future construction, is pronounced a masterpiece by the highest critics. The artistic center in this plan is the low hill on which the astronomical observatory is to be built. Just to the west of this hill is the hollow now

to carry out in detail Monsieur Benard's general plan, did admirable work in planning the building. With nothing modern for a criterion, he made a thorough study of all the ancient theatres, borrowing most, perhaps, from those at Epidaurus and Pompeii.

The theatre (for it follows the plan of the ancient theatre, rather than of the amphitheatre) is semi-circular in shape. Along the chord of the semi-circle runs the stage, entirely open to the auditorium, and



Another View During the Same Play.

Photo, Mrs. H. A. Fisk.

occupied by the Greek structure. The idea of the Greek theatre originated with President Wheeler. When he came to California he saw further possibilities in "Ben Weed's Amphitheatre," and the munificence of Mr. Hearst made President Wheeler's vision a reality. We must not fail to give credit to one other very important person in this development. Mr. John Galen Howard, the University architect, who was brought from New York

protected at the back and sides by a high wall. The stage is most imposing, with its Greek Doric columns at regular intervals all the way across. At the lowest place in the hollow, below and just in front of the stage, is a level space, circular in shape, which in the ancient theatre would have been the scene of the performance, since in the ancient theatre the stage was used only for dressing rooms. From this level space tiers upon tiers of seats rise



in ten sections in a semi-circle opposite the stage. The first series of seats rises very gradually to the stage level. A broad aisle, backed by a low wall, and running around the whole semi-circle, separates this series of seats from the second series, which rises at a much steeper angle to the outer wall. The theatre measure 254 feet across and seats from seven to eight thousand people. The acoustics are excellent, one being able to hear distinctly, in any part of the theatre, every word spoken on the stage. The whole structure is built of concrete, but it is hoped that at some future time the concrete may be entirely covered with some more durable material, such as marble. The completed plan also comprehends a parapet which is to surmount the stage wall and a massive colonnade which is to surround the whole semi-circle.

Work on the new theatre was begun in the spring of 1903, and though by no means finished, it was sufficiently advanced to be used for the first time on the occa-

sion of President Roosevelt's visit to the University for Commencement in May. Not until the theatre was filled with people, at that time, did one realize its immensity. Facing the audience, one looked into a great mass of faces rising into the background of trees on every side. Toward the end of September it was formally dedicated. The main feature of the dedication was the presentation of Aristophanes' "The Birds," by students of California under the direction of Mr. Ben Greet. This was given in the original Greek, and as President Wheeler said in his speech, it was presented in "a Greek theatre, under a Greek sky, for a people peculiarly Greek." The presentation was most creditable, and delighted the immense audience.

California is justly proud of this structure. With its large seating capacity its picturesque location in the woods, and its classic associations, it fills a real need, and is an earnest of what the University, with its new buildings, is to be in years to come.

---

## RESOLVE

---

BY ROBERT B. GRANT

A resolve—

Out where the wild winds furiously blow,  
 Out on the hills in the tempest of snow,  
 Where the sky's white above and the earth white  
     below,

My soul has arisen to will it.  
 No dark picture of old stumbling life,  
 No new vision of coming hell-strife  
 Can have aught of power to kill it.

# THE GOLD LADYE

---

BY JOSEPHINE COAN

**H**ER name in the church register was Elinore Bailey, but the "Gold Ladye" was such a fitting title that her really truly name was quite discarded in favor of the vastly more descriptive appellation.

She was tall and slender, her hair was gold, her eyes as the topaz, her skin fair; but under it all lay a suggestion of warm yellow, a suggestion as fascinating as it was unique.

The Gold Ladye sat on a huge old marble seat in the private park of her cousin, Lord Ormeley. The time was early afternoon, the month July, and all things spoke of time and season.

The tall elms cast sleepy shadows on the smooth lawn; the fountain, which spouted lazily upward from a drowsy Hebe's amphora, supplied the monotone necessary to induce sleep had not all things else prevailed upon the drowsy god to sojourn in so enchanted a spot.

The Gold Ladye's pale yellow gown hung in soft folds around her slender figure, her long aristocratic feet were thrust out in a half coquettish gesture. One long arm was steadied by the garden seat's balustrade, the other hung at her side. Her head lay on the outstretched arm and the poppy-shaded hat partly covered, partly revealed her face, over which the long yellow lashes cast entrancing shadows. Fast asleep she sat, and not only slept, but dreamed.

The Colonel had intended to ride over that afternoon. The Colonel rode well, and he rode a fine horse so that it quite pleased him to ride through Lord Ormeley's park and stop to chat a while, not only with Lord Ormeley, but with his poor but interesting cousin as well.

The unkind fate which seems to delight in torturing lovers caused a slow-plodding, painstaking steward to invade the Colonel's golden plans and served to detain him for several weary hours while explaining a very satisfactory but wholly tiring system of drainage for a certain meadow.

Meanwhile the Gold Ladye slept on in the shade of the stately elms while the drowsy Hebe nodded in the sunshine, and forgot, now and then, to pour water from her marble amphora.

The centuries-old Father Time on the clock-tower, waked up sufficiently to strike the bronze bell thrice, and it was with a welcome sigh that the tutor closed his "Anabasis," a sign of freedom which Lord Ormeley's young son regarded with great pleasure.

The tutor's sigh of relief may have included a wee bit of sadness, for the tutor was very young and the Gold Ladye was very fair; and, at twenty-one, it is hard to comprehend stations in life.

So it fell out that the tutor wandered into the park, thinking, perhaps, too deeply of the Gold Ladye and her golden, distant charms—when the being of his thoughts sat before him, her very position an invitation, allurements written in the graceful lines of her body, in her golden coloring—and the time, too, the scene, all helped the charm; in fact, the youth forgot. He tiptoed over the lawn, stood behind the garden seat, and looked down at her in her dreams, longingly, lovingly. She was very fair—he peered around. No one in sight. "He who hesitates is lost," reasoned he, and with the boldness of twenty-one, leaned forward and—kissed



her smooth cheek, albeit the kiss savored, in its rapidity, its hesitancy, of the kiss of twenty-one.

A slightly warmer color suffused the cheek of the Gold Ladye; but still she dreamed on while the now abashed tutor walked drearily away scheming "chateaux en Espagne," which he tumbled down as fast as he built them.

\* \* \* \*

All things mundane must end at some time or other, and the Colonel's interview with the conscientious steward was no exception to the rule.

Hurrying the grooms in the stable, shouting orders to his valet, the Colonel was soon ready for the saddle, the horse ready for the Colonel, and he was off, dreaming as he rode.

How pleasant to be hurled through the soft summer air beneath the shadow of huge trees, to feel the strong, easy gallop of a thoroughbred, to be, Centaur-like, a part of one's horse! Once the Colonel arrived within the old stone

gates of Ormeley Park, he rode with less abandon, carefully glancing here and there in the hopes of seeing a yellow-gowned figure he had ever in his thoughts.

Suddenly he stopped short, drew up his horse, and dismounting, tied him to an iron rail which surrounded a garden bed. The Colonel stepped briskly across the lawn to the old garden seat where the Gold Ladye sat fast asleep and dreaming.

With all the boldness of forty, with all the assurance which twenty thousand pounds a year can give, he sat himself down beside the sleeping Gold Ladye. She stirred slightly, her parted lips formed a half smile. Evidently her dreams were as golden as her ensemble.

The Colonel could sit passive no longer; one arm stole around the slender waist; and as it did so, the poppy-crowned hat and golden head settled themselves comfortably on the Colonel's shoulder. Thus, even in her dreams was the Gold Ladye discriminating.

---

## SONNET

---

BY ORRILL V. STAPP

Above the mountains' towering grandeur rolled  
 A sea of clouds, and o'er their summits lay  
 The benediction of departing day;  
 While sunlight tipped their snowy heights with gold  
 And brightly touched to silver fold on fold  
 Of clinging mists. The setting sun's last ray  
 Bestowed its blessing, and the gentle sway  
 Of silence spread its spell as if to hold  
 The earth a moment in its hurried flight.  
 I gazed enraptured at the strange suspense  
 Of life and sound, and fading, faltering light;  
 And wondered in my heart, when lo, intense  
 With passion, blushing as in modest fright,  
 The Heaven stooped and kissed the Earth good-  
 night!



## SWEET CONTENT

---

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

Mammy whoop me out ter work—  
Dat ain't trouble me!  
I kin find er a way to shirk—  
Nothin' troublin' me!  
Sun so wahm an' shade so cool,  
Feller works is dest a fool—  
Nothin' troublin' me!  
Got no jawb? De meat out plumb?  
Where de next meal comin' frum?  
Huh! de water-million's ripe—simmons soon will be.  
Nothin' troublin' me!

Ef I's got er dime, I's rich—  
Dat ain't trouble me!  
Spend it all on craps an' sich—  
Nothin' troublin' me!  
Got no dime, I's richer yit,  
Cayze I's got er dime ter git—  
Nothin' troublin' me!  
Coat wore out? Dat ain't no sin;  
Holes des lets de fresh air in.  
Ain't de sun 'a-shinin'? Ain't de air all free?  
Nothin' troublin' me!



## MEN AND WOMEN

---



Heber M. Wells

**H**EBER M. Wells, Governor of Utah, whose portrait we are enabled to give our readers this month, has given evidence of great executive ability and strength of character. In the struggle now going on in Utah between the mine owners and the labor unions he represents strong, self-reliant American citizenship. There has been an effort made by various newspapers, and notably by the Associated Press, to make it appear that the Mormon Church had taken a hand in the struggle and sided against the labor unions. This the Church has denied, and apart from the fact that the places of striking miners have been filled by Mormons and that the Church has announced its intention of standing by the independent workers who have no affiliation with unions, the Mormons as Mormons have taken no action in the struggle between capital and labor.

Opposed to law and order and to any Government restraint, opposed

to all authority except the authority of the Miners' Union, as represented by himself, and opposed to Governor Wells, stands the leader of the miners, Charles Demolli, a foreigner banished from Europe in 1895, for sedition and anarchy, he now seeks to foment disorder in the United States. Until his advent in Utah the miners were quite content with their condition. Governor Wells has taken sides with neither of the contestants, and has been impartial in all his acts. He has firmly opposed anarchy and has earned the undying antipathy of the Finns, Huns, Slavs, Italians, and other foreigners who form a majority of the miners' unions of Utah. Demolli is not an uneducated man. He received an academic education in Milan; served in the Italian army as a Sergeant, and was as refractory in military service as he has ever been in private life. He is over six feet in height, and is remarkably well developed as an athlete.

---

Ex-Senator Turner, who has just returned from England, where he went as one of the Alaskan Boundary Commissioners, was appointed United States Marshal in Alabama by President Arthur. When his term expired he moved out to Washington, where he was territorial judge. In those days he was a staunch Republican, but later joined the Silver Republican party, and by a coalition with the Democrats was elected to the Senate from the State of Washington. While he had a good practice, he never had much money, as he spent all his fees, it is said, trying to hold four aces. He invested some of his spare cash, however, in the Le Roy mine, in British Columbia, just north of the American line, and later sold his interest to some Englishmen for a million or two dollars, so it was the

mines of Canada and the money of Englishmen that made it possible for him to enter the Senate. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention that framed the Constitution when Washington was admitted as a State. When he was not busy making a constitution he used to spend his time learning poker. One night he and several other statesmen were having a quiet game at an Olympia hotel, when they heard a rap on the door. There was a good deal of money on the table, as a jack-pot was in process of being opened. The gentleman nearest the door arose to open it, and as he did so the button on his coat caught in the fringe of the cloth on the table, and before any one could interfere, the lamp and money was on the floor and the room in darkness. When another light had been procured, it was impossible to tell whose money was up and who should put up, so after considerable discussion, it was decided to take the entire pot and donate it to the local hospital and commence the game over again.

Senator John L. Wilson, another statesman more or less famous in Washington, who was three times a Congressman and once a Senator, and who now owns the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, was also fond of the game that made Schenck famous. He was nominated for Congress the first time when the State held its first State convention, and when the Constitutional Convention was in session he was busy traveling over the State setting up his pins to get the nomination. When he reached Olympia on his travels Turner and the rest of the poker players thought they would show him how to play the game. So they sent one of their number out to look for John, and invite him to come up and take a hand. John was found easily enough, but he demurred, and did not want to go until the party who was urging him declared that

he (Wilson) was afraid of Turner. That settled it. Wilson gave in, played with the crowd all night and just as the sun was rising over Puget Sound left with all the money of the crowd. The winnings of that night paid his campaign expenses, and later, when the same crowd wanted him to play again to get their revenge, he made enough to take his family to Washington without drawing on his bank account.

Wilson heard that the Post-Intelligencer was for sale, and some of his friends urged him to buy it, because some of his political rivals were trying to make the same deal. "Why, how can I buy it?" said Wilson; "they want \$350,000 for it, and you know I have no such sum at my command." "Write and ask Jim Hill to lend it to you," said his friend. Wilson thought the idea absurd, as he had no claim on Hill. Nevertheless, it is said, he did as was suggested, and by return mail received from the railroad President a check for the amount needed. He bought the paper, and they say is making \$70,000 clear on it yearly now.

Webster was just going out of his door one day when he met Clay coming up the steps. "The gentleman from Massachusetts" invited "the gentleman from Kentucky" to come in, and added: "I was just going to see Mr. Clay. I understand that Corcoran (a well-known Washington banker, who gave the art gallery which bears his name to that city) will cash my note if you will endorse it. Will you do so?" "Certainly," said Mr. Clay, "but I was just coming over to borrow some money myself." The two statesmen contrived to make the note large enough to cover their wants, went over to the bank, and got the money. As they came away Clay was very cheerful, but Webster was serious. Clay said to him: "What is the matter, Webster? I should think that



you would be delighted at getting the money." "I am," said Webster, "but I am worried to know what Corcoran wanted with that note."

The father of Commander Cottman of the monitor Wyoming, now in Isthmian waters, though an American, was the physician of the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia. The Commander has a brother, Nicholas Romanoff, who is named after the Czar, and who was formerly manager of the Chino sugar factory. The father, had he been willing to accept the Czar's offer, could have become a Russian nobleman, so much was the Czar pleased with his skill. The Czar said to him one day: "If you will consent to become a Russian subject, and remain in Russia, I will make you a nobleman." "Thanks, your Majesty," was the reply, "but I am myself a sovereign in America."

Ignatius Donnelly, the erratic author of "Atlantis," was once a candidate for Congress in Minnesota, his opponent being a certain "Billy King." Donnelly addressed an immense audience in St. Paul, during the course of the campaign, and at the end of his speech King, who was present, rose and threw a head of cabbage on the stage. There was a great shout of laughter. Donnelly quickly picked up the cabbage, and calling an usher and handing him the cabbage, said: "Mr. King has lost his head. Will you kindly return it to him?"

The late ex-Governor Murray of Utah, who for many years resided in San Diego, had a supreme contempt for the "pull" in official matters. At one time Justice Ensign, a warm personal friend of his, was hearing the testimony in a sensational forgery case, in which a leading real estate man was charged with forging a deed. It was a tangled affair, and the man was in no great danger of being convicted, but

it was a case to go to a jury. The friends of the man charged brought all the "pull" to bear on Ensign to prevent the man being held for trial. Among the schemes they tried was to make an onslaught on Murray for him to use his influence with Ensign. Murray, easy as he was, could not resist them, and promised to speak to Ensign. He met the judge on the street shortly after giving the promise and said to him: "Judge, I have been crowded into promising to speak to you in the Smith case, and now I have done so, but don't you dare to say a word to me about it." The man was held to trial, but was acquitted. That was as near as Murray ever came to trying to work his "pull."

Princess Matilda Bonaparte, whose death in Paris has just been announced, was the last of the second generation of Bonapartes since Napoleon. She was the daughter of Jerome, by his second wife, the Princess of Wurtemberg. His first wife was Miss Patterson of Baltimore, from whom he was divorced by the Emperor against the protests of the Pope. The Princess was therefore the half-aunt of Charles Jerome Bonaparte, who is figuring now in the investigation of the postal and other frauds against the Government.

One day, when quite a small boy, for some misconduct Edward VII was told by the governess to "stand in the corner." He refused to obey; the lady put him there; he then kicked out a pane of glass from the study window. Lady Lyttleton, the governess, then sent, requesting the presence of Prince Albert, his father, on a matter of importance concerning his son. The Prince at once responded, and when he had heard and seen what was the matter, he sent for a birch, which, when it was brought, he took up a Bible, and opening it at Gal. IV, 1-2, read as follows: "Now I say, that the

heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." He then turned to Proverbs XIII, 24, which reads, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." After which, he gave him a good flogging.

When he and his brother were out on the beach at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, he saw an ordinary small boy carrying a basket of shells upon his head. Said the Prince to his brother: "See me upset that basket of shells," and forthwith he did so. The boy turned round and said: "If you do that again, I'll punch your nose. 'Will you, though?'" said the Prince; "do you know who I am? I am the Prince of Wales." "I don't care who you are; if you do that again I'll lick you." "Pick up your shells and put them on your head again, and see how quickly I'll knock them off." The boy did so, and the Prince was as good as his word; and so was the boy, for he rushed at the Prince and gave him a black eye and other bruises, picked up his shells once more, and was walking away, when the Prince's attendant told him to follow him to the castle. When the two boys were brought before Her Majesty, she severely reprimanded her son, but rewarded the boy and praised him for his courage. That boy, if he is still alive, is an officer high in rank in the British Navy.

The following lines, copied from the diary of a young student at West Point, indicate that the life of a cadet is not always a happy one.

"On June 22, 1898, I was turned out as a yearling drill-master to drill the 'plebes.' They were formed in the area of Barracks.

"Lieutenant Faison cut off a squad of three from the right, right-stepped them a bit and told me to



Lieutenant Van Schaick

march them off. I stepped up and told them to right face. Two faced to the right and the other one to the left, bringing two of them back to back. I gave the man who was wrong 'about face.'

"He did it all right, but so did the other two, and I had them stomach to stomach. In the meanwhile the 'tac' was yelling to me to 'move that squad on out of the way.' In desperation I gave the two 'plebes' who were then wrong 'about face' again, but the third fellow flopped around too, and I had them again back to back. I then reached over and took the man who was wrong by the shoulder and turned him around. In a few minutes I was relieved from duty and sent to camp in arrest. The following morning the Commandant sent for me and gave me a slip of paper, a filled out printed form, stating that Van Schaick, drill master, was in arrest for losing his temper and laying angry hands on a new cadet to correct him, at 10:20 drill. And that Cadet Van Schaick might, if he so desired, submit an explanation in writing for the above report immediately.



"The Commandant allowed me to tell him verbally what had occurred, and afterwards put in writing. He would not act on "so grave a matter" as Commandant of Cadets, but indorsed it over to the Superintendent. An hour or so later he put on his white gloves and went down to the Superintendent's office. He was acting Superintendent at the time. He 'phoned to the O. D., and I was relieved from arrest just in time to catch the train. I went home on two days' good conduct leave, attended the Alumni Banquet and had a happy time."

It is a pleasure to add that, notwithstanding this inauspicious beginning, Mr. Van Shaick is now a distinguished officer at present in the Philippines, and has been twice recommended for a medal for bravery—once for saving the life of one of his men from drowning at great personal risk, and once for an engagement with one hundred and fifty bolo-men single-handed, in which affair he lost one finger and had his arm almost amputated as he raised it to receive a blow intended to cleave his head in two.

He received official recognition of his bravery from both his Captain and his Colonel.

Edward VII, the present King of

England, is one of the most popular monarchs which that country has ever had. His popularity is due chiefly to his bonhomie and gracious manners. Though every inch a King, he has pronounced democratic tendencies, and his urbanity is such that any one brought into personal contact with him, at once feels quite at ease. He is exceptionally tactful, and possesses the inestimable faculty of saying the right thing in the right place and at the right time. As Prince of Wales, he was somewhat indiscriminate in the choice of his associates. Indeed, at one time, and in a certain sense, he may be said to have been "one of the boys"; but when he came to the throne, all such doings were utterly renounced, and such associates totally ignored, much to the surprise and chagrin of most of them. It has been said that he always had a foreboding that he would never ascend the throne, and he and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, had a heavy bet on the subject, in the making of which the latter is reported to have said: "Mother will most likely outlive you; besides, before your turn comes, competitive examinations will be in vogue, and you know what sort of a chance you would have then."

---

## MY VALENTINE

---

BY M. H. W.

I'm flying, my love, I'm flying  
Toward a warm corner of thy heart,  
Ope the door, for I am sighing  
Over a wound from Cupid's dart.

I'm coming, O I am coming  
To be thine own Valentine,  
To hear thy sweet lips summing  
How much of thy heart is mine.



## THE UNFORTUNATE THIRD

Those that Suffer Through the Aggressions of Corporate Capital  
and Union Labor

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX



**S**ENATOR SHERMAN once remarked that he had never seen, in the course of his long, Congressional experience, any one lobbying in the interest of the people; and the experience of the Ohio statesman is that of every one else who has had opportunity for like observation.

In the controversies between Capital and Labor, no one seems interested to protect the welfare of the "Third Party" to the dispute, as Mr. Roosevelt styles them: "The Public—The Consumers"; and yet every man, woman and child in the community, yea, even the baby at the breast, belongs to this last mentioned class.

The man who is a producer and wage earner, and interested in high wages in a given industry, is a consumer, and interested in low wages in a dozen other lines, and he generally demands dearness for himself and cheapness for his neighbor. That fact has been strikingly illustrated in every locality where there has been a rise in wages. The men in the building trades in New York, for instance, wanted bigger wages and shorter hours; which, of course, made building more expensive, and when they got their demands, the men who supplied them with food and clothing, the butchers, the bakers, etc., all demanded more wages and less work, in their turn, which of course meant higher priced meat, dearer bread and more expensive clothing. Though this was reasonable, the bricklayers, carpenters, the ironworkers, etc., were loud in their disapproval of the rise in prices of what they had to buy, forgetful of the fact that they had denounced

their employers as unreasonable because the latter had objected to the increase in building expenses.

The capitalist and employer is, of course, anxious to get "all the tariff will bear" from the enterprises in which he is interested; and thinks nothing of squeezing the public by every possible device and on every possible opportunity; but on the other hand he is opposed to increased wages and shorter hours for his employees; and does all he can to get something for nothing in the line of public franchises and special privileges.

Probably no people in the world suffer as long and as patiently from the demands of both Capital and Labor as Americans. The public of course is unorganized; an aggregate of individuals lacking leaders, wanting in mutual support, while their opponents are united, organized, determined. The result is inevitable; the organized minority defeats and oppresses the unorganized majority, until the latter in their desperation get together, choose leaders and inevitably win out.

The almost universal adoption of the Australian ballot system is an example of a popular demand for reform, brought about by widespread political corruption, continued until it became unbearable. So is the new Department of Commerce and Labor, with its Bureau of Corporations. The suit of the Government against the Northern Securities Company is but an effort to protect the "Third Party." In nearly every municipality in the country, there is an issue of this kind pending between the corporations and the people, involving the



ownership of lighting plants, water works, street cars, and other enterprises of general utility, and although the contests are usually long drawn out, the public almost always wins. The battles are lengthy because it is a case of organization on the part of the corporations, and no organization on the part of the public.

But it is when Capital and Labor are engaged in a controversy with each other that the public suffers most acutely and most apparently.

The strike in the Pennsylvania coal fields illustrates better than any recent example how the public is made to suffer by these controversies, and how necessary it is that some means be devised by which the rights of the "Third Party" shall be protected. An estimate of the cost in dollars and cents to the employers and employees in that difficulty has been made, but who can estimate the cost in comfort, in health, and in human lives, the scarcity of coal entailed?

When the street cars cease running and tired men and weak women must walk to and from their daily labor, starting earlier and returning later, are the owners of the street car lines and their employees the only persons whose wishes must be considered in reaching a speedy settlement of the strike? Our modern life is complex. Each wheel is so necessary a part of the whole machine that a break anywhere along the line means suffering, loss and embarrassment.

Recently hundreds of babies, in the poorer sections of New York City, died because of a strike of the drivers of milk wagons; and yet that occurred in a city where thousands are spent daily in every kind of extravagance and vice. There was apparently no way to end the dispute and save the babies.

We have strikes on the part of the butchers and lockouts on the part of their employers, which mean higher prices for meat, if it is ob-

tainable at all; or of bakers whose demands mean smaller loaves of bread—the public, as usual, being the sufferers.

It is only a few years ago since the injustice of the Pullman Car Company to its employees caused a suspension of traffic all over the country, the loss of thousands of dollars to shippers from the Atlantic to the Pacific; inconvenience and suffering everywhere, ending in a bloody riot. Then armed intervention by the United States troops to stop what threatened to be almost a revolution. Yet only the rights of Capital and the rights of Labor were discussed in connection with the matter. No one thought about the poor public—the unfortunate Third Party to the controversy, the great majority.

A few years before, a bloody conflict between Labor and Capital at Homestead, for which the present-day philanthropist, Carnegie, was largely responsible, occurred, and the entire Governmental system and national administration changed hands as a result, with its attendant financial crash and terrible suffering in 1893. Yet Mr. Carnegie refused to do anything to stop the trouble or to help the great public to whom he is now engaged in donating libraries. This is a cunning contrivance to quiet a quickened conscience. As I write, there are in the air mutterings of a coming financial war, the results of which, no matter which side wins, will be disastrous to the general public and the business world. I mean the fight which is now being made against the Pennsylvania Railroad by Rockefeller, Carnegie and Gould. It will inevitably lead to the closing down of some of the large steel plants, the throwing of thousands out of work and more trouble between Capital and Labor and more misery on the part of the Public.

But it is not necessary to add to the examples already given of how

the public is made to suffer by the seemingly endless conflict of Capital and Labor. Every community has had experiences of its own, and the prospects for the future are not encouraging. Ignoring entirely the right of the "Third Party," Capital and Labor propose to solve their difficulties by agreeing to unite and prey in common on the unfortunate victim—the Public. They propose to agree to do business only through iron-clad associations and unions, and to stifle all competition, which means that the public must pay the bills that represent increased profits and increased wages. Their theory is that if the man who hires and the man who is hired is satisfied, it is nobody's business what price is demanded for the joint product of Capital and Labor. It is a case of the "public be damned."

The public cannot stand squeezing indefinitely, and it cannot give up using the necessities and conveniences of life because those who provide them are so selfish and grasping. A solution of the difficulty must be found in which the rights of the great mass of people, who eat and drink and wear what Capital and Labor produce, will be protected. Of course, the solution lies in the substitution of justice for selfishness; the welfare of the many for the avarice of the few; but the millenium has not arrived and the substitution can only be made by force.

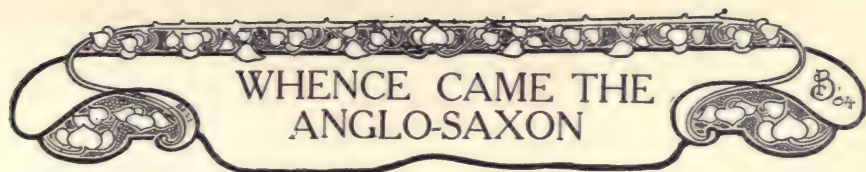
Public opinion is the most potential agent to accomplish the results desired, because in all countries, and especially in the United States, public opinion controls the Government, which can adjust the difficulties. Unfortunately in a busy nation, such as ours, public opinion is not easily aroused. The individual grumbles and objects, but does little more.

The system upon which Pullman car porters are paid illustrates this: They receive nominal salaries from

the companies, and are expected to extort the wages they should receive by tips from travelers. Everybody objects, everybody who travels "kicks," but no general protest is made by the traveling public. A protest in concert would at once remedy the evil, and so a system goes on to the profit of the companies and the impoverishment of the traveler. It must be some one's business to represent the public and to insist on a settlement fair to all parties, and just there lies the difficulty. When the protector of the public has been selected he is at once subjected to the pressure, influence and threats of the public's enemies. It is their business to persuade him to neglect his duties; and too often the public is not prompt enough or energetic enough in recognizing his faithfulness. When a man is true to his trust and sacrifices self to public interests, he should at once receive the enthusiastic support of the public, but unfortunately the masses are more prone to criticise than to praise; to point out shortcomings than to applaud good work. We have a striking illustration of that in the recent municipal election in New York, when the best Government the city ever had was defeated because, it was not better.

There is, however, consolation for those who hope to see conditions improve and the world grow better. Conditions are improving and the world is growing better. Although reform movements are usually short lived and are succeeded by reactions just as an ebb succeeds a flow, yet the backward movement is rarely as far back as the point from which the reform movement began. Tammany under McClellan will be bad enough, but it will not be as bad as Tammany under Van Wyck; just as the administration which succeeded Mayor Strong was not as bad as the one that preceded him.





# WHENCE CAME THE ANGLO-SAXON

BY H. L. CHAMBERLAIN

**I**T has come to be the common usage of late years for prominent writers on the subject of races to ascribe our origin to the great Aryan race of Western Asia. Max Muller says: "If an answer must be given as to the place where our Aryan ancestors dwelt before their separation, whether in large swarms of millions or in a few scattered huts or tents, I should say, as I said forty years ago, somewhere in Western Asia."

Schrader, in his "Prehistoric Antiquities" of the Aryan peoples, shows beyond a doubt that the original home of the Aryans was in Western Asia, and that in the early ages the Aryans and the Semites were in contact because affinity of language connects them with that branch of the white race whose original abode nobody would think of looking for in Europe—the "Semites."

"Asia has at all times," says an eminent German writer, "been regarded as the portion of the world where the human race had its origin, where it received its education, and from the center of which it sent forth its multitudes over the whole of the rest of the world."

Admitting then that the Aryans had their origin in Asia, where our Sacae, Saxones, Saxons were located, it does not follow by any means that our ancestors were Aryans. Nor is it proved because affinity of language seems to show a common origin, for some of the greatest philologists contend that language is no certain test of race, but only of contact, and it is readily admitted that the Aryans were in contact

with the Semites. Critics are very far from agreeing as to the value of Comparative Philology in determining the origin of races.

"Aryan as a name for a whole family of languages (Ency. Brit.) has the advantage of being short, and being a word of foreign origin, lends itself more easily to any technical definition that may be assigned to it"—a sort of "floating title" made to cover anything desired. Gladstone facetiously called this Aryan theory of our origin "A fashion of the time and idol of the market place."

It would greatly simplify this seemingly complex and difficult problem, made more obscure by the very erudition expended upon it by scholars, if we could openly rather than tacitly, accept the Hebrew records as to the beginning of races and thus cut this Gordian knot at a blow. No one thinks of confounding the so-called Aryan races with the descendants of Ham, nor yet with the offspring of Shem. By what law of historical criticism can two facts of history be accepted, and a third, having the same basis of proof, be rejected. The conclusion is inevitable that Japhet is the progenitor of all the complex multitudes of peoples and clans outside of these two, and Central Asia the playground of their early years. Climatic conditions will readily account for facial differences, and environment for peculiarities of customs, culture and language.

We purpose, therefore, to take these Hebrew records which have proved to be in statement of historical events so far as they go most

reliable, and endeavor to show that Anglo-Saxons are of Semitic origin, pure and simple, rather than Aryan or Japhetic. We shall bring our Semite ancestors to connect with the Sacae of Armenia and show how and why they became known to ancient historians as Sacae, Saxones, Saxons.

From these records we learn that about 740 B. C. Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria, invaded Syria and the Northern Kingdom of Israel, and "took Ijon and Abel-beth Maacha and Jannah and Kadesh and Hazor and Gilead and Gallilee, all the land of Napthali, and carried them captive to Assyria." "And he went up against Damascus and took it and carried the people of it to Kir and slew Rezin." About three years later this same king took the two tribes of Gad and Rheuben and the half tribe of Manasseh and brought them to Halah, and on the Habor a river of Gozan. Twenty years later Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, besieged Samaria, Israel's capital, but died in the Siege, and Sargon finished it successfully and deported the captives to the number of 27,280 families—as the Monuments tell us—to the same regions as before "and to the cities of the Medes." Esarhaddon completed the ruin of the Kingdom of Israel by deporting the larger portion of the remainder of the people and supplying their places by the introduction of foreigners from the regions occupied by the Israelites. Time, 713 B. C.

The river Kir to which a portion of the captives were carried, is a tributary of the Araxis in Armenia, which empties into the Caspian Sea on the west. Habor or Kabor is a river which rises in the mountainous regions of what is called in the records Gozan—now Kurdistan—runs through its western borders and empties into the Tigris on the east, and is yet called by the Turks Al-chebur. It gives its name to a large district there, which, being well watered, is eminently adapted

to a pastoral people as our tribes undoubtedly were.

That this is the river in the vicinity of which the captives were located rather than the traditional Chebar emptying into the Euphrates, is evident from all recorded facts. Shalmaneser boasted that he had devastated the whole region, and its people were, doubtless, those interchanged with the tribes of Israel.

Thus we find that the Kingdom of Israel which had maintained a separate existence for two hundred years after the secession from Judah was, during the reign of these four kings, utterly broken up and its people transplanted to the very regions where ancient historians locate our Sacae or Saxons. That they have never returned to their old home is certain, and is not worth an argument. Here, then, reliable history makes these two peoples from opposite directions to meet. If Judah or the Jew is Semitic, as no one thinks of denying, so were his brothers of Israel, and their family relations, education and training are easily traced to the Hebrew patriarchs.

In this region, where the great bulk of the nation had been located for nearly a hundred years, which offers along the western shore of the Caspian Sea the only pass into Europe, our tribes became involved in a vast invasion of Scythians from the North who suddenly appeared in Asia at the time of the revolt of Cyaxares the Mede in connection with the Babylonians against the power of Assyria, on the occasion of the siege of Ninevah, B. C. 630. So says Herodotus. The Assyrians were defeated, and the conquerors ruled the country from the Tigris to Syria for twenty-eight years, according to the same authority.

It is incredible that any large force of Scythians could enter Asia by the Caspian Pass and not come in close contact with our tribes. They would naturally desire no bet-



ter occasion than a coalition for a raid for spoils upon their old-time conquerors and despoilers. That such a coalition took place is very evident from the fact that from this time onward we find this name Sacae in its various forms closely connected with the Scythians. The Persians afterwards called the whole body of them Sacae. It is a new name not mentioned by any historian that we know of previous to Aeschylus, B. C. 525.

Respecting the derivation and meaning of this word Sacae there are, of course, various opinions. The Behistun inscription found on a rock tablet in Persia, a facsimile of which is in the British Museum, mentions three classes of Sacae. The word is there put in Scythic form Saakka. Dr. Moore of London, rendering the word into its Hebrew equivalents, finds the very word Isaac without the initial letter, which forms, properly, no part of the name. This name is so peculiarly Hebrew that it can hardly have any other derivation than that given to it in the Records: "For Sarah laughed when she heard the words of the angel," and "In Isaac shall thy seed be called."

Rawlinson translates the word as taken from the Assyrian monuments, "A people emptied from one place to another." This certainly was Israel's condition with a vengeance. We conclude, therefore, that the Sacae or Saxons of the early Latin and Greek historians are identical with the Sacae of Assyrian and Persian record, the sons of Isaac of Palestine and Anglo-Saxons of to-day.

It is worthy of note that the tribes which separated from those who departed North into Europe by the Caspian Pass and went into the Far East, still call themselves, according to an English officer stationed in Afghanistan, Yousufzies, or tribe of Joseph while another tribe or clan is called Izakzie or tribe of Isaac, "zie" meaning tribe.

But it may be asked with great pertinence: How is it possible in the mutations of ages and the mixture of the races in their migrations from Asia to the North Sea and the English Channel, even admitting the Semitic theory, for the race to escape absorption and virtual extinction?

In answering this question I shall have recourse to very unique historical evidence peculiar to these Hebrew Records. It may well be called prospective history; facts foretold by One who knows all things from the beginning, as proof to his chosen people of the truth of these records. It is testimony that appeals not to profound scholarship, but to any man with sharp mental vision, common sense and an open mind, they are marks of identification by which a lost people might become known to themselves and to the world as the true heirs to the family inheritance.

The answer to the above question is found in this foretold historical statement: "For lo, I will command and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall to the earth (Amos 9-9.) As corn shall not lose its distinctive character as corn, so Saxon Israel shall continue to retain his peculiar characteristics through all the ages. If the tribe of Judah has kept its generic peculiarities before the scenes, who shall say that Saxon Israel may not have kept his as well behind the scenes?"

If the solidarity of the Jews has been a long-standing, unanswerable argument for the truth of the Records, how much stronger will be the argument when a vastly more numerous people, akin to them, shall be brought to the light of day as from a grave? "And ye shall know that I am the Lord when I shall have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves" (Eze. 37-13). Judah

or the Jews have been above ground through the ages and known everywhere; hence it was spoken to the house of Israel alone as a mark of identification, as when a grown man is known by the body marks of the lost child.

Whence have the Anglo-Saxons derived their love of liberty and their dominating power? and this is the answer: "His horns are the horns of an unicorn. With them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth; and they are the thousands of Manasseh, and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim (Gen. 33-17.) And the Lord shall make thee the head and not the tail, and thou shalt be above only and thou shalt not be beneath. And thou shalt reign over many nations, but they shall not reign over thee." (Gen. 28-13; 15-6.)

Their phenomenal increase is another mark of identification. "Let them increase as the fishes into a multitude in the midst of the earth (Gen. 48-16.) And I will make thee exceeding fruitful; and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee; for a father of many nations have I made thee." (Gen. 17-5, 6.) This has never been true of Judah, and therefore it pertains to Saxon-Israel alone.

Power of accumulation is given as another distinguishing mark. "Jehovah will open unto thee his good treasury the heavens to give the rain of thy land in its season and to bless all the work of thy hand; and thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow." (Deut. 28-12.)

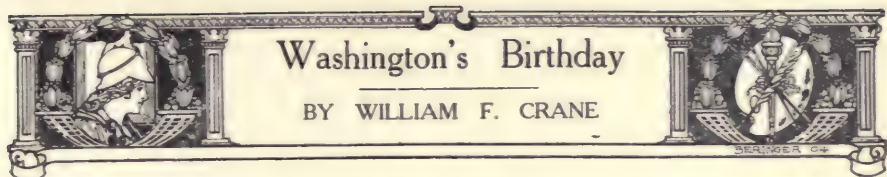
The prescience to seek and hold the strategic points of the world is another peculiar mark recognized by aliens. "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heavens and as the sand on the seashore; and thy seed shall possess the gate (or strategic point) of his enemies." (Gen. 22-17.)

If we are of Semitic origin, as I have shown, then the racial blessing of Noah, "a just man and perfect in his generation," finds its expression in the monotheistic cast of mind of the Anglo-Saxon: "Blessed be Jehovah the God of Shem. God enlarge Japheth and He"—Jehovah, not Japheth, as usually but erroneously understood—"shall dwell in the tents of Shem" (Gen. 9-26.) Otherwise Shem, the best of Noah's three sons, gets no blessing, only the prospect of providing tents for Japheth.

One more peculiarity is added among many which might be given as a mark of recognition. "Lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations" (Num. 2-9.) Virgil wrote of the Saxons nineteen centuries ago: "A race of men from all the world disjoined." Napoleon complained bitterly of England "as a perfidious power **which had nothing in common** with European nations, but her situation, and from this secure retreat she sowed dissensions among neighboring nations." May not our "Monroe Doctrine" find its basis in this peculiarity of Anglo-Israel.

The crowning act of Jehovah in his dealings with his ancient people rests in his expressed determination to bring together again the two branches of the House of Jacob—Israel and Judah, so long separated—and make of them one family of nations, one world-wide dominating race through whom all peoples and nations shall find protection and an "open door" for progressive development toward the best possibilities of our natures. "And they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all" (Eze. 37-22.) "Ephraim shall not envy Judah and Judah shall not vex Ephraim" ((Isaac 11-13.)





## Washington's Birthday

BY WILLIAM F. CRANE

**T**HE National Washington Monument which overtops the American capital is not more a monument to the Father of his Country than is the annual celebration of his birthday throughout the land. The last rocket of the birthday observance is blazing in the midnight of the Eastern cities, when the sun awakes the morning drum-beats which salute the coming of the 22d of February on the Pacific Ocean.

Antiquarians fail to agree on the place or date of its first observance. The first mention of it is found in the Washington family Bible, and reads: "George Washington, son to Augustine and Mary, his wife, was born in ye 11th day of February, 177½ about ten in the morning." Of course all know that by the Parliamentary change in the calendar, in 1752, the 11th of any month became the 22d; while the settling of the doubt whether the year began on the 1st of January or the 25th of March, made the year in which Washington was born 1732 and not 1731.

No mention appears in Washington's journal of any observance of his birthday, until he was nearly sixty years old. He notes that on the 11th of February, 1784, he left Mount Vernon to pay a visit to his mother at the old home; and this may have been intended by him as a birthday visit; but he does not say so. Richmond Virginia, had celebrated his birthday in the previous year, for we read in the Virginia Gazette of February 15, 1783, that "On Tuesday last, the birthday of His Excellency, General Washington, our illustrious Com-

mander in Chief, was commemorated at Richmond with every demonstration of joy." On the same day, a celebration took place at Talbot, C. H., Maryland, and the people of Dorchester County, in the same State, led by the County Lieutenant, assembled at Cambridge and observed the occasion with patriotic toasts and other festivities.

Thenceforward, as the years passed, there were celebrations of the day in various portions of the country, the observance being sometimes on the 11th, and sometimes on the 22d of February.

Congress opened in Philadelphia, its second session, on the first Monday of December, 1790, and from that time every birthday of Washington was celebrated at the seat of the Federal Government. On his 59th birthday, the 22d of February, 1791, the artillery and light infantry paraded, salutes were fired, and Congress and the officers of the United States waited upon the President. Indeed, from these birthday calls has come the levees of the President which now take place on New Year Day.

Washington became sixty on the 22d of February, 1792, and, says a record of the time: "Both Houses walked in procession to wait on the President and congratulate him on the anniversary of his birthday." The uniformed militia appeared on parade, and were reviewed by Washington, and staid Philadelphia rang with the clangor of rejoicing bells, and was noisy with the firing of guns. The two fashionable dancing assemblies of the city took part in the jubilation; one gave an assembly on the eve of the birthday

and the other a birthnight ball. Washington was present with his family, and danced at each festivity.

Washington had been unanimously elected President of the United States for the second time, when, in 1793, his birthday was celebrated. There had been some protest by the ultra-democrats against the use of pomp and parade in connection with the Presidential office, and when, on the 22d of February, a motion was made in the House of Representatives that a half hour's recess be taken in order that the members might wait upon the President in testimony of respect as Chief Magistrate of the Union, serious opposition, says Irving, was made to it as a species of homage—it was setting up an idol dangerous to liberty—it had a bias toward monarchy! The recess, however, was taken, and the Congressmen called, with substantial unanimity, on the President. Again the bells rang and cannon boomed. Claypole's Advertiser reports a Birthnight ball at Oeller's Hotel, and closes its account of the day's festivities with the lines:

"Oft as this auspicious day,

Sacred to man shall return,  
Let Freedom prompt the grateful lay  
And haughty tyrants mourn."

Rhymes like these were, in those days, considered not inconsistent with patriotism.

The 22d of February, 1794, came in the midst of the excitement that followed the dismissal of the arrogant French minister, Genet, who had sought "to appeal from the President to the people," and its most agreeable incident was the official reception on that day by Washington of his successor, Fauchet. The President held his usual levee, and the day closed with a birthnight ball, given by the Philadelphia Dancing Assembly.

Washington's Birthday in 1795 came with the peace of the Lord's Day, and its celebration was defer-

red until Monday, the 23d. Two of the four members of his Cabinet had just resigned—Hamilton from the Treasury and Knox from the War Department, and the new secretaries, Wolcott and Pickering, appeared at his levee.

An incident of the day was Washington's toast at the supper which closed the Birthnight ball given in his honor. Lifting his glass, he pledged: "The Dancing Assembly of Philadelphia. May the members thereof and the fair who honor it with their presence, each continue in the enjoyment of an amusement so innocent and agreeable."

Washington had made a few enemies, and they were busy when his 64th birthday came in 1796. Jay's treaty with England, which was the least popular measure of his administration, had just been made public, and a controversy between the President and the House of Representatives was in the air. The day was, however, well celebrated, and Mr. James Weld, Jr., gives the history of the observances. The newly organized society of the Cincinnati was prominent in the festivity. Bells chimed, and the President's levee, at which cake and wine were provided for the guests, was crowded. The Birthnight ball, given at Rickett's amphitheatre, is described as "the most splendid ever given in America."

Congressman Iredell in a letter to his wife, describes the observance of the last 22d of February of Washington's administration in 1797: "Whatever the bells in the towers or the artillery in the fields could do to make the time joyous was done. The Cincinnati presented an address to Washington, and received his response. Again the Rickett's amphitheatre was thronged at the Birthnight ball, and General and Mrs. Washington remained there until after midnight."

Within the next fortnight Washington had ceased to be President and gone to his home at Mount Ver-



non, where, as he wrote to Oliver Wolcott, that "to make and sell a little flour, to repair houses fast gone to ruin; to build one for the security of my papers of a public nature; and to amuse myself in agricultural and rural pursuits, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe."

But this was not the design of Providence. Two more of his birthdays remained to be celebrated in his presence before death called him from the public service to the life beyond the tomb. He tells himself, in his journal, how he spent the next anniversary of his birth, and writes:

"1798, February 11th.—Went to a ball with family given by the citizens of Alexandria and its vicinity in honor of my birthday."

It appears that the neighbors of Washington at Alexandria, in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, kept the old-style birthday on the 11th, instead of the 22d of February, and the General saw renewed in his home town simpler, but not less fervent demonstrations of affectionate regard than he had met at the seat of Government, Philadelphia.

The uniformed Alexandria militia paraded, were reviewed by Washington, and fought a sham battle on the Mall south of the town; and the Birthnight ball at the city hotel, which still stands, closed the day on which the great chief became 66 years old.

Ashbell Green mentions that when the clergy called on Washing-

ton he said: "I feel the weight of years. I take 'a pair of Sixes' on my shoulders to-day."

In the last year of Washington's life, 1799, his birthday celebration was a double one. On the 11th of February, as he notes in his journal, he "went up to Alexandria to the celebration of my birthday." There were manoeuvres of the Uniform Corps and a ball and supper at night—once more at the City Hotel. He remained in town all night and returned home next morning. This was the last ball he ever attended; but not his last birthday celebration; for eleven days later, on the 22d of February, there was a birthday wedding at Mount Vernon, and his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, married his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis. Washington gave away the bride, for the match had been of his own making.

On the next 22d of February, mourning drapery hung on the flags displayed in honor of the day; for when 1800 came, Washington had been two weeks dead. Since then Washington's Birthday has always awakened the spirit of patriotism at its coming, and as the event of the birthday celebrations is the reading of his Farewell Address, Washington still speaks to his countrymen. At times the number of celebrations have decreased, but since Congress made the day one of the national holidays, its observance has been general from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and now extends out on the Pacific to the isles of the sea. *Esto Perpetua.*





## MOUNT MAZAMA

---

BY JULIA P. A. PRATHER

Thou art a monarch stricken, though perhaps more awful now  
Than when in aeons past, thy cratered peak, snow-crowned  
Or belching fires, cleft high the vault of heaven.  
In this, thy fallen state, nor deftest painter's skill,  
Nor song of sweetest bard, can e'er portray thy grandeur,  
Or do thee fitting praise. And so it must be ever  
With pilgrims to thy shrine, a great awakening  
When first they stand high on thy eerie rim  
And pausing, gaze spell-bound, with bowed heads  
Upon thy glorious majesty. Deep girded all about  
With circling, serried walls, the matchless Lake,  
Thy heart's fair treasure, jealous-garded lies  
Like limpid sapphire set in lasting stone.  
Rarely the echoes challenge one another from the steeps,  
And stillness reigns, save for a deer's light tread,  
Or cry of waterfowl. All Red Men shun thee  
And in passing near, hasten with bated breath,  
For Laos, the children of their God, dwell here;  
And thus they fear Mazama and do reverence  
With all their savage, superstitious souls.  
A kind fate led me up those rugged sides  
Where Mother Nature has so long essayed



With growing forest and with mossy glade  
To hide thy havoc wrought in centuries past,  
And summit gained, in sweet communion spent  
A perfect day with thee. I see thee now  
As in that early dawn. A sky of fleckless blue  
Smiles down, and dew yet lingers on the hemlock boughs  
To flash a million jewels in the sun's first rays,  
The Lake still sleeps and not a ripple stirs,  
While mirrored all about it clear appears  
A second serried rim, as if to doubly guard it  
In its quiet repose. I watch as day grows strong,  
And, looking down, behold the Wizard's Isle,  
With ancient crater dimpling still the crest  
That once towered to such mighty heights and sinking  
Found a shelter in the Lake's soft arms.  
The sun becomes a glory and the space  
From cliff to cliff seems but a step, while flying birds  
Are pictured far below as circling through inverted skies  
The water gleam so blue. The Phantom Ship  
Is playing hide and seek, now clearly outlined  
And now hid from view, as light and shadow  
Each in turn caress its dainty form. As day grows old  
The yellow hills reflect a molten gold  
Or brilliant ruby tints from Sol's last rays,  
While even gloomy hemlocks are transformed,  
Aglow with emerald hues and dazzling bright.  
As darkness falls I stand and so await  
Thy crowning glory in mute ecstasy.  
Soon is its coming heralded with glimmering light  
Beyond the distant hills, which brighter grow  
And brighter, till radiant and serene in stately progress  
Full appears the Moon, to bathe and to enfold thee  
In its mellow light and with a myriad stars  
Illumine thy weird grandeur. But anon  
The far steepes of the Lake are soft effaced  
With film of gathering haze, that growing  
Ever spreading, nearer comes till Lake, trees, cliffs,  
Yea, all the earth has passed from view  
Wrapped in a misty mantle at my feet,  
As if the haunting spirits of the place  
Had jealous grown at my long stay, and so,  
In deepest silence and with unseen hands,  
Had drawn a veil to hide their dwelling from the sight  
Of mortal eyes. And thus above the clouds  
In the clear radiance of a moonlight night  
I linger on and dream, with soul uplifted  
And a heart at peace, living awhile apart  
From all the restless world, and nearer God.



Davey, Photo

## A HONOLULU BANYAN TREE

"It was a goodly sight to see  
That venerable tree.  
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,  
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;  
And many a long depending shoot,  
Seeking to strike its root,  
Straight, like a plummet,  
Grew towards the ground."

—Southey.





## BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER

his own ground." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, \$1.50.

**Vittorio Emanuele**, Prince of Piedmont, by James Mummell, a romantic play. Published in the form of a leaflet. This is one of the best examples of an utter lack of any kind of knowledge that has ever come to our notice. Franklin Printing Co., Philadelphia, 75c.

In these days of problem novels, sporting stories, and tales of political intrigue, the "Story of the Graveleys" comes as a refreshing little bit of human, every-day, real flesh and blood life. Politics, to be sure, plays a part in this story, but not enough to weary one of the uninitiated. We fall in love with "Berty" at first sight, so to speak, and reverence Mrs. Graveley. There is just a little thread of love romance running through the book, which makes it perhaps more acceptable to feminine readers. Altogether, "The Story of the Graveleys" could be handed with discretion to the sixteen-year-old, and yet would keep the mind of a person thrice that age interested to the end.

**Things Fundamental**, by Edward Jefferson, the Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle. This book is another one of the very many books issued during the Christmas season in defense of the tenets of the Christian religion. It is a thoughtful, straightforward book, and the publisher says: "It meets the free-thinker on

"**The Sherrods**," by the author of "Graustark," is a sickening, maukish mess cleverly put together. It may have been taken from life, but it is a phase of life best left unwritten. The book is well illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$1.50.

The author of "Reform in the Jungle" says the book is translated from the Simian, and the reviewer believes it might better have remained in the vernacular. The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. 50 cents.

"**The Girl Rough Riders**" is written by an army officer, and has been widely advertised by the publishers. The author, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, has ventured an array of contortionate English on a long-suffering and over-burdened public, and he should be given imprisonment during his natural existence, and be hanged by the neck thereafter. His publishers should be sued as accessories before and after the fact. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

"The Three Schoolma'ams" is the title of a little volume from the press of M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago. The story is located at Avalon and on Catalina Island, and is an attempt at character study, poorly carried out. The book is miserably printed and the paper is gray and dingy. The illustrations may have been made in the primary grades of the Chicago schools. The publisher does not say so, but it may be safely inferred that this is the case. It is about the poorest thing in the publishing line the reviewer has had on his desk in a long time.

Mrs. Sara Jeannette Duncan has certainly changed her style since writing "An American Girl in London" and "A Social Departure." Both these books were clean and wholesome, and at the same time amusing, without being off color. This can hardly be said of her four stories contained in the volume, "A Fool in the Desert." There is too much space taken up in this book for word-painting, and too little incident. Too much satire on married

life in India, and too little action and force. Her description of Indian scenery is stagey, and we miss Kipling's realistic way of putting things. Somewhat, we cannot imagine India as a land of deodars, snow-capped mountains, and wild roses. Still, no one could yawn over this book. The characters are altogether too naughty for that.

"For California," for January, a monthly publication issued by the California Promotion Committee, begins a serial story of human interest entitled "The Brown Family in California," telling how a New England farmer leaves the East and becomes established in California. Among other articles are: "What California has done for Civilization," by President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford Jr. University; "The Most Desirable City in Which to Live," by Hon. James D. Phelan, former Mayor of San Francisco; "California Deciduous Fruit Shipping," by Hon. Alden Anderson, Lieutenant-Governor of California, and others.

## CONTENTMENT

BY H. F. KIRKHAM

As some gay skylark, mounting with the dawn,  
Cleaves the thin air with outspread wings,  
Till, far above the mist-encircled earth,  
It pauses in the bright sunlight and sings,

Or, as a modest flower 'neath the shade  
Of mighty monarchs of the solitude;  
Scatters its incense on the morning breeze,  
Content to live—tho' living all unviewed,

So let my soul—Oh, Power Divine above!  
Wing its swift flight to truth's eternal day,  
Or rest in peace beneath the shades of night,  
And silently plod out life's destined way.





From an oil painting by the late Frank Norris. Mr. Norris was ambitious at one time to become a magazine illustrator. The picture represents a blind man, a character in a story written for the Overland Monthly.



## The Responsibility of Magazines.

"We have, I believe, heavy sins to atone for in the amount of space that periodical literature has given in the last five years to war. I believe that we have fostered the military spirit. I believe that we have gone to the utmost possible lengths in portraying the ghastly scenes on the battlefield. But I believe many of you fail to take into account the service that periodical magazines are doing in bringing men together. You are sure to find something in every magazine which will make you feel that men are brothers the world over. And I believe that just so far as magazines are fostering that spirit of universal brotherhood, they contribute in the best way to make men feel that they are one at heart. I remember my own irritation in Germany. Whenever I met a German lieutenant on the narrow sidewalks of Strassburg I had to take to the gutter. I was very angry about it for a few weeks, but after I began to meet those men at dinner, and began to talk with them, I found that it was a system of military etiquette which compels the officer to take the right of way. And as soon as I got that into my head I could no longer be angry with them personally. Every time you shake hands with an Englishman or a Frenchman or a man from the East, who is interested in the same problems that you are, literary, artistic, scientific, and brings to them an acumen perhaps greater than yours, just so far you are hastening the day which we all want to see. And I believe that our monthly

magazines are quickening the coming of that good time. After all, it is at bottom a religious question. I don't see what good it will do to stick up in the trolley car mottoes about international arbitration if men with bitter race hatred in their souls are sitting in the seats. I believe it may be a good thing for the world to have a new nervous system, but after all it is a far greater thing to have a new heart."

—Mr. Bliss Perry, Lake Mohonk Conference on Arbitration.

## An Utterance by Authority.

"Japan does not want to fight and does not mean to fight, but she must keep up her fighting strength so long as she is going ahead as a nation which is trying to make herself respected by others. Give her a satisfactory assurance that she does not need any increase in her army and navy, and she will welcome the assurance and respect it."

—Mr. S. Uchida, Consul General of Japan, Lake Mohonk Conference on Arbitration.

## The South and the Canal.

"The determination of the Southern people to make sure of having the Panama Canal built, no matter by what means the right to build it may be secured, is being fostered by appeals that appear to be somewhat beyond reasonable foundation. If the editors and commercial men are correct in their prognostications, the building of the canal will doom the commercial supremacy of the North to extinction. The At-



lanta Constitution presents official figures to show that the commerce of Southern ports is increasing much faster than that of Northern ports, the exports from them in the last financial year showing an increase of 7.4 per cent, while the increase from Northern ports was only three-tenths of 1 per cent. Nearly 40 per cent of the entire exports of the nation are now, it says, passing through Southern ports, and it will be but a few years when more than 50 per cent of all exports will go the same way. The Dallas (Texas) News asserts that there are in sight "benefits that make it clear to the sound mind" that the Isthmian canal "is going to double, over and over again, the commerce of the Southern ports." Where will this immense commerce go, and of what will it consist? Will Europe at once cease to be our best purchaser? If raw cotton continues to be worth a price which makes it extremely profitable to the Southern farmers, can we continue sending cotton cloth to the people of China? Does the canal really mean that Northern ports will go into a decline?

—Boston Herald.

## JAPAN'S NAVAL FORCE IN EASTERN WATERS.

### Battleships—First Class.

MIKASA—15,200 tons, 18 knots; launched November, 1900; armament, four 12-inch, fourteen 6-inch, four torpedo tubes, forty various; 741 men.

HATSUSE—15,000 tons, 19 knots; launched June, 1899; armament, four 12-inch, fourteen 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, forty various; 741 men.

ASHAI—15,200 tons, 18 knots; launched March, 1899; armament, four 12-inch, fourteen 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, forty various; 741 men.

SHIKISHIMA—14,850 tons, 18 knots; launched November, 1898; armament, four 12-inch, fourteen

6-inch, five torpedo tubes, forty various; 741 men.

YASHIMA—12,300 tons, 18 knots; launched February, 1896; armament, four 12-inch, fourteen 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, twenty-four various; 600 men.

FUJI—12,300 tons, 18 knots; launched March, 1896; armament, four 12-inch, ten 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, twenty-four various; 600 men.

### Armored Cruisers First-Class.

ASAMA—9,750 tons, 23 knots; launched March, 1898; armament, four 8-inch, fourteen 6-inch, four torpedo tubes, nineteen various; 500 men.

TOKIWA—9,750 tons, 22 knots; launched July, 1898; armament, four 8-inch, fourteen 6-inch, four torpedo tubes, nineteen various; 500 men.

IDZUMO—9,800 tons, 22 knots; launched September, 1899; armament, four 8-inch, fourteen 6-inch, four torpedo tubes, nineteen various; 483 men.

IWATE—9,800 tons, 22 knots; launched July, 1899; armament, four 8-inch, fourteen 6-inch, four torpedo tubes, nineteen various; 483 men.

YAKUMO—9,850 tons, 21 knots; launched July, 1899; armament, four 8-inch, twelve 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, nineteen various; 500 men.

ADZUMA—9,456 tons, 21 knots; launched —, 1899; armament, four 8-inch, twelve 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, nineteen various; 482 men.

### Protected Cruisers.

SIXTEEN SHIPS, 58,843 TONS—Five of these cruisers were built between 1885 and 1899; the others between 1885 and 1902. Only eight have speed greater than 20 knots.

## RUSSIA'S SEA FIGHTING STRENGTH IN THE EAST.

### Battleships—First-Class.

TSAREVITCH—13,110 tons, 18 knots; launched May, 1898; armament, four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, six torpedo tubes, forty-eight various; 740 men.

RETVISAN—12,700 tons, 18 knots; launched October, 1900; armament, four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, four torpedo tubes, forty-eight various; 740 men.

PERESVIET—12,674 tons, 19 knots; launched May, 1900; armament, four 10-inch, eleven 6-inch, six torpedo tubes, forty-six various; 775 men.

BOBIEDA—12,674 tons, 19 knots; launched May, 1900; armament, four 10-inch, eleven 6-inch, six torpedo tubes, forty-six various; 775 men.

POLTAVA—10,950 tons, 17 knots; launched November, 1894; armament, four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, six torpedo tubes, thirty-six various; 636 men.

PETROPAVLOVSK—10,950 tons; 17 knots; launched November, 1894; armament, four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, six torpedo tubes, thirty-six various; 636 men.

SEVASTOPOL—10,950 tons, 17 knots; launched June, 1895; armament, four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, six torpedo tubes, thirty-six various; 636 men.

#### Armored Cruisers—First Class.

GROMOVOI—12,336 tons, 20 knots; launched May, 1899; armament, four 8-inch, sixteen 6-inch; two torpedo tubes, forty-four various; 800 men.

BAYAN—7,800 tons, 22 knots; launched June, 1900; armament, two 8-inch, eight 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, twenty-seven various; 600 men.

ROSSIA—12,200 tons, 19 knots; launched May, 1896; armament, four 8-inch, sixteen 6-inch, five torpedo tubes, forty-eight various; 841 men.

RURIK—10,940 tons, 18 knots;

launched November, 1892; armament, four 8-inch, sixteen 6-inch, six 4.7-inch, six torpedo tubes, two various; 768 men.

#### Protected Cruisers.\*

TWELVE SHIPS, 62,583 TONS—This includes the Kagul, launched June, 1903; the Aurora, trial trip October, 1903, and the Almaz, launched in June, 1903. Save two, all the ships of this class were built since 1898. Nine have a speed greater than 20 knots.

\*This tonnage includes all the vessels of this class owned by Russia. Many of these are in or on the way to Eastern waters.

#### Help the Publication.

"Please mention this publication when you answer this advertisement."

If this request were universally heeded, if those who deal through the mails as well as direct would bear this in mind, that, by using a few strokes of the pen, indicating the publication in which the advertising was seen, then indeed would occur the millennium of advertising.

Were this happy result achieved, it would mean the rapid disintegration and removal of scores of worthless publications that have nothing to recommend them save the fictitious circulation and all advertising taken from the unworthy would be placed with those worthy publications that constantly specify their circulation and offer returns therefrom. This procedure would mean the total abolishment of the keying system, a system that while it is sufficiently accurate in some particulars, yet lacks that altogether desirable quality—accuracy.

'Tis sad, indeed, that those who write for goods or information cannot be brought to see matters in this light. It is negligence that costs them nothing and negligence that frequently costs the publishers dearly.—Ad Sense.

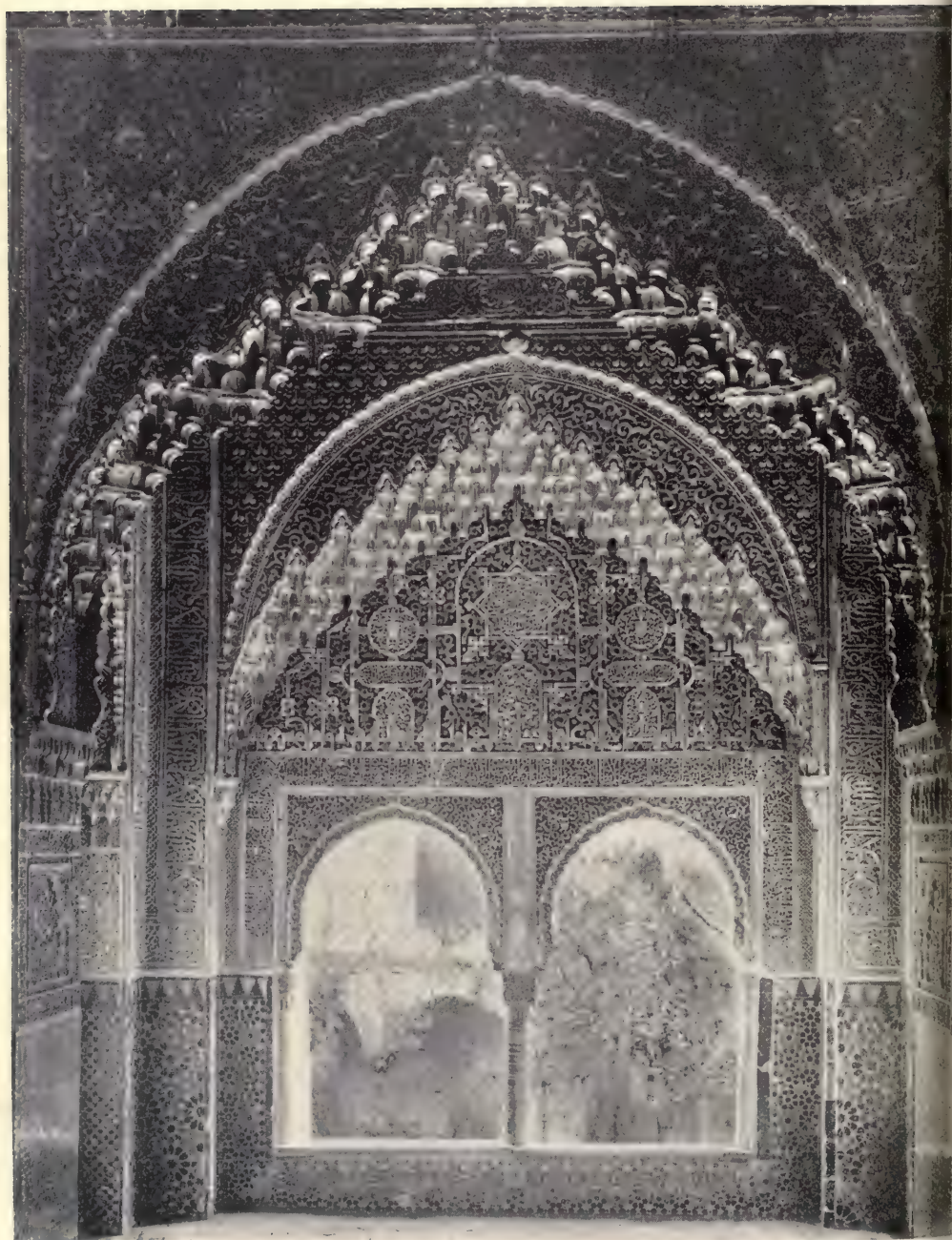


MAR 12 1904

DECATUR, ILL.



*Avenue of Royal Palms, Honolulu*



*The Balcony of Lindajara, Alhambra.*





*Where Lurid War Now Disturbs the People*







*A salmon run during the season*



Eschscholtzia  
or California Golden Poppy.





*Buds of spring*



*Miss Frances Starr, Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco*







BODDHIST PILGRIMS





# Overland Monthly

Vol. XLIII. March, 1904.

No 3.

## FISH OF THE WESTERN SEA

Some Strange and Curious Ones

BY HARRY R. P. FORBES



Barracuda



Walking fish

**T**HE number of fish that live in the West, their gamy propensities and their savory flesh, make them one of the greatest attractions of the Coast. A man imbued with the natural spirit and instincts of a true sportsman will go farther to find good fishing than for any other sport.

This has been exemplified by the number of fishermen who come annually to cast their lines in the Pacific Ocean. They come from the East and the South, from the North even from Europe to fight the tuna, the black bass, the jewfish and the yellowtail. Men who have tired of the tarpon of the Florida coast find new inspiration in tugging a tuna.

The migratory fishes come to the Mecca of the sportsman, Catalina Island, about the first of May, and remain until December. During this period the channel lying between the coast islands and the shores of Southern California is simply alive with fish. The most soul-inspiring sport that can be found is the rod and reel chase after the famous tuna.

This fish is merely an exaggerated specimen of mackerel, with coarse and unsavory flesh, and deserves no mention in the record of food fish. They are dainty eaters and their bill of fare consists principally of the most charming and seductive of finny creatures—the flying fish.

The average weight of a tuna is one hundred pounds, but the strength is that of many horsepower. Frightened, infuriated by the sense of being caught, this monster fish dashes off with the speed of a race horse. The men and boat attached to him are as sails, judging from the rate at which the monster speeds, in spite of all efforts made to check the rush. Frequently the big fellow will tow a boat for miles out to sea, and then make a sudden turn and retrace his flight. This turn is the saving of the line, but the lack of it would frequently prove the saving of the tuna, if he only knew that there was but a few more feet of line between him and freedom. For once at the end of the line, a sudden jerk, and the tuna's strength is sufficient to free him.

He is caught by being tired out. He dashes here and there, makes silent sulks and trips to the bottom of the sea; but all in vain. Finally

his strength fails and the gaff hauls him overboard the wrong way, and he lies a captive hero in the bottom of the boat.

After chasing the tuna, it is mild sport to go fishing for the other large fish. The only difference is that some sportsmen prefer to fish with a hand-line rather than rod and reel; and all the large game fish, other than the tuna, are caught with a metal or bone jig.

The fish of the Pacific might be put in three classes: game, commercial and curious. There would be included in the first class the tuna, (prince of sport), albacore, bonito, yellowtail, jewfish, black bass, barracuda, and even the sea bass. While many of them are good food fish, they do not hold a place in the commercial world with salmon, mackerel, halibut, cod, smelt, sea trout or pilchard. They are all familiar inhabitants of the Western waters.

There is a striking similarity in



Flying fish





A fine Record at Catalina

the habits of the game fish of the West: they are not natural murderers, that is, killing for the love of the gore, like the blue fish; nor are their maws steel-lined like a cod's; nor do they leave the salt water to spawn, like the salmon. They simply search for food, devour it, and fight for life, if necessary.

The salmon, as a fish of worth and a fish of sense, heads the list. It is even romantic; it goes a long way to find its lady-love. Never daunted by height of precipice or rushing flow of water, it manages to ascend the stream flowing into the sea that it has chosen to essay as spawning ground. It is curious to see him leap to the top of a high fall of water, fairly whizzing through the air and clutching to the bits of ledge, he clambers on up and over into smooth water, where he rests and then continues his journey. Trolling for salmon is one of the greatest sports, and canning salmon one of the chief industries of the Northwest.

Salmon is not valued alone for

the silver spoon that is frequently within its mouth, but for the fun of putting it there. There are others who fish for salmon beside men—they are hogs. The stoic, grunting creature delights to wade into a stream and with its mouth embrace a bright red salmon as it is returning from the spawning ground. Farmers are compelled to fence their land that borders on salmon streams that the hogs may not indulge their piscatorial proclivities to the detriment of their commercial value, as a diet of fish will make the cured pork taste fishy.

The halibut banks on the Pacific Coast have become famous for the excellent quality of fish procured. This is a fish with a pious name, for it owes its nomenclature to the word "holy" or "holiday"; because at one time it was "holiday" food. The flesh is coarse, but exceedingly white, tender and savory. The fish are so large and boneless that it is customary to call for a steak of halibut, as it is sliced like beef.

Mackerel of this Coast is not good; either from lack of proper



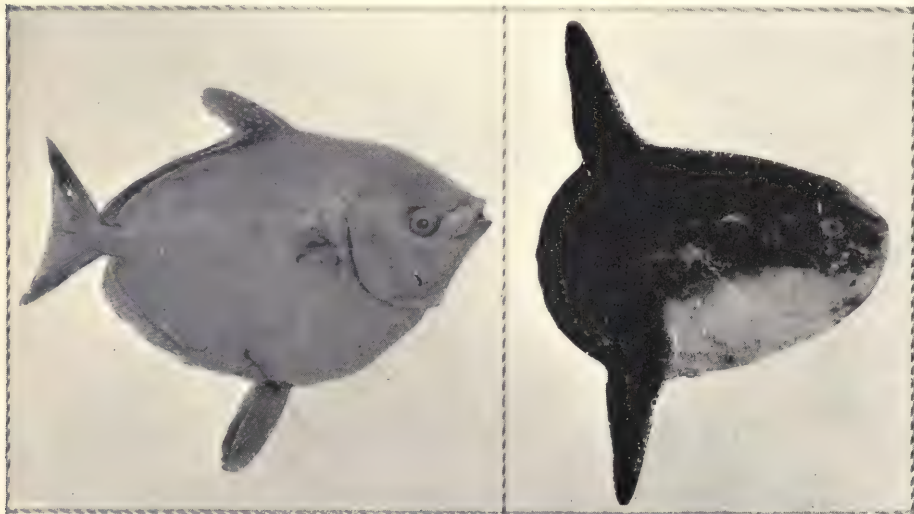
Leaping Tuner

nourishment or climatic conditions, the flesh always lacks sufficient fat. However, it will satisfy the longing desire for a taste of perfect Spanish mackerel when it has been broiled and dressed with butter and parsley—that is all.

Another fish of commerce is the sardine, which, in reality, is but a pilchard. It becomes a sardine after curing, exactly the same as the

herring becomes a bloater after pickling. Who has not eaten a fresh Yarmouth bloater and longed for more? And yet we have them at our door to become another industry some day.

But to return to the pilchard. They come in shoals and are gathered up by the ton in purse nets. They are cleaned, placed in strong brine and pickled, then dried in the



Sunfish and Opah



sun and later boiled in olive oil and canned for the market. One of the peculiar fish of the Pacific Coast is the famous sheephead. It is fairly good food, but to many it is more curious than good. It seems to carry a regular wardrobe along with it. Its swaddling clothes are of faintest blue, but when about half grown the cerulean robes are changed for dainty pink scales that glisten and glitter and shine in iridescent splendor until old age creeps on, when more sombre hues are adopted. Then the old fish appears in deepest carmine, changing into shades of electric blue and all of a velvety richness that blends well with the woolly white throat and lower jaw.

The old sporty fellow boasts of two rows of teeth and perhaps holes

stubby tail these fins are used as locomotive power as well as a balance wheel.

The gorgeous coloring of this anything but graceful fish places it immediately within the ranks of attention. The fins are brightest scarlet, while the body assumes every shade of the opal; red, green, blue, with tints of purple and gold covered with spots of silvery white. It comes to the surface and basks in the sun, waving a high dorsal fin above the water.

Its rival is the target or sunfish. It is also round, flat, and curious in shape. It has a truncated tail, or in fact, no tail at all. It has a strange habit of darting through the air, displaying a broad side that is interpreted as a dare by many a rifle shot. Therefore, fishing for



Dolphin



Sheepshead

punched for more. He bites and snaps at a person and is capable of inflicting great damage.

The Opah, King of the Herrings, frequently finds a home in the West. It is a peculiar pelagic fish that belongs to the dolphin family. But the Opah assumes a shape entirely different to the *Coryphaena Lippurus*, the fish commonly known as the dolphin. It is broad and flat, and is frequently mistaken for a sunfish. It is devoid of scales and often grows to the length of four or five feet and a weight of one hundred pounds. The ventral fins are like broad paddles attached to its sides and composed of numerous layers; on account of the short,

sunfish is hunting as well, and many enjoy the sport. It is certainly quite unique and requires a good shot to be able to get the fish on the fly.

One of the terrors of the sea is the broad, flat, long-tailed monster, called a sting-ray. Its defense is the poisonous sting that it can inflict with the barbed dorsal spine as it terminates in a whip-like tail. It lashes and plunges with sufficient force to break heavy plate glass if an attempt is made to subjugate it.

Fortunately these specimens of curious aquatic life are rare, and it is well that it is so.

It is a strange fact that the lobsters on the Pacific Coast are without claws; in other words, they are



Black Bass Caught on Rod and Reel, 21 Strand Cutty Hunk Line, Weight 370 lbs. World's Record. Catalina Island

crawfish. For some inexplicable reason the claws disappear even from off the lobsters imported to these waters. Perhaps there are others who enjoy the claws of lobsters beside man. There seems to be no other explanation offered than that the claws of lobsters are eaten off by other creatures while yet in the water.

The walking fish of the West seems more closely related to the "angler" than to the langya of the Asiatic waters; still the name implies the reverse. The peculiar habit of walking or rather hopping along the bottom of the ocean, or along the seashore, hiding amongst the rocks, has gained for it the name of walking fish. It is a hideous creature with a most disdainful mouth. When very young, not more than an inch in length, it masquerades as a tiny bird. It is bright green, tinged with yellow,

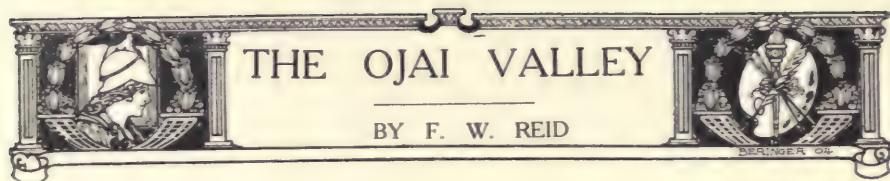
and its tail deceives the casual observer, and seen hopping along on its stunted but muscular fins, it is nothing if not interesting. There is a peculiar appendage attached to its head that some persons believe is used by the fish to entice other fishes within its reach. As it grows to maturity it loses all of its beauty and remains only curious and hideous.

There are many fishes with more curious habits than forms. One of these is the cod. He is a veritable clown, or rather the goat of the ocean. He is the sailor's pocket. Everything lost overboard intentionally or otherwise may turn up safely at that very sailor's door, for the provident fish saves, by devouring, pocket knives, buckles, leather straps, watches and rings. He has even been known to thrive on empty tin salmon cans, doubtless through a feeling of brotherly love.



Tuna caught on Rod and Reel, 21 Strand Line, Weight 251 lbs. World's Record. Catalina Island





**I**T sometimes happens, as every wanderer knows, that a side trip, taken at the suggestion of a fellow traveler, proves the most enjoyable feature of an outing. There is a pleasure, too, like "playing hooky," in sometimes deviating from the lines of a strictly mapped out tour. But there are more solid inducements for the tourist, journeying north by the coast line, to turn aside at Ventura and visit the Ojai.

From the car-window he will merely obtain a flashlight view of the Ventura Valley, opening to the sea and closed inland by a blue mountain barrier. But at Nordhoff, eighteen miles from the coast by a branch line, he will find himself in one of the most picturesque of the natural parks of California.

The Ojai—valley, it is usually called—is a great triangle of rolling land lying at the foot of the Coast Range, and between the Ventura River and its tributary, Nordhoff Creek. Enclosed now and cultivated in parts, of old it was a forest in which the native Indians hunted the wild deer.

The trees, in which the crimson-crested woodpeckers are squawking, are of two kinds. One is compact and dome-shaped, with dark green foliage—the encina, or evergreen oak; the other, with lighter leaves and a more spreading habit of growth, is the roble, or white oak. Growing in clumps on the knolls, in chains or on the ridges, they give to the scene the air of an English park. One expects to see fallow deer crouched in the grass, and the gables of a Tudor mansion rising behind the trees.

But the mountain background is of Californian altitude. From northeast to northwest the Ojai is sheltered by the mile-high bastions of the Coast Range. The summer sun rises over Topa-Topa, a square striped cliff of gray sandstone, and sets behind the jagged edges of the Matilija mountain. Low oak-covered ridges converge towards the south, where the Ojai opens towards Ventura and the sea.

The greensward underfoot is enameled with flowers. Under the oaks the frail innocence plants muster their fragrant white and lilac blooms. Great sprays of lupine vie with the deeper purple of the larkspur; in the deep grass shine the magenta plumes of the painted brush. But above all the "bells and flowerets of a thousand hues," the butterfly tulips are conspicuous. Porcelain white or mauve, the cups of these Mariposas are more delicately tinted with crimson and gold than the daintiest of Worcester ware. Even the dry arroyos, so bare and cactus-ridden in the further south, are here filled with honey-flowers and the murmurs of bees.

Down by the creek the tinkle of the cowbell sounds from the shady pastures. The hidden brook sings a quiet tune to the thirsty alders and willows that overarch its channel. Tall cottonwoods shoot up, like spires; sycamores stretch their gray, angled limbs, palsied by the destructive mistletoe which clings to them in bunches like overgrown birds' nests; the roots of maple and black walnut buttress the banks. The wild vine clammers over every tree, pouring down from their



The Live Oak and the Wild Grape Vine. First Crossing Between Nordhoff and Ventura

branches its green cascade of leaves. It must have been in a climate like this in Italy, not in England, that Milton found the "gadding vine" of his *Lycidas*. In May the thickets by the waterside ring with the song of nesting birds.

The park-like plateau of the Ojai extends for six miles in a southerly direction, and from east to west for about ten in an air-line. Round about Nordhoff there is a considerable acreage under cultivation. But the trees have not been uprooted, and the oaks stand ankle-deep in fields of emerald oats. There is none of the checker-board formality of the low country farming land. The park is merely diversified with orchards of apricots and peaches, with groves of hoary olive and fragrant orange. The patriarchal oaks dominate everything. They screen the little village completely, concealing the unsightly barns and other crudities of a western hamlet.

The Ojai, as a health resort, was discovered some thirty years ago by Charles Nordhoff, author and journalist. His writings drew an increasing train of invalids to the

district; and for him the first settlement was named. Asthma, in particular was found to yield to the mild influence of the local climate. Sheltered as it is from rough winds, open to the south, 700 feet above sea level, near the ocean yet exempt from fogs, Nordhoff is the winter home of many sufferers from lung complaints. The blessed quiet of the place recommends it as a rest-cure for the legion of nervous ailments induced by modern business life. Many who came here in early days, "the mere despair of surgery," lived to farm the valley as robust settlers.

Migrants from the bleak Eastern States rent cottages here for the winter. You will find their retreats scattered about in all sorts of places—on the edge of an orange orchard or in the chaparral maze at the hill-foot. Some live quite alone, hermits for their health's sake, with quail and rabbit for their only neighbors. On those spring mornings of exquisite temper, windless and warm, they bask in the sun, imbibing health.

"See those little clouds," said a convalescent to the writer, point-



ing to the gray whisps floating from the battlements of the Matilija; "early mornings the peaks are full of them; but these bright days melt 'em up early, and I sit here and watch them vanish."

Here was a man who had found out for himself what Ruskin taught the English—the beauty of the changing pageant of the sky. From such are recruited the lotos-eaters who forget the East under the spell of California.

But nature has other remedies in her medicine chest besides climate. California abounds in mineral waters. The Coast Range of mountains, in particular, is seated upon caldrons of the middle earth, in which the rainfall is heated and tintured. A salty or sulphurous brew escapes from fissures in the rocks in a hundred places. Within five miles of Nordhoff the hot springs of the Matilija bubble out of the canyon of the Ventura river.

Drive or walk, you will find the way all too short. The road winds over rising ground between the park and the wild shrubbery of the foothills. At the mouth of the canyon

there is an orange orchard on the bank of a trout stream. In its stony channel look for the giant Matilija poppy, which rivals the sunflower in height and in the amplitude of its staring white disk.

The springs well up here and there among the rocks. Most of them smell of sulphur and deposit a bluish film. Each has a name and a painted legend setting forth its special virtue. Eve's well is a tonic for dyspepsia. The briny waters of Life wash away rheumatism and senile decay. The Iron spring cures cranks, gout and nightmare. There is a remedy for everything from insomnia to insolvency.

But the baths of Matilija are no German Kurort, disciplined by doctors and peopled only by languid, hollow-cheeked invalids. Like other California resorts, they are chiefly visited by holiday-making, city-tired folk. From June to September they swarm to the springs; and the canyon walls echo to the tinkle of the mandolin and the laughter of girls.

In the summer campers are abroad in the land with tent and wagon. In the early summer the angler stum-



Matilija Canyon, Ojai Valley

bles upon the rusting cook-stoves and empty tin cans which these nomads leave behind them under the alders. These, when the silt of another geological era has covered them, will perhaps be excavated and exhibited as the "kitchen middens" of the Californians of the Tin Age.

Trout fishing is one of the recreations of the Ojai. The spotted fish are small, but plentiful, both in the Ventura and in Nordhoff Creek; but the streams, being small and accessible, are fished out early in the season. There are both quail and rabbit in the neighborhood, but the deer have long since retreated to the forests on the northern slope of the mountains. The mountain lion, however, haunts the oak scrub of the foothills, attracted by the farmer's chickens. At a ranch on

the Ventura a fine specimen was recently killed by a ten-year-old boy.

With strenuous exercises for the robust, a pure and restorative air for the ailing, and for the farmer a well-watered and productive soil, the attractions of the Ojai convert many visitors into permanent residents.

Peace and picturesqueness is the note of the Ojai. In variety of landscape there are not many districts superior to this happy rural seat of various view, even in California. Its encircling mountains shine with the changing colors of the south—that gamut of grays and purples which is only to be matched in Syria and Palestine, where the climate is similar. If the Ojai were in France, artists would flock here, and Nordhoff would become a second Barbizon.



BY MINNIE D. KELLOGG

**H**OUSE-KEEPER (in calm wisdom)—Choy, don't put roast pig and rice on your brother's grave for the tramps to steal. The dead can't eat.

Choy (tartly)—What for you put 'em flowers on you bloder glabe; he no can see; he no can smell.

(An actual conversation.)

Far beyond the power of the unruly member is the expression of passionate, despairing generosity, so, the world over, it gropes for some dumb symbol and trusts to the liberal interpretations of human sympathy. The mute, lonely soul at least may hail its fellows in the distance by this rude signal code, as vessels speak at sea, but intimate speech is not for the spirit.

When the low-churchman summons history to witness that the "idoltrous usages" practiced by his ritualistic brother are those of old pagan Rome, of modern Catholicism and also of Buddhism, he makes the most eloquent possible argument for those very symbols. They form the tenderest bond between the ancient and the modern, the Occident and the Orient, and where they diverge utterly, one may look for the insurmountable chasms that divide these peoples.

In the most priest-ridden country on earth, the land of polyandry, prayer-mill and lamasary, in Thibet, once a year there appears in the courtyard of the Gold-tiled Temple, a huge Buddha carved in butter, be-



fore which the faithful many from far and near gather for a season of prayer, and, incidentally, of other excitements; a regular winter-camp meeting, and a very large one too. When, where or why the practice originated and what it means, no one seems able to say, but the speculation is that it is a sort of memento mori, expressed, indeed, most literally and logically in the fleeting grace of butter. This much may be said for the butter Buddha; it is very dear to the Thibetan peasant. These mountaineers, so impoverished by supporting their enormous Lamas-series in a sterile land that they resort to polyandry among other economies, repair regularly to the Gold Tiled Temple with their "widow's mite," their offering of butter, out of which the priests carve the great idol, and the multitude bow down before this graven image with a devotion so positive that it actually appealed to a Christian missionary.

To appreciate misplaced devotion is doubly, trebly hard for a missionary. Dr. Susie Carson Rijnhart becomes positively eloquent in justifying the strange, tender sentiments awakened in her by the sight of this benighted congregation prostrated before a painted god of butter. A good citizen of the world, or even of the world of letters would need no explanation.

The land of the butter Buddha was in a revolt during the stay of Dr. Rijnhart and her husband. At best, Thibet is an inhospitable country, and the Grand Lama of the Kumbum Lamasary, hearing that a couple of missionaries were in the vicinity, became alarmed for their safety. Probably as a last resource and perhaps to him an embarrassing one, he invited them to his lamasary where they remained on his hands for ten months.

To begin with, of course the missionaries proceeded to beard the Buddhist lion in his den. The Lama very innocently baffled them. He

accepted Christ and memorized the Gospels with amazing facility; but forsake Buddha? Never! Christ might be another incarnation of Buddha—yes, surely, he loved Christ—but Buddha was the name of his Redeemer.

Missionaries very often subtract from the sum total of the religion of their supposed converts, but the Rijnharts certainly added to that of Mina Fuyeh, Grand Lama of Kumbum, who affectionately recognized Mr. Rijnhart as a brother lama, perhaps a reincarnation of that Great White Lama who had won love everlasting in Asia ages ago. Reincarnation was Mina Fuyeh's fundamental doctrine.

(Probably a Catholic missionary of the fourteenth century, though possibly a Nestorian much further back.)

Had he not, as a docile child in the hands of a managing father, been demonstrated to be the reincarnation of a certain soul of high degree belonging to the late Grand Lama of Kumbum? Thus the little tot exchanged the nursery for the lamasary, where, under the priests, he proceeded to memorize the teachings of Buddha. Now, could such an education fit him to recognize ordinary things or judge of human probabilities? To me the penetration he possessed was much more surprising than certain errors which Dr. Rijnhart reports. Mina Fuyeh had come into possession of a photograph of a ballet girl, which he supposed was the picture of an angel. When Mr. Rijnhart pointed out the mistake, Mina Fuyeh destroyed this source of temptation and begged them to forget the circumstance.

One thing the lama craved from his guests—news of the strange wide world, talks on geography, and the remarkable stories they could tell of the familiar wonders of European civilization. He was marvelously inquisitive. This general ignorance of a natural scholar, a great Mongolian linguist, too, and his

eagerness to remedy it, have a pathetic interest not unlike the story of Helen Keller, for, like her, the Lama succeeded in grasping so much in spite of cruel limitations. During the visit of Dr. and Mr. Rijnhart, the Lamasary of Kumbum was a scene of contrasts. In that grotesque Buddhist bachelor's hall were domesticated an earnest English lady and her brave Dutch husband, who were at that time conducting a Christian school at Lushar during a Moslem revolt. On one side of the guest chambers was the household temple of Mina Fuyeh, where curious chants rang out to the accompaniment of bells and drums—sacred drums made on human skulls, over which skins were stretched, and on the other side was Mina Fuyeh's beautiful garden, wherein flowers rejoiced to grow for him who loved them. Spiritual-minded as the Grand Lama actually was he had a royally uneven temper to add to the confusion of the bizarre colony of more or less lazy, dirty, childish or pilfering lamas, presided over by this ignorant scholar, hazy, mystic, wretched disciplinarian and lone broad-churchman. Where the East and West meet, humor generally runs riot. But humor, born of incongruities, is very happy at reconciling them. Asia has much of suggestion to offer the Occident, motifs for philosopher, poet and artist; and the healthiest thing in the teachings of Asia is that they may not be taken literally. In her school one cannot degenerate into a copyist.

In the Yerkes Palace is a splendid room following the lines and harmonies of one of the oldest temples of Buddha—a Western rein-

carnation of an Oriental dream of beauty. To provide this charming room, the decorator drew upon the store of Japan, for beauty is Catholic and free to all who are ready to receive her. As the truly spiritual man welcomes the religion of another, so the true artist accepts the art of the alien—it does not conflict with his own; it enlarges it. Hokusai, the pride of Japan, "the old man crazy about painting," is one of the great dead, with whom our young American designer, Van Ingen, communes. How does he aid him? The highest teaching leaves no thumb mark to signify its method. Art is inexplicable by word of mouth—but the spirit of the art of the ages, the aesthetic feeling of a nation, may breathe in a single masterpiece. "The story of the beautiful," says Whistler, "is already complete, hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon and brodered with the birds upon the fan of Hokusai at the foot of Fusijama." He whom a painter admires numbers with his masters. There are little masters as well as great; and, sometimes, in their simplicity, they make the best rudimentary teachers. The missionary, watching the dirty throng burning butter lamps to a butter god—those tapers so detested by Protestantism, recalling the candles of the Catholic and the Jew, and in this particular case actually making the ridiculous idol's nose run and its fingers melt in greasy, rancid drops—was shown a clearer light that she had ever seen before, and by the flickering flame of those foolish candles she dimly caught the grand outlines of the universal Church of God.





# Shakespeare's Plays and Public Opinion

BY L. RALSTON IRVING

**N**O one denies Shakespeare's right to the first place in literature. Is he not greatest among poets, philosophers, dramatists? Was he not, through the influence of his marvelous plays, a great moral reformer? Does not the Englishman of to-day, indeed the whole English-speaking race, owe him a lasting debt of gratitude?

But is Shakespeare a "popular playwright," as we now use the word to describe the dramatist who pleases our vagrant fancy, whose creations enjoy a continuous and money-making "run?"

Has there been—is there now—a growing indifference to Shakespeare, a lack of interest in his works, a distaste for his plays? Have we turned away from the master mind of the English-speaking race? If so, are we not justified in calling it a decadence of public taste? For that, shall we revile the public, and in the language of Dogberry, "Write it down an ass?"

How much more philosophical to analyze the casual conditions.

Let us, for the sake of argument, admit that the general public will have little of Shakespeare. What is the reason? What is the remedy?

Some critics declare that it is because we have so few actors with divine power to touch and to sway men's hearts, so few able to realize our conception of Shakespeare's characters. Have we any adequate conception of Shakespeare's creations? Do we really think at all?

Shakespeare is eminently a tragic poet, a dramatist of the buskin, the sombre masque, of slow music, the funeral march, the inverted torch. What more inexorable tragic than King Lear? Is Shakespeare a persona non grata on the stage to-day because real life is a tragedy in it-

self, and those who go to see a play seek diversion for their minds rather than distress for their feelings; and would rather be compelled to laugh against their inclination, to be made merry in spite of themselves, than be plunged into greater depths of an already depressed and darksome mood?

Is it true, then, that Shakespeare is too depressing? Do his plays "end wrong?" Are we still children demanding a conclusion according to the old formula, "and then they were married and lived happily ever afterward?" Can we deny that as we grow older we seek for mirth and joy and gladness, and try to avoid awakened memories, to escape from the echo of our own sad thoughts?

What woman of mature years wishes to be rendered perfectly miserable over the woes of Juliet, and yet "All the world loves a lover." And the time will never come when the rival houses of Montague and Capulet will cease to hold the boards.

Shakespeare sets forth the dark and evil passions of humanity, and lets them work out their own dreadful retribution. He does not, after the fashion of the modern playwright who seeks merely to amuse, gloss over the wickedness, and make "it all come out right in the end." With Shakespeare error destroys itself, and the wages of sin is death. Can this be one of the reasons that to-day Shakespeare does not draw crowded houses for his plays as plays, and not only because of the interest in the actor who takes the leading role?

Or is it because the world at large does not desire to be educated out of its own ignorance?

Let us deal with the amusement phase of this question. Suppose

that the world would rather be amused than educated. Shall the expression of its taste in this direction be interpreted to indicate that the standards of intellectual culture have been lowered?

But how shall we account for the growing taste for vaudeville, for rag-time music, for comic opera and for joke periodicals? Surely as the taste for vaudeville grows, Shakespeare recedes further into the background.

And yet vaudeville, in a certain sense, is the expression of the hurrying, shifting spirit of the age, like the Athenians of old, ever seeking to do or to know some new thing, each new effort to be more surprising, more startling or more amusing than its antecedent, a something to be gained or enjoyed without any mental effort or previous preparation of the mind, something that may be exchanged for a novelty at a moment's notice, provided it requires no effort of mind or memory to enjoy—or to forget it.

The craze for vaudeville in a certain sense does not explain the distaste for Shakespeare. Vaudeville is swift and is a passing show. We ourselves, live in a whirl, and are always in a hurry. This age is the apotheosis of rush. Vaudeville is the modern interpretation of the old adage that "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Even under the most favorable conditions of culture and refinement a modern audience will not tolerate any one of Shakespeare's plays in its entirety. It is too long for this day and generation. In Shakespeare's day, the drama was the amusement of the courtier, of the idle and the rich. To-day there is no leisure class. We are all busy in the pursuit of something. So the stage director as well as the manager resorts to elimination. Impatience is the modern stage manager after all!

Perhaps "Julius Caesar" has been played oftener and to more mixed

audiences than any other of Shakespeare's plays. May not that be because the subject and the incidents of the play are familiar to a vast number of people, and the scenes are chiefly laid in Rome, the Eternal City?

Is it because this is the age of the automobile and wireless telegraphy, that the pace of the past is too slow for us, that the stage coach, the sedan chair, and even the swift-flying horses of the chariot races cannot hold us?

Old age has been called sternly practical. Perhaps because the secrets of science have been spread before us, because our marvels are those of natural forces, and so we care not for the monsters and sprites and fairies of Shakespeare's fancy. Have we any room for the supernatural in our thought? Perhaps we have become too material. Let us read Shakespeare then, study him line by line that we revive our fancy, that we cultivate our imaginative faculties, that we respond to the master hand of genius.

We may be loth to admit it, but the everlasting money question plays its part in the decadence of interest in Shakespeare's plays. In the Elizabethan period, a sign, "This is a wood" was hung upon the stage in full view of the audience and imagination did the rest. But we have fed on spectacular productions. We have yielded our feminine hearts to the spell of the "dry goods drama." We have been raised, through one generation at least, upon plays magnificently mounted. Now we demand that everything shall be on the same majestic scale.

As for the star, that brings us to another consideration. Is the star system in any way responsible for the decadence of taste which we deplore? Does it evolve great actors? In other days, to paraphrase Shakespeare:

"Each man in his time played many parts,  
His acts being different dramas."



The school which gave us Macready and Edwin Forrest and our own John McCullough, was the stock company, where individual merit was recognized and placed and advanced, and a corps of good players presented a harmonious whole. But the star system presents one good strong part for the star, the rest of the company must be the clouds, the firmament of the luminary. The stock company made sterling actors. Recall the long list of those from the old Boston Lyceum, the old California Theatre, the Daly Company. The stock company, well-tried and seasoned, could produce the "legitimate." But Shakespeare with but one good actor starring in the principal role, without proper support, is but a travesty on the play, and if under those circumstances the star does not play to empty benches, it is because people come to see the actor and not the play.

What inducement does the legitimate offer to a young and ambitious actor? He certainly wants fame and fortune. In these money-making days he wants fortune first. To the majority of Thespians, farce comedy, with its broad situations, a society play with its exploitation of forbidden topics, the seventh commandment broken all to bits—a risqué scene, or a disrobing act, something to fascinate and to repel, to titillate and to shock at the same time, certainly seems to offer a short cut to fortune, and is by far an easier way than a course of Shakespearean characters.

For the actor who seeks to interpret the "Divine William" must himself possess the creative faculty, must himself be able to mirror forth "the thousand-souled Shakespeare." Beyond doubt, Shakespeare's plays require the highest order of talent; yes, of genius itself, to interpret them properly. The actor who sets himself the task of revealing the master's creations must devote himself to his vocation with an ardor

and a self-sacrifice and an assiduity that would make him wealthy as a merchant or famous as a statesman or a scientist. He must become an encyclopedia upon the remotest detail of dress, costume and chronological correctness.

But be it tragedy or comedy, the actor who aspires to win fame in Shakespearean roles must be greatly endowed by nature. Consider the many-sidedness of the Bard of Avon. Pope says of him that "If ever an author deserved the name of an original, it was Shakespeare." His poetry was an inspiration. He is an instrument of Nature. His characters are so much Nature herself that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself. It is impossible to find any two alike.

Lessing says that many of Shakespeare's traits are almost too nice, too delicate for the stage. They can only be properly seized by a great actor, and fully understood by a very acute audience." Is it possible for us to present that combination, the great actor, the acute audience?

The times are changing; ideals are ever shifting. The trash issued by the daily newspapers, and the publishing house, has no doubt vitiated the stream of pure literature, but as running water purifies itself, the stream will yet be clear again. The romantic movement in literature, and on the stage, is a good thing. It is not such a far cry from the "Prisoner of Zenda," of the "Loves of the Princess Osra," to "Romeo and Juliet."

In spite of all that militates against an appreciation of Shakespeare, I predict that we are on the way to a grand Shakespearean revival. The country is full of clubs whose members study the works of the great dramatist, and they constantly prove the truth of Richard Grant White's assertion that "hav-

ing learned to read Shakespeare, one will have found an occupation which will light with pleasure the whole of one's leisure." Having read Shakespeare, having learned to think Shakespeare, to know his creations so thoroughly that we can recognize a speech and attribute it to its proper character no matter how detached it may be from the context, is the inevitable forerunner of a desire to see the men and women whom we have learned to know so intimately through the introduction of Shakespeare—there will come, I say, the desire to see them upon the mimic stage of life. That time is near, and if some of the delightful projects for endowing a School for Acting, a National College for Dramatic Art, would but materialize, if our Government could be induced to subsidize a Shakespearean theatre, where plays could be produced without the everlasting domination of the Almighty dollar, I am certain it would soon hasten the appreciation and the demand for the works of the Immortal Bard.

Have not our tastes and our wants in their onward march to the highest in Art already brought us to the fullest recognition of the divine greatness of his works?

Not degeneration, but full appreciation of what is inspiring and great prompts us to await with patience and with reverence the coming of a high priest of the histrionic art, one who will once more fill our souls with reverence and our minds with a comprehension of the true greatness of Shakespeare.

The Shakespearean plays to-day slumber like the princess in the fairy tale, awaiting the coming of the prince. Will he come? Has Booth carried with him to the grave the last spark of genius? Let us hope not.

In E. H. Sothern we have the promise of the fulfillment of a representative Shakespearean portrayer. Sothern is a man with self-con-

tained, yet modest air, a master, the very impersonation of dignity, a courtesy and grace, one who has served his apprenticeship in the workshop of art. His has been no sudden jump to fame, no thrust forward by favoritism or influence into a leading place. Application, merit, talent, genius, each in turn has placed him higher and higher upon the roll of successful achievement. Gifted with an alert, bright mind, trained to the subtleties of thought and psychological intent that mark the master's plays, endowed by nature with a mobile, expressive countenance, a well-proportioned figure, an exquisitely modulated voice capable of ranging the entire gamut of expression; in brief, gifted by nature and developed by the severest discipline, with every qualification necessary to a great Shakespearean actor. Younger than Irving, without the older man's wealth of experience, yet one who may attain the eminence of the great Henry! Spurred on by an ambition not sated with former triumphs, he seeks to become a great Shakespearean actor. He will realize his heart's desire. Such a man is E. H. Sothern. Who of you that sat under the spell of his voice, that yielded to the mastery of his acting; who of you that saw Sothern as Villon in "If I Were King" can question that Sothern is the coming man, that he will inaugurate a Shakespearean revival?

What constitutes a great actor? How evanescent is histrionic fame! It rests upon the judgment of contemporaries and is a fleeting expression of mind transferred to canvas or engraved upon marble. Tastes differ with succeeding epochs. Happy are we when generations overlap each other, and are able to see and judge the old by the standard which we ourselves have set up anew. The robust, loud, forcible and physically great interpretations of Shakespeare, which marked the acting of Macready and Forrest,



and even John McCullough, the pupil of the great Forrest, have given way to the finest subtleties of psychological presentation. Conception, and not ranting, is the keynote of the acting of to-day. Bulwer Lytton declared that Charles Fechter was the only Hamlet, but we, admirers of the sustained, in-

tense, deliberate, marvelously gifted Edwin Booth, will claim that the laurel wreath should rest upon his brows as the living "melancholy Dane."

Then hail to the revival of Shakespearean drama on the American stage of to-day.

---

## TEACHING THE FILIPINOS

---

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

THE fact that the Philippine Commission's policy of teaching English to the Filipinos has been criticised ought not to cause surprise. The only ground of surprise is that this criticism has in a few instances been made by persons of considerable pretension in matters of education. It was not to be expected that all of the thousands of intelligent teachers engaged to assist in carrying out the educational policy of the Government in the Philippines would approve of every detail of that policy. The policy was adopted before the disapproving critics were heard from, and it is not quite clear that a different source would have been pursued if their testimony had been received earlier.

From a point of view where one is able to observe all the elements of the situation, providing for the Filipinos an opportunity to learn the English language appears as the most important educational work undertaken by the Government of the Philippine Islands. The Spaniards, in many instances, prevented the Filipinos from learning the Spanish language, and looked with distinct disapproval upon the use of this language by the natives. This is a policy sometimes pursued to make a subject people feel its subordination.

In Java the Dutch have not encouraged the natives to address them in the language the Europeans use among themselves. By this they make sharp the line of race distinction, and let it be clearly understood that the intercourse of Europeans with Europeans is quite a different thing from the intercourse of Europeans with Javanese. In the early period of the occupation of Mexico by the Spaniards, when it was proposed that the natives should be kept in a servile position under the invaders, it was the policy of the Spanish to communicate with them in some one of the native dialects. It was only when it was found to be difficult, if not impossible, to convey to them the doctrines of Christianity in the native tongues, that a different policy was adopted. The change was not followed by an undue familiarity between the Indians and the Spaniards, for most of the Indians that had been brought into relations with the civilized inhabitants had already been branded as we brand our cattle. The authorities in the Philippines have sought to establish as close relations as possible between the members of the two races, and have not thought it advisable to hold the Filipinos aloof by putting obstacles in the way of their using our speech.

Some of the English in India who wish to have the natives retain a sense of inferiority and maintain an attitude of subjection are opposed to their learning the English language on the ground that a knowledge of this language will make them feel and assert their equality with the members of the ruling nation. There is no doubt that in India and in all lands where a foreign race rules a knowledge of the language of the dominant nation tends to develop in the natives a certain self-respect and a sense of equality with those in power, but from our point of view this is not a result to be avoided, for these qualities are necessary to enable the Filipinos to play the political role that has been assigned to them. Popular self-respect and an absence of the sense of subjection are essential to the development of a well-ordered system of self-government.

But there is a rational ground for pursuing in India a policy with reference to the use of the English language different from that pursued in the Philippine Islands. This difference of policy is necessitated by the different conditions in the two countries. In the first place, the native languages of India are languages of cultivation, and there exists in each of them an extensive literature adequate for all the intellectual needs of a civilized people. This literature cannot be set aside without destroying the main force among the people that makes for civilization. The Filipinos have no such literature in any of their various dialects, and therefore to teach them the English language and open to them the views of the world that may be gained through the use of that tongue, is not to subject them to any intellectual loss, but on the other hand to furnish them a most powerful stimulus to intellectual progress. In the second place, the vastness of India's population and the strength of its traditions make it absolutely necessary that the In-

dia of the future should be developed out of the India of the past. The mission of the English in India has not been, and is not, to lay a new foundation for Indian society, but to reform the historic society by eliminating its unworthy features and introducing certain practical elements of Western organization, as well as certain material appliances of our economic life.

The Filipino's history and the traditions that lie back of his contact with Europeans, are the history and traditions of barbarism, and they have been overlaid by the social and religious practices of Christian society, which constitute the real foundation of whatever civilization the inhabitants of the islands possess. In so far as India is civilized, her civilization is a native product, tempered and modified by English influence. In so far as the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands are civilized, their civilization is an European product spread over a barbaric past. This European contribution to the cultivation of the Filipinos constitutes the only basis on which we have to build for the future. In this view it appears that the only language of cultivation available to the Filipino is an European language; and with English the language of the Government, and the language of trade in the East, it follows, inevitably, that the Filipinos will find greater advantage in its use than in the use of Spanish, its only real rival.

After the Filipinos had become convinced that the established relations between the Philippine Islands and the United States were to be maintained, they manifested a strong desire to learn the English language, and the authorities saw no reason for refusing to gratify this popular desire. On the contrary, they believed that to meet this wish would help to give to the Filipinos a better understanding of the purposes of the United States.

Here, then, was a legitimate and



laudable ambition that might be gratified with advantage to both parties. Any other course than that pursued would have provoked the just charge of bungling stupidity. The vigorous carrying out of the Government's liberal educational policy has shown a contrast between the Spanish and American administrations, to the advantage of the latter, and this action on the part of the new Government has done as much as the execution of any single line of policy to convince the Filipinos of the benevolent purposes of the United States.

The Filipinos have regarded the opportunities given them to learn the English language as the offer of means by which they might enter into closer relations with the dominant nation.

There are various practical advantages that will accrue to the people of the Philippine Islands from ability to use the English language. It will supply a common medium of communication where no such medium now exists. Hitherto the several districts have remained more or less separated by the use of widely differing dialects, and have naturally fallen into a narrow provincialism and developed numberless local antagonisms. The possession of a common speech will tend to remove district antagonism and break up the prevailing provincial narrowness and jealousy. A second advantage is, that it will make possible a political regime of a popular character, involving and interesting the inhabitants of all parts of the islands. A third advantage is that this knowledge will enable the inhabitants of the islands to read American books and periodicals and thus gradually become informed of the character of American institutions.

Besides the teaching of English, the main immediate purpose of the public instruction in the islands is to educate and train Filipino teachers, so that they may be fitted to carry on the work begun by the

American teachers. To this end, normal schools have been established in various cities. The various provisions for preparing Filipino teachers were made with the understanding that the work of primary instruction must ultimately be carried on by them; and thus, after instruction in English, the most pressing requirement of the system is that it should furnish Filipino teachers competent to do the work demanded of them. This plan was not inconsistent with the project to take a large number of American teachers to the islands. These teachers were needed in order that the system might be practically established and the plan carried out. Without them there might have been an organization provided by law, but it would not have been given effective force. Manning the primary schools with Filipino teachers will, in the course of time, leave the American teachers to be employed in the high and normal schools, where their services, to a considerable extent, are already needed, and where their engagement will come as a record for proved efficiency and devotion to work in the beginning years.

The most general description that can be given of the form of the organization of public instruction is that the provinces are made school divisions, and that these divisions are federated with very large powers in the central authority, provision being made for night schools, normal schools, and various schools for special instruction. The details for this organization are contained in a law which was formulated by Professor Bernard Moses, and which was adopted by the commission last October.

Editor's Note.—This article is compiled as a result of actual experience, from interviews with prominent Filipinos, interviews and published utterances of Professor Moses, and reports from teachers who have returned.

# THE GHOST OF FAN-TAI

BY AMY M. PARISH

“**W**HERE’S E Flat? Late again? Huh! Why can’t that fellow be on time?”

growled Haussman, leader of the Sunset Brass Band, an organization of much importance to the residents of San Francisco’s new suburb and to Haussman, doing duty on all occasions, from Republican rallies, under the auspices of local Dirigos, to funerals and Sunday picnics.

“Taylor, you means?” bellowed Bauer of the bass drum. As a result of long association, Bauer’s voice could almost do the work of his instrument.

“Yes, where’s Taylor?” snapped Haussman. “He’ll get fired, that’s what he’ll get—late every night.”

“Well,” finished Bauer, “I guess he fired himself already. Carpi told me. He had a fight mit a ghost, and the ghost fellow—vat you call it?—did him out.”

“That’s straight,” said Carpi, who was diligently polishing his big horn.

“You know, Taylor’s just bought him a little place over in the Richmond District. It’s one of those affairs where the other fellow builds the house and you pay rent, just the same, with the difference that by the time you are gray, or thereabouts, you are that many dollars out; but you get the papers, all right.”

“You can get over here to Sunset in the cars for a nickel, but it’s a long way round, and takes all night to make the transfers; besides, when a man’s paying for a home on lineman’s wages, a nickel looks mighty big.”

“Cut that out now, Carpi. Give us the ghost,” interrupted Haussman.

“All right. I’m just telling you

what Taylor’s wife told my wife’s sister-in-law.

“You see, to save those two nickels and the time, too, Taylor’s been walking over here every Saturday night. Not much of a walk, when you take the bee-line over the hill, but look at the graveyards—three of them. I’ll be hanged if I’d do it to save twenty nickels and all the time there is.

“And Taylor caught it, all right. I’ll bet he didn’t tell his wife half how scared he was, but she said he was clean out of his senses when he got home Saturday night two weeks ago.

“It was past midnight. We had practiced pretty late for that district rally, you know. The sky, I remember, was some overcast, and the wind a bit gusty. Just off the main drive in the cemetery Taylor struck west, then over a fence, cutting across a corner of the Chinese burial ground.

“There was a little moon, just enough to make the shadows good and spooky, Taylor said; but he’s a pretty cool chap—has to be in his work, and he’d got used to his midnight walk and wasn’t a bit scary.

“Suddenly he was conscious of a sound, like a long-drawn sighing, above him, all around him. Run? No, you bet he didn’t. He just couldn’t run. No banshee ever wailed more horribly than the next sound. As that ceased, Taylor said he could hear the thud of his own heart-beats. Then came another screeching, howling and wailing, followed by the awful, inevitable rattling of dry bones.

“In the midst of the tombs and headstones, white in the flickering moonlight, the ghostly branches of the eucalyptus trees writhed and



slapped in the wind. Gradually, conscious that the sounds had ceased, life and motion returned, and like a deer, by leaps and bounds, he covered the remaining stretch of graveyard, the echo of that banshee's wail following him as he dropped over the wall into the street."

"Where's your fight? Is that what you call a knock-out?"

"Hold on, Haussman," said Carpi, "my story's not done yet. Maybe you don't know Taylor as well as I do, but you know he's good North-Country Irish, and you bet that break-down rankled.

"Two days later he laid off a half day, without telling his wife, either, and made for that graveyard. There were the tombs, big and little, the white-fenced enclosures of long-forgotten San Francisco dead, headstones large and small, all familiar, peaceful and quiet enough, in the daylight. There was something else, too. Over the fence, in the Chinese plot, a band of hired mourners were making the day hideous with their perfunctory weeping, while the august body of Fan-Tai, big man of the Six Companies, was being laid away for the few years the law requires before his bones could be shipped back to the home of his grandfathers. Here and there, moving from grave to grave, were silk-robed Celestials, placing at head and foot, among punks and tapers, foods and dainties, to pacify the devils that might seek to disturb the slumbers of their clansman.

"Taylor waited to see the friends of the gorgeous Fan-Tai depart, leaving for the feasting of his particular devils dried shad's roe, pork in its various Mongol guises, chickens prepared in every possible way, and a cunningly ornamented suckling pig.

"As the odors were carried on the wind to Taylor, concealed behind some shrubs, he decided that this was the place to stalk his ghost.

"The next Saturday night we got

through here early. Well, I only wish Taylor had told us fellows—that's my quarrel with him. It would have been a lark for us all, and a darned sight better for him.

"Sure enough, when he got near that bit of fence where his path took him across the Chinese ground, the experience of the Saturday night before was repeated. First the long-drawn sighing, all about him, then wailing and howling. Taylor stopped short again, but not in fear of ghosts.

"Just in front of him stood a clump of three big eucalyptus trees, all about him the tombs and headstones. As before, the sounds died away in an unearthly wail. Then everything was still.

"Here was where his grit had failed him before. Up in the branches of the foremost tree was a slowly moving patch of something white. The sounds began again, but Taylor stood his ground, his eyes never leaving that tree. As the wailing died away, he moved up to within twenty feet of the overhanging branches. Leveling his Smith & Wesson at that moving spot, he called out:

"Quit your monkeying now. I'm onto your game. Come down out of there.' In an instant, the revolver was seized, and he was struggling in the arms of some one who had sprung upon him from behind a tomb. For a moment, overwhelmed by this unexpected attack and a beastly blow on the face with the butt of his own weapon, Taylor lost his head. The odds were against him all right, for he was outnumbered as well as outwitted.

"But luck favored him, and an upper-cut that would have done credit to Jeffries, staggered his assailant, and then Taylor had him down and yelling for mercy. In the scuffle the revolver had been dropped, but it was within reach, and with it in his hand Taylor won out, for the fellow in the tree, now that his pal was down, and Taylor had the gun, made off, followed by

two shots which hurried his steps considerably.

"Taylor was pretty well done up himself, and covered with blood from the cut which had laid his cheek open and knocked out two of his teeth, but he was able to tie up his prisoner and march him over to the Park Police Station.

"While he was getting fixed up a bit, before going home, he heard the old hobo tell the sergeant that for weeks, with his pal, he had been living on devil's grub, the devotional offerings in behalf of departed moon-eyed Celestials, sleeping by night in the shelter of the tombs, well-content with Chinese food to nourish and Chinese gin to warm them.

And as Taylor had suspected, to preserve the lay-out from others of their own clan, and to prevent their discovery by any chance wayfarer, they had arranged their ghostly performance.

"The police afterward found in and about that bunch of eucalyptus trees outfit enough to personate a whole graveyard of spooks."

"Good boy, Taylor," shouted the bandmen. "Three cheers for the E Flat!"

"Well, I'm darned," said Hausman. "But with two teeth knocked out there'll be no more cornet for him for awhile.

"Now, then, to work, boys—One, two, three, ready!"

## 'Neath the Cherry Blossoms of Yeddo

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE

'Neath the cherry blooms of Yeddo of my heart love first made capture,  
Where a rain of pinkish petals punctuated every phrase,  
It was there that Cupid trapped me, while he beamed with roguish rapture,

As I pledged an honest passion to the end of all my days.  
She I'd deigned to woo was dainty as a fragile wind-blown flower,  
In her eyes a lovelight lingered which she hid behind her fan,  
As I voiced the olden story Adam told in Eden's bower,  
'Neath the cherry-blooms of Yeddo in Japan.

Happy seconds grew to minutes. Time is most unkind to lovers—  
And the sheaf was sparse of hours that were bound within a day,  
For the sun doth race the heavens where so much of gladness hovers,  
Where the course of love runs rippling in a laughing sort of way.  
We saw the day of parting growing nearer ever nearer  
The day when I, as Duty bade, my journey home began,  
But ah, the parting of the ways but made each moment dearer  
'Neath the cherry-blooms of Yeddo in Japan.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am tired of the bustle and the hurry of the city,  
Of the office, desk and papers, and I'm lonely in a way,  
Convinced am I an aching head and heart deserve some pity!—  
I am going back to some one's arms, and going right away.  
I'm sick of giddy social rounds, and Westward I'll be heading  
To-morrow, ere a thing comes up to flout or spoil my plan,  
And, apropos of this, I'll add there'll likely be a wedding  
'Neath the cherry-blooms of Yeddo in Japan.



# THE FORTUNES OF THE MIDAS

BY JOHN DELANEY

TO every miner who lived between Red Squirrel Gulch and Fir Creek five years ago, the Midas was known as the "Hoodoo'd Mine," and old John Van Dellar, the manager of the Midas and the chief stock-holder of the company owned it, was known as the "Hoodoo'd Man." And yet even those who believed firmly in the existence of this "Hoodoo" acknowledged that the mine was one of the most valuable in the gold belt. Three years before, when the Midas was first located, the surface lead of high-grade ore was fifteen feet in width, and assays of samples taken from different parts of the ledge had shown values ranging from forty-seven to two hundred dollars in gold per ton, with an average of about one hundred and fifty dollars.

Cheered by this promising outlook the half dozen owners began sinking shafts on this lead and built a twenty-stamp quartz mill. With almost every shot put in by the underground workers the mineral improved, and cross-cutting tunnels proved that in proportion to the distance from the surface the width of the ore body increased.

When the stamps of the now-completed mill had been dropping steadily for two weeks, the day drew near which mill-men hail with joy—"clean-up" day.

And then the shock came; it was found that the amalgam taken from the plates contained only ten per cent of the value it should have yielded. The expert mill employees said the greater part of the gold had floated off in tiny, light particles before they could be collected by the mercury. Then, acting upon universal advice, John Van Dellar placed slime tables in the mill, for the purpose of reclaiming the gold

not deposited on the plates. These proved a distinct failure. In turn Wilfrey tables and Huntington mills were tried, but they saved only a minimum of the value of the ore.

The stockholders of the Midas mine, like many other good men, were but poorly supplied with money, and the numerous changes of machinery in the mill had materially reduced their small capital. Consequently they were now doing some deep thinking. The visible result of their thought was that the men employed in the mine and mill were discharged, and the owners, with the assistance of a skilled assayer, began a systematic study of the ore. Their reward was that at the end of a month's time they were convinced that the gold values could be extracted by cyanide of potassium, a process then new in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains.

The news of the solving of the problem of extraction soon spread and the company found no difficulty in selling enough of their common treasury stock to furnish the money necessary to equip a cyanide plant. Much of the stock was sold to neighboring miners who had examined the Midas ore, and in addition several thousand shares were taken by three or four business men in different parts of the State. Again work was resumed in the mill and mine, and again John Van Dellar felt assured of success. Perhaps Van Dellar had felt more keenly than any one else the mine's successive failures to "pan out." These and the death of his wife a few years before, had been the greatest sorrows of the honest old fellow's life.

The assayer who had assisted in the cyanide tests was obliged to leave the Midas; therefore, an experienced man was needed to take

charge of the cyanide works. For this purpose, and heralded by credentials and letters of introduction and flattering references, came T. Walton Darthwaite, assayer, metallurgist, mining expert, dandy. From the first he was enthusiastic over the ore and confident of his ability to handle it successfully, and this endeared him to the Midas men, who knew not, nor cared to know, more of him. He was the owner of a seemingly limitless supply of beautiful clothing, and of a well-shaped brow suggestive of limitless knowledge. It seemed to June, the daughter of John Van Dellar, that another unlimited possession of Mr. Darthwaite's was his self-conceit.

The only person who shared her dislike and distrust of Darthwaite, and the only other who did not stand in awe of Mr. Darthwaite's aristocratic presence, was Robert Barton, a young deputy sheriff, who had invested heavily in Midas stock. Darthwaite was the subject of much criticisms in the discussions that Robert and June held on the porch of the log house occupied by Van Dellar and his daughter. It was an unnecessary zeal in his office that made the deputy sheriff yearn for Darthwaite to commit some crime; in his happiest day dreams, he, Robert Barton, as the visible spirit of the law, escorted Mr. T. Walton Darthwaite to the county jail thirty miles distant.

Mr. Darthwaite's employers paid him a large salary for the use of his valuable brains, but his duties were not arduous. When in the mill, and with his immaculate hands protected by rubber gloves, he kept a general supervision over the contents of leaching vats and zinc boxes, but in his absence, which occupied the greater part of the time, these were left in charge of a capable mill-man. The time that hung heavily on his hands Darthwaite spent in reading and answering innumerable letters, addressed to him in a clear feminine hand, and in wandering through

the pine forests surrounding the Midas. The balsam-laden breeze, the mid-summer flowers, and the half-defined paths through moss and ferns and clinging vines, appealed strongly to his love of the beautiful. And truly, the summer beauty of the Coeur d'Alene Mountains should have been more effective in purifying his mental workings than it proved. In many of these strolls he met June Van Dellar, usually with her arms full of the beautiful blossoms of the wild syringa, so plentiful in that section of Idaho. Coming upon him suddenly one day she surprised him reading one of his daily letters, and, uninvited, he showed her a tiny picture of the girl who had written them—a picture of an innocent young face with deep blue eyes looking out between curving black lashes.

He was going south to marry her, he said, as soon as he had saved enough money, but unless he received a windfall, he thought that time would not come soon. And then he dwelt, half-pityingly, on his spending propensities. He said he had never saved a cent in his life except to gamble it away afterwards. He could not hope to have again so much money as he had had ten years before, when his father had died, leaving a small fortune, which had lasted only a few months in the hands of the prodigal son. This and much more he poured into June's ears, and she, being an intelligent girl, put two and two together, but kept the resultant sum to herself. Indeed, it would have been useless for her to say anything against Mr. Darthwaite, for with the exception of herself and Robert Barton, the community believed Darthwaite to be the personification of truth and honor. But she kept her big grey eyes open widely, for she was following a little detective plan of her own, and the time for the first clean-up in the cyanide plant was rapidly approaching.

Mr. Darthwaite was spending



more of the day now in watching the zinc boxes than he had done formerly, besides going to inspect them once or twice during the night. The gold-bearing cyanide solution causes the zinc shavings to disintegrate, and these zinc particles mingling with the gold, form a compound not at all inviting until acted upon by zinc-destroying acids. Yet, uninviting though it appeared, the mixture appealed to Mr. Darthwaite's money-loving taste. So every night, in the absence of the vulgarly curious, he transferred part of the contents of one of the zinc boxes to a portable tin cask on which other eyes than his own were not allowed to rest. Mr. Darthwaite, who was careful of trifles, always put into the zinc-box an amount of zinc-shavings equal to what he had taken out. And every night, as he treated each zinc box in its turn, the "mud" in his little tin cask grew in bulk. It does not take a large amount of mud of this kind to contain a great deal of value. It was unnecessary, of course, to proceed so slowly in the matter; it would have been more convenient to take it all at once, but more attention, the assayer knew, would be directed at the zinc boxes as the time for cleaning up drew nigh, and Mr. Darthwaite had always been averse to having his private affairs and actions questioned. He purposed to continue the treatment of the mud in the privacy of his own quarters, which were conveniently close to the mill.

Then came the day of the clean-up when half a dozen men stood with set faces and watched Darthwaite separate a small portion of gold from the slag and saw their late air castles tumble to the ground. The gold was only five per cent of the amount they expected.

They did not blame Mr. T. Walton Darthwaite. How could they when his sympathy was so well expressed, his scrow so heartfelt? Putting aside all question of pay, he offered to stay with them and con-

tinue experiments with the ore. To solve for them the question of extraction, ah, that was all he cared for. Almost with reverence they thanked him and went away, leaving him gazing dejectedly at the melting vessels. In the office, the largest of the cabins that had been built about the Midas, the disappointed stockholders met that night. Half an hour after John Van Dellar had opened the meeting June walked in, slamming the door behind her. I have neglected to say that June Van Dellar was beautiful. Slender and straight, with clear cut features, and big grey eyes that looked straight at one like an honest boy's, the motherless girl had been virtually the ruler of the mining camp for years. She wore a woolly white sweater, a woollier white Tam o' Shanter cap, and a white duck skirt, and she carried in her hand a number of opened letters. "May I talk?" she asked, advancing toward her father; and he, knowing something of his daughter's determination and conversational ability, hastily granted his permission.

"These letters came since you left home, and I opened them. Listen to this, will you?" and opening one of the letters she read aloud:

"Boise, Ida., June 11.

"Dear Van Dellar:

"I have just received a letter from one T. Walton Darthwaite, who writes from your postoffice. He asked for an option on my Midas stock, giving me a week's time in which to answer. I judged by it that something new might have turned up in the mine. Now, you know I am not a mining man, and I write to ask you what you think the chances are for the stock to go up, or if there's any certainty of its paying pretty soon, and whether I'd better hang onto my stock or dispose of it.

"Perhaps you can give me some advice.

"Yours truly,

"T. L. WERLER."

After folding the letter and replacing it in the envelope, June read the remaining three. They were much like the first. In terms expressing varying degrees of friendliness, they contained the same intelligence, that Darthwaite had asked of each an option of his stock, giving a week's time for each to answer.

"Well?" she said, expectantly, when she had finished the last letter.

"Well?" echoed her father.

"Don't you see the little game of your expert cyanide man?" she asked.

"See what?" inquired Mr. Van Dellar.

"Don't you see the outside of your idol begin to crack and peel off?" said Robert Barton, the deputy sheriff. He had returned from a day of hard riding in time to attend the meeting, and he was eager to give the others the benefit of his opinion of Mr. T. Walton Darthwaite. But June needed no assistance. For ten minutes she talked with the velocity and determination of a debating senator. Withholding nothing of her knowledge of Darthwaite, she told them of a number of incidents, slight in themselves, but important when viewed with relation to the loss in the zinc boxes, and with her certainty that Darthwaite was in possession of what they had lost.

Mr. Ashe was the first who found it possible to insert a few words. "But we must not be too hasty in judging him, even by Miss June's word. I had quite a talk with him this afternoon; yes, quite a talk," continued pompous little Mr. Ash. "He is willing to devote himself to a study of our ore, and to take his wages out in treasury stock. Right in the face of this failure he told me he intended to invest in outlying and treasury stock to the amount of several thousand dollars which his father is going to send him."

With a triumph born of the

knowledge that she had the right side of the argument, June said: "His father's dead. He died ten years ago. Don't you remember, father, that Mr. Darthwaite told us so the first day he came here? And he has said so since, so I think his father must be dead. You see, Mr. Ash, that would prevent his father's sending money to Mr. Darthwaite, though perhaps he has money to spare; I imagine if he's like his son, the father has cornered all the fuel in the world he's in by this time."

"Yes, sir," agreed Robert Barton, "if he's like his son he'd rob the orphan and the widow."

June looked toward her father to see if this personal reference impressed him, and continued: "Mr. Darthwaite should have given his uncle or his grandfather the honor of sending him money; that statement would have been less binding. But whether his father is alive or dead, perhaps the fact that Mr. Darthwaite is making him do double duty will influence you to listen to the rest of my argument." This she addressed to Mr. Ash, who was striving vainly to regain his place in the conversation. "The money with which he intends to buy this outside stock will come from what you didn't get out of the zinc boxes.

"Father, I wanted to tell you something I saw last night, but you have been so busy to-day that I couldn't. You know when Mr. Smith came so late? I thought you were at the mill, and went over after you, but Mr. Darthwaite was alone and he was so busy putting slimes into a japanned tin cask that he did not see me. I watched him awhile and then sneaked off. When I got home you had come in, and were talking to Mr. Smith. Now, that tin thing doesn't belong to the equipment of the cyanide plant any more than its contents belong to Mr. Darthwaite. His robbery of the zinc boxes was to serve him in two ways. Besides giving him a large sum of ready money, it would bring



down the value of the stock. When the outside stockholders saw your last method of extraction to be a failure, they'd be willing to sell their stock to Mr. Darthwaite for almost nothing. You see, he has wisely given them a week in which to decide, and in this week they'd hear of your failure, of course; he'd see to that. And then, with his windfall your trusted expert could buy up all of the stock of the people he wrote to, and in the fullness of his heart he'd probably take also the remaining treasury stock. Then, as you say, Mr. Ash," she went on, nodding affably at that gentleman, "he would devote himself to a study of the ore here. I've no doubt—oh, none—that he would be successful in his researches. Some discovery of his in regard to the details of cyaniding would probably make the next clean-up a highly successful one. That, of course, would be when Mr. Darthwaite would be one of the principal shareholders of the Midas Company and the value of the stock would be doubled about a hundred times. It's an easy and clever way to make money, isn't it? And of course you'd brim over with gratitude to him for discovering a way of working your ore."

Then suddenly the sarcasm left her voice, and she demanded, appealingly to each in turn: "Oh, don't you see, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Flinn? Don't you see through him, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Ash? Don't you see now, father, you dear, blind old bat?"

John Van Dellar saw. And Mr. Sanders saw. They all saw. As one man they arose and moved toward the door, although they did not know exactly what they were going to do. John Van Dellar turned to his daughter. "June, will you promise me not to leave this door until I return?" he asked. Unquestioningly she gave the required promise, and then the door closed upon them.

Their uncertainty of what they

intended to do was settled by Billy Flinn, who walked up to Johnson's horse, tied near, and untied the stout rope at one end from the horse's neck, and at the other end from the fence. The next week the horse was found grazing eighty miles away. With the rope coiled in his hand, and with joyous alacrity in his manner, Billy fell into step with his companions.

Mr. T. Walton Darthwaite was hastily concealing a japanned tin case when they entered his house. They took him quite by surprise, and the surprise was not a pleasant one. Because of Billy Flinn's ostentatious display of the rope, it was unnecessary to explain their errand. Tremblingly, Darthwaite handed the case to John Van Dellar, and as it left his hands, so also did his assertive self-satisfaction depart; he begged for mercy.

Until now, not one of them had intended to do more than frighten him and compel him to return what he had stolen. But perhaps it was the savage instinct of bravery acquired in years among rude environments that made them loathe the man for his theft and cowardice. At any rate, they were willing, all except Robert Barton, to hang him. Their victim made little resistance as, under the leadership of Billy Flinn, they escorted him from the house and down the road.

Then Barton, who had bided his time, stopped and faced them. "Men," he said, quietly, "you can't do this thing; I can't let you. It's my duty to protect this man, and I must do it."

Every one of them knew that Robert hated Darthwaite, and the knowledge of the sacrifice he was laying upon the altar of right, touched them, but not to the extent of making them give up their project. "The Lord knows I'd give everything I've got to be able to hang him myself," resumed Barton, "but I've got to do my duty. You

can't hang him without killing me first."

"But we don't want to kill you," argued Billy Flinn. "We like you too well, and besides you know you ain't prepared to die."

"Neither's he," returned Robert, indicating Billy's cowering captive. "But that ain't the question. It's duty. If you'll wait ten minutes while I go and write my resignation and send it to the mail, I'll help you hang him. If you won't, there will be no hanging."

"Throw up your office and the chance of being sheriff next year for him?" demanded Billy, but without waiting for a reply he drew Barton farther from Darthwaite. A whispered conversation followed. "Honest?" asked Barton, at the end of a minute. "Honest!" promised Billy. "We won't do nothing but scare him. 'Course, if he wants to be scared to death, it'll be his own funeral, but we won't do nothing to hurt him."

Upon this understanding, Robert Barton gladly fell in with the others and they resumed their way.

And shortly behind marched a slender figure, white-clad in sweater and duck skirt, and Tam o' Shanter. Her conscience troubled her not at all, for literally she had kept her promise not to leave the door of the company's office; she had left by way of the window. In the bright moonlight she saw the group of men turn aside to enter a path, and stop beneath a spreading cottonwood tree that stood solitary in the midst of firs and pines. But for the fear in her heart she would have laughed at Billy's glad air of importance. Like a chieftain entering battle he had taken upon himself the command of the expedition, for before this Billy Flynn had acted as master of ceremonies in a similar scene.

After carefully knotting the rope, he arranged the noose around Darthwaite's neck, pausing to tickle the prisoner under the chin. The other end of the rope was thrown

up over a gnarled branch of the cotton-wood. Three men grasped the rope-end as it fell, and pulled until the almost unconscious Darthwaite was lifted from the ground, while Billy Flinn kept the rope in the position he required it to hold on Darthwaite's neck.

After tying the rope-end to a low branch of the tree, the men moved farther down the path and stopped in the shadow.

June supposed they had taken another path that led to the road, and as soon as the space beneath the tree was deserted by them, she was climbing like a squirrel through the lower branches of the cotton-wood. To the Midas men, as they suddenly caught sight of her, the full moon shining on her white face and clothing made her seem luminous. A minute later she was out on the limb from which Darthwaite was suspended, and sawing at the rope with her pocket-knife. This was her initial experience in such a scene, yet something in the position of the rope and the man's head belied all her previously conceived ideas of hanging. As she saw his backward-thrown head, with the rope pressed tightly against his neck behind and against his chin in front, but leaving the thorax free, she exclaimed: "Those men ought to know better; they've put his rope on backward. He couldn't suffocate if he tried." What she said was true. The rope was tied so that it could not slip tight, and from the knot at one side of his chin passed upward along his face. Had Darthwaite known of this arrangement he would have been spared a great deal of uneasiness. Soon the rope gave way beneath the knife, and Darthwaite's inanimate form fell the short distance to the moss beneath.

When he opened his eyes, June with the rope coiled over arm was turning to go. "Wait," he said as he rose slowly and picked up his no longer immaculate hat, and she faced about.



"Why did you save me?"

"I did nothing to save you," she replied, quickly. "I did it to save my father and my friends from something they would have regretted to-morrow."

"I shall have them prosecuted," he said, with a sudden thought; he was recovering rapidly from his fright. "And I shall see that that arm of the law, Robert Barton, does his duty to-morrow."

"I'm afraid," was her calm reply, "that the all-embracing arm of the law will squeeze you pretty tight and drop you hard. And when you have the owners of the Midas prosecuted, it will be interesting and instructive for you to find what defense they will be able to make. It is possible, you know, that they might institute a suit themselves, one running counter to your own, and using your little tin cask and its contents for their evidence. Do, by all means, prosecute them." Then moving a step toward him, she said, in a softer voice: "For the sake of the girl you are to marry, I warn you to go away from here, to go quickly, and to keep away from mining sections. If you remain here, my father and his friends, by telling what you have done, will ruin your chance of working for any mining concern in the Rocky Mountains. And I'll help them."

Without a word Darthwaite put on the hat he had held in his hand during her speech—of bravery, of manliness they could deprive him, but of courtliness, never—and turned back up the path leading to the road.

Then the interested audience came forth from the shadows, and with June proceeded up the road to the little colony of cabins standing

about the Midas. On their way Billy Flinn chuckled incessantly. "Will somebody tell me," he said, "whether the joke is on June, or on us, or on Darthwaite?"

A few days later, with its future assured, the Midas had earned the reputation it still bears, that of being one of the largest dividend-payers in the Gold Belt. And, likewise, Billy Flinn had earned the distinction of being one of the best-dressed men, by right of his inheritance of what he had long coveted—the extensive wardrobe of Mr. T. Walton Darthwaite.

For five years the word "Hoodoo" has not been used in connection with the Midas.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the southward, a girl rested a very pink cheek against the lapel of the correct coat worn by T. Walton Darthwaite, and a pair of dark-lashed blue eyes that looked into his were filled with pitying trustfulness as he told her, with some wise reservations of his sorrow in coming to her empty-handed. In a voice expressing limitless virtue sinned against, he said: "I need not bother you with the details of the transaction in which I was cheated out of all I had saved to lay at your feet. I have come to ask of your love a sacrifice, to ask if you will go with me to a distant place I know where I may start anew in other work. I must escape from the fumes of chemicals before my health is worse undermined."

"I will go with you." Then she added: "Was it the cyanide process of taking out the values that hurt you?"

Looking beyond her, he replied: "Yes, it was the process of taking out the values that hurt me."

# THE COMING CONFLICT

From an American Standpoint

---

BY DR. HUGO ERICKSON

IT was, of course, a foregone conclusion that we should have to take a prominent part in the Russo-Japanese imbroglio, which bids fair to end in war in the near future. The die was cast, metaphorically speaking, when Admiral Dewey fired the first shot in Manila Bay and impotent Spain was supplanted in the Philippines by a new world power. After that, nothing remained but the solution of a perplexing question, a problem that involves the domination of the entire civilized world. For the first time in its history our Government was compelled to make a choice between alien races, and as time will show, became an arbiter of fate, while the future of progressive humanity hung trembling in the balance. On the one hand there was the possibility of a yellow terror, countless hordes of Chinese heathens over-running the world and making Peking the principal capital thereof; on the other, the probability of a conquest of Europe and America, on the part of Russia, which would become supreme in the concert of nations by adding China with its enormous population to its already large domain. Nor was the choice facilitated by the friendship Russia always professed for the United States and the active support it corded us during our struggle for liberty. For it is exceedingly problematical how much of this friendship was really sincere and how much of it should be attributed to the Bear's desire to weaken the power of the Lion.

The Alaska purchase may be cited as another indication of this same brand of friendliness, but I strongly suspect that Russia was under the

impression at the time that it was selling us a gold brick, and can vividly imagine the chagrin of our St. Petersburg friends when they discovered that they had made a slight mistake.

The history of Russia is tarnished by numerous examples of duplicity and its diplomatic intercourse with other nations has ever been open to suspicion. If the statement of the press that Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, merely makes verbal communications to our State department, in regard to the status quo in the East, is true, it certainly implies a lack of trust and anything but fair dealing.

The course of Russia in Manchuria is so well known that it merely requires mention as a further proof of the customary Russian deceit. Time and again, it has promised to evacuate the disputed territory, without retracing a single step. On the contrary, it has entrenched itself the more securely in its position preparing for new aggressions that can only be checked by the combined power of the leading nations. It is already evident that Russia has not the remotest intention of evacuating Manchuria and is only awaiting an opportunity—any pre-

text will do—to seize Corea and eventually add the teeming millions of China to its population. It has been asserted that its Eastern policy is part of a deliberate plan that contemplates the ultimate control of the whole of Asia. Whether this is so or not, it is, of course, impossible to say, nor does it matter at present. It is absolutely necessary, for the peace of the world, and the good of humanity, that the Russian ad-



vance should be checked and not temporarily arrested. To this end the sovereignty of China and Persia will have to remain intact, and the strong arm of England be upheld in India.

Either the Czar is a mere figure-head in the hands of an unscrupulous bureaucracy, or he is an arrant hypocrite. At any rate, he occupies the ridiculous position of a man who instituted the peace tribunal at The Hague, and yet appears to neglect the golden opportunity afforded by the present contention to test its practicability. Is he afraid to submit the Manchurian question to the arbitration of this international court, because he lacks faith in the justice of his claims? It would almost seem so.

It may be urged that we Americans should not ally ourselves with the Japanese, because they represent the Mongolian race and will eventually turn against us, after a coalition with China. The Russians, we are told, are at least Caucasians and civilized. I admit they are white, but they are not civilized. At least, that is the only conclusion we can arrive at, when we take the atrocities committed by them during the Boxer uprising into consideration. The Japanese, on the other hand, at that time, were under perfect discipline and conducted themselves in a very creditable manner. They did not make war upon defenseless babes and scorned to disgrace their flag by pillage and arson. Moreover, as a nation, the Japanese have certainly progressed more rapidly than the Russian people. Japan to-day is unquestionably in a higher state of civilization, principally because of its excellent educational system. But this does not wholly account for the difference. I believe much may be explained by the racial distinctions. The Japanese is alert by nature; the Slav cunning, but not intellectual. Although commonly accounted a Mongolian, the Japanese

really belongs to a mixed race, another example of the benefits of intermarriage.

We know what Russia is, but we cannot foresee the result of a possible ultimate Chinese domination of the world. It is precisely because we are so well acquainted with the Bear and his proclivities that we should keep our beloved country out of his grasp. I would rather trust the future of America to China under the wise leadership of Japan, if the choice had to be made. The Chinese, however, are not a warlike people, and even if they should endeavor to extend their already vast possessions by conquest, which is doubtful, they would be apt to pay more attention to the rights of nations than the Russians. Of course, the changes above indicated will, perhaps, not come to pass for generations, but they will surely occur, unless, as I said before, the powers of the world combine to check the advance of Russia in Asia. A decisive stand will have to be taken to do this. Half-way measures will not avail.

Unfortunately Germany has assumed a pro-Russian stand. Possibly it was induced to take this position by the promise of a goodly addition to its Chinese possessions when the final partition of the Flowery Kingdom takes place. The possibility of a reprisal does not seem to have occurred to the Berlin statesmen.

Even if we did not possess the Philippines, we should have been interested in the coming conflict, as our important trade interests in China are at stake. The whole future of our Pacific Coast depends to a great extent upon the development of our commercial intercourse with the Orient. And anything that would interfere with that important object would naturally not only arouse our concern but evoke our resentment. That this resentment has taken the practical form of a treaty with China, opening Mukden and Antung to the trade of the

world, we should be glad to note. It is a warning to Russia that the United States will aid Japan in the maintenance of the sovereignty of China, by force of arms if necessary, and it is a denial of the Russian claim to Manchuria. The Government of the Czar has already construed this as an unfriendly act and well it may. That England and France will also take the part of Japan in the coming struggle for supremacy there is not the slightest reason to doubt, for their commercial and territorial interests would be seriously jeopardized by the suc-

cess of the Russian arms. As long as Japan can hold its own, there will, of course, be no interference on the part of the other nations. Several have already declared neutrality in the event of war. But if the Japanese should meet with a crushing defeat, it is equally certain that the powers referred to would intervene and prevent the annihilation of the Mikado's empire and the Russian conquest of China. If all the signs are not misleading the war is close at hand, and Japan will strike the first blow.

---

## THE WILL

BY PARMA GENTRY

A servant strong of limb, and swift  
 To run what daring race his master bids;  
 An army set upon a hill,  
 Biding the fray with wide, untiring lids.  
 Or, beaten, starved, a craven thing—  
 Sure prey of endless great and little foes;  
 A wounded bird with useless wing;  
 The sport of every wanton wind that blows.

Oh! soul of mine, shake off—thou canst—  
 The chains that bind thee fast to idle days;  
 Reach upward ever toward the light—  
 The light that shines to thee in heavenly rays.  
 Be diligent, nor think with tears  
 To clear the past of error's hateful score;  
 The past is dead, but lo! the years—  
 The beckoning years of God stretch on before.



# HOUSEKEEPING IN MEXICO

BY CORA CHAFFEE BABCOCK

**T**O the American house-wife, coming to old Mexico to live, house-keeping presents many difficulties. The conditions are different from those to which she has been accustomed.

One would suppose with labor so cheap that the servant problem, all-important and troublesome in the States, would be solved and house-keeping would be one long dream of delight. But when one orders a chicken from the meat market and tells the servant to put it on to roast and going into the kitchen, looks into the oven and finds the fowl reposing peacefully in the pan with his head nicely cleaned, but still there, and his feet and toes turned up, all roasting calmly together, she finds such is not the case. Again, one goes into the kitchen and finds the servant drying the dishes on the

hand towel or using a fine face towel for a sink rag—then one begins to think that it is not a dream.

One day, coming in from a long drive, I was rather chilly and ordered a fire built in the grate. In a few moments the servant appeared with six or seven small pieces of wood, which she placed in the grate, lighted and departed. When she went away, I supposed it was for some more wood to put on the fire. After waiting until the kindling was nearly consumed, I called for more wood, and she brought a few more pieces of the same size. I said: "O! muchos, muchos—mas grande!" (many larger ones)—and she brought one large piece that could not be put into the grate, whereupon my husband came to the rescue. They do so many things that are incomprehensible to us, and I suppose



Making tortillas.



1. Hulling Corn.

2. A Vendor of Poultry.

3. Wash Day.

4. Itinerant Fruit Peddler.

our actions are as incomprehensible to them. The greatest difficulty is their inability to understand one word of English as well as ours to understand a word of Spanish; but they are very polite and seldom laugh at mistakes which must be very comical.

Come with me into my Mexican kitchen.

It is a large, airy room on the second floor, with a window and door on one side opening upon a corridor around the paved patio; on the opposite side is a French window looking out upon a beautiful garden. The floor and walls are tiled and the ceiling is of bare rafters. You look in vain for the stove. All the cooking is done on brazeros. A brazero is a sort of table of brick or tile—mine is of tile—in which is set an iron grate about a foot square, upon which a fire of charcoal is built. Under the grate is an opening to remove the ashes.

This is one of the trials of the American house-wife. After the fire is kindled by pouring on a little kerosene oil, you must stand and fan it indefinitely to get it to burn.

Imagine, if you can, getting a dinner on my brazero. With the many little things to prepare, you have to stop time after time to fan the fire into a flame. On the fire, perhaps, you have placed the kettle. If you are not extremely careful to have a good, tight cover on the kettle, the ashes and dust from the charcoal will fly up into its contents. At the best, it flies into your face. Finally, after fanning some time the fire is nicely started, the kettle begins to boil, and we turn to leave it, when lo! a piece of the charcoal has burned off and the kettle tips, and over it goes. The liquid within is spilled, and if the fire is not put out, the cover falls from the kettle and the ashes fly. However, when one becomes accustomed to a brazero,



Patio in a Mexican residence of the better class.



Market street in a Mexican town.



with the help of servants who have always used it, it is not such a bugbear as it seems at first.

Another trial is the carelessness and ignorance of the servants. They do not know a silver spoon from a plated one, or a piece of fine cut-glass from the common pressed variety; and unless one is very careful to stand by and see that it is carefully washed, or, what is easier, do it herself, in a very short time she finds all the beautiful china and cut-glass broken.

Another thing which causes trouble is the Mexican method of dish-washing. They never use hot or even warm water or a dish cloth; but with cold water, a piece of hemp rope fibre and plenty of soap they manage to get them clean. Not until I insisted did they dry them at all, but simply put them to drain. At first I insisted upon hot water being poured over them, until some of my best dishes were broken by coming in contact with boiling water; then I saw they were not capable of discerning between boiling and warm water, between porcelain dishes and china so I gave up the attempt, and let the dishes be washed Mexican fashion, except I insisted upon them being dried by the old-fashioned American tea-towel.

As I said before, servants are very cheap and easy to get, though, as at home, good ones are not so easy to find.

An average servant gets from six to eight dollars (Mexican) a month, which in gold is about two dollars and a half to three and a half a month, and her rations. By rations I mean a certain amount each day for her food; for the Mexican does not like American cooking and prefers to buy what she likes and cook it to suit herself. It usually consists of tortillas (a thin, tough pancake of ground corn and water), and the kidney bean. Occasionally it is meat cooked with an abundance of chili (peppers) chili-con-carne.



1. A Mexican kitchen.
2. A patio.
3. Selling turkeys.

The rations range from fifteen to twenty centavos—about six to nine cents gold—a day.

The Mexican servant is very slow and not able to accomplish the task of an American servant. For a family of two or three, in a house of six or eight rooms, one must keep at least two servants, besides hiring the washing and ironing done outside; and if there be any children, one must care for them personally or hire a nurse-girl. Of course I speak of persons in moderate circumstances who could afford to keep one servant in the States.

The Mexican servants do not seem capable of taking a great deal of responsibility but must be treated like children. They have the name of

being very dishonest, and many house-keepers keep a lock and key on everything, though in my experience I have not found it necessary.

In spite of all these faults, however they have some virtues. Most of them are very good natured and take reproofs very kindly; and they are also very kind-hearted and faithful. A nurse-girl is always kind to children, and faithful as an old watchdog. She learns to love her mistress and makes her mistress's interests hers, which is certainly a virtue not possessed by the majority of servants in the States.

While all kinds of fruits and vegetables are very cheap here, other things, which have to be imported, are very expensive and it brings one's table about equal to the cost in the States. For instance, for three cents (Mexican) one is able to buy enough lettuce, onions or radishes for a family of three or four persons for one meal. For eight cents, enough tomatoes, string beans, peas or sweet corn. Large, beautiful red bananas are only twenty-four cents (Mexican) a dozen. One must remember, too,

that these can be procured the year around. But, on the other hand, butter from the States, which is the only good butter, is from ninety cents to one dollar and fifteen cents a pound, according to the season of the year. Cereals are very high.

One of the most interesting duties which the house-wife has to perform is her marketing. The fruits, vegetables, chickens, etc., can be bought from vendors who go through the streets crying out their wares as well as at the street markets.

One may go to the fine large market houses, of which there are many, and find anything in any line that may be desired. One of the greatest advantages of an American woman's life in Mexico is the ability of the family in moderate circumstances to procure sufficient help so that she may have time for recreation, reading and study. There are many places of great historic interest which she may visit, as well as fine libraries, art galleries and museums.

If a woman can make up her mind not to worry about the faults of her servants, she is able to lead a very free and happy life in Mexico.

---

## IN SEASON

---

BY SADIE BOWMAN METCALFE

A wild thrush upraised in a warble that praised  
The sky's first warm touch on its wing,  
Till it wakened a violet slumbering by,  
And the bird, sky and flower were—Spring.

So my spirit to thine, in a paean divine,  
Uplifted, of sunshine to sing,  
When the warmth of thy heart to my song did impart  
All its joy, then Love woke, and—'twas Spring.

And ever the sky bendeth tenderly nigh,  
And forever the glad thrush will sing;  
While heart-songs shall break 'neath such rays, 'twill  
awake  
Love that knoweth no seasons but Spring.





Percy.

## PERCY THE RANCH FOREMAN

The true story of how an Iowa farmer's son secured the position as  
foreman for a Wyoming cattle ranch

---

BY JOHN DICKS HOWE

ON a stormy, dismal night, several years ago, while the writer was at the Omaha police station securing material for an article, the patrol wagon was called to Jefferson square, where an officer had picked up a lad who had run away from home. The boy—an exceptionally nice-appearing, intelligent little fellow—at once attracted my attention, so much so that I followed him into the matron's department, where I talked with him for a couple of hours.

The lad candidly admitted that he had run away from home, and

while he talked freely about his father and mother, he was unwilling to say what his name was or where his parents lived.

"They will get along all right without me, and I'd only get a good licking if I went back," he said, in answer to a question propounded by Sergeant Hudson.

"But don't you think they will be worried about you and wonder where you are?" I asked.

"Mother will, perhaps," he promptly replied, "but I guess father won't care very much. He's not my real father, anyway—just my

step-father—and we never got along very well together.”

“Would it not be a good plan to drop a line to your mother and let her know that you are all right?” suggested the Sergeant.

“It might be,” replied the lad, after hesitating a moment, “but she’d tell father, and he might have me taken back to work on the farm. I’m not afraid of work, understand, but I’d rather work for somebody who will give me something for my labor and treat me half-way decent.”

Little by little we drew the story from the boy but had to humor him occasionally, and use a certain amount of diplomacy to get it.

The lad had been born and raised on an Iowa farm, and at the age of five his father died, leaving the mother to care for the baby and manage the six hundred acre farm. Three years later the boy’s mother married again, selecting a husband who was known in the neighborhood as “the miser.”

“No one ever accused me of being lazy or indolent,” continued the lad, brushing away a tear that had formed in one corner of his eye, “for on the contrary, I have always been ambitious and wanted to be rated a little higher than the average farm

boy. I never had the opportunity to get much of an education, for my school days were during the winter term, generally from three to five months each year, from the time corn shucking was over until spring plowing commenced.

“When I was twelve years of age, I had saved up a few dollars and intended to get a pair of skates and a set of carpenter tools. Not one penny of this money had been given me by my parents, but was derived from odd jobs I did for the neighbors. When I told father that I had this money and what I wanted to buy with it, he shook his head and advised me to give it to him for safe-keeping. I did so, but something seemed to tell me that I was making a mistake. Soon after this I was taken sick, and for a month or more was laid up with the typhoid fever. When I got well and asked father for the money, he said he did not have a cent of it—that he had paid it all out and more for medicine while I was sick.

“That was a pretty hard blow, for I had been building a lot of air castles while I had been in bed, and had gone so far as to count my chickens before they were hatched. I said nothing more about the



Just after the branding.





Inspecting a herd of half-breeds.

money, but then and there resolved that I would go to work and save up for another nest-egg. It was not long before I had \$6 in the little nest, but I had to work pretty hard to get it, and at the same time keep father from knowing that I had it.

"One day I went over to one of our neighbors and bought twelve hens and a rooster. They were thoroughbred Plymouth Rocks, and came from the best stock in the country. Although mother had said that I might keep them in a pen by themselves, I had to tell father where I got the money to buy them. He said nothing, but I could plainly see that he did not like it.

"I paid a good deal of care and attention to my fowls, and often got eggs and sold them at the country store when the other hens on the farm were not laying. By selling the young chickens that I raised, when they were big enough to fry, and brought good prices, I had something like \$15 at the end of the year, and besides had more fowls than I started with.

"One day, when I was at school father went into my room for something, and while searching for what he wanted, ran across my little nest-egg, hidden in the closet. Father took it and deposited it in the bank with other money, and one day, when I told him I'd like to

use it, he said he'd have to charge me for the chicken feed I had used. He finally gave me \$3 and that was all I got out of my second nest-egg.

"About this time my uncle asked my mother to let me come over and stay on his farm, while his son was away at college. I was to look after the chores around the house and help at whatever work I could. I worked for uncle six months, and besides my board and clothes he gave me fifty dollars—two twenty dollar gold pieces and a ten-dollar bill. That was more money than I ever had, so you need not be astonished when I tell you that one of those gold pieces looked twice as large as our barn door.

"I had been building some more air castles, and wanted to invest this money in a couple of Jersey calves, which a neighbor wanted to sell. When father heard of the deal, for I had arranged to buy them before I said anything to him about it, he was awful mad, saying I should have consulted him, and declared up and down that I should not keep them on the farm. Of course, I could not very well keep them any other place, so had to declare the deal off. 'Did you ever see an old rooster that had been out in the rain all day? Well that was about the way I looked and felt when I went up to my room that night and found

that father had been there ahead of me and had taken my fifty dollars, which I had hidden, as I thought, in a place where he would never find it.

"When I mentioned the matter to father the next morning, at the breakfast table, he said he had deposited it in the bank where it would draw four per cent interest, and that he would let me have it when I went to college, to help pay for my tuition and books. As he was one of those kind of men that would not stand for any back talk I simply had to grin and bear it.

"A few days later I went over to

suing for his wages. I did not care to make the change, as I preferred to remain where I was, and told father so. This made him angry, and he finally prevailed upon uncle to discharge me, thinking I would be glad to go home and work, but I didn't. Uncle gave me \$100 in cash for my year's work, and I had ninety dollars of it when I was arrested awhile ago. I came to Omaha to see if I could get work, and while talking to a man in Jefferson Square, mentioned the fact that I had run away from home and was looking for a job. This man has a brother who is on the police force,



A Wyoming cowboy.

uncle's farm, told him the whole story, and asked if he could give me a place to do work such as his hired men were engaged at. He was only too glad to do so, for one of his men was a worthless fellow, and no one on the farm liked him. I worked for uncle one year, and he was more than pleased, saying I was worth as much as any man on the farm, and that he never had to watch me to see that I did my work right.

"About this time father wanted me on his farm, to take the place of a man who had quit and who was

and he told him my story, just as I have given it to you. The officer thought I had stolen the money, I guess, but I did not—I earned every cent of it. As I am only seventeen I suppose father could compel me to go back on the farm and stay there until I am of age, but there isn't a man on the police force who can get more information out of me about my home or my parents than what I have told you. My mother is just the nicest little woman that ever lived, but she is easily influenced by father, and I don't want to



go back and cause any trouble between them, and I'll certainly run away before I could stay there and work for father."

When the case was brought to the attention of the police judge the next morning, the boy was released and given the money which had been taken from him when arrested. The lad left the city that afternoon, headed for Wyoming, and I did not see him again until a few days ago, when he called to see me and tell me how he was getting along. I will state, however, that I was aware of the lad's whereabouts all the time, and often heard from him, but was in no way prepared for the surprise he gave me.

"I am just doing fine," he said, "and every cent of the money I have earned, except what I needed for clothes, has been invested in cattle each month. I now have a nice little herd, and it is increasing all the time. My cattle range with the others and cost me nothing. Two months ago the foreman of the ranch died, and while there were others who had worked for the company longer than I had, I was given the position. I have just brought a lot of the company's cattle to South

Omaha, and as soon as they are sold I shall return to the ranch as fast as the train will carry me."

"How about your mother—do you hear from her often?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, I write her regularly every week," he answered, "and she is coming out to the ranch next spring to spend a month or two with me and get acquainted with the nicest little woman in Wyoming. There is to be a wedding at the ranch in March, on my birthday, and Bess and I will be awfully disappointed if you are not there to witness the ceremony."

"And your father—do you ever hear from him?"

"I never received but one letter from him, but he and I are on good terms for all that. About a year ago he sent me a check for \$200, saying he thought I ought to have the money, as it properly belonged to me, but I guess mother is responsible for his thinking so. That money was turned into cattle as soon as received, and you will find them on the ranch to-day, with Percy's brand on them. Come up to the ranch some time and spend a week or two, and—don't forget about the wedding!"

---

## NIGHTINGALE NIGHTS

---

BY MAY BYRON

Take up the tender utterance of thy tale—  
Give thou sweet answer to the sweet wind's sighing,  
And to the brook's low voice make low replying:  
Under thy feet the primrose faces pale,  
Lean forth to listen; and, in leafy veil,  
Close-hidden from the stars, the violets lying  
Deep sunk in dreams, wake to the passionate crying  
Wherewith thou woo'st the woods, O nightingale!

Voice in the lonely deserts of the dark,  
Prophet that haunt'st the wilderness of night!  
Is it the joy of the consummate June  
Thou dost foretell, to o'erbrim our May's delight,—  
Or doom and death, when, a dismasted bark,  
The wrecked year drifts beneath the winter morn?



## THE MASQUE SUBLIME

---

BY MARY H. COATES

Brush back your hoary locks, O time-old Sea!  
Smooth out the fretting furrows on your brow;  
Breathe gently, quell your vengeful mood that now  
Enwraps you, like a warrior's panoply.

Shake off your cloak of strident energy;  
Forego the wrath of your prophetic vow;  
Forget the mournful past, and re-endow  
Your wondrous might with grand serenity.

Though ghastly secrets hide within your breast,  
And hordes of sorrows thrill you through and  
through,  
Let peace enfold you for a little space;  
Let sorry circumstance lie hushed—unguessed  
Beneath a waveless calm of happy blue,  
Whose reflex shows no dreary, tell-tale face.



# THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

The Splendid Force on the Canadian Frontier

BY L. R. FREEMAN

TOWARD the evening of a day in the late spring of 1898 two men pushed their jaded horses into the shifting ford where the Dalton trail crosses the Kicking Horse River, just above the point where the latter empties into the Chilkat and marks a point on the international boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. The crossing, always dangerous, was at its worst. The river was tossing and rolling like the surface of a mighty cauldron. Part of the firm bar of the regular ford was washed away, and in its place was a bottomless bed of quicksand. Half way over, one after another, the horses began floundering helplessly in the yielding sand. One of the men threw himself from the saddle to ease his struggling mount, whereupon the frightened animal, released from its burden, sprang forward, jerked the bridle from his master's hand, lunged his way

through to the bank and galloped off. The other horse was swept down to a firm bar, from where it picked its way to the bank, the rider still in the saddle.

On regaining the trail the latter was horrified to see his companion, that grim resignation which possesses without cowering the brave man in a losing battle already showing in his face, settling into the treacherous quicksands, scarce thirty feet from the solid, graveled shallows of the old crossing. With whip and spur he endeavored to force his unwilling horse to carry him to the aid of the sinking man, but the terrified animal, shivering with fear, refused to budge. Failing in this endeavor, the brave fellow sprang from his saddle and rushed down the bank and out into the river, resolved on a last desperate effort to save the life of his unfortunate comrade.

All this time not a sound came



Northwest Mounted Police Station at Dalton's Post, Northwest Territory.



Mounted Police Sergeant in Parade Uniform.

from the man in the quicksands. The icy fingers of the river crept up his heaving form, as the sand pulled relentlessly from below. Now the water lapped about his waist; now against his chest; now the undercurrent tore away a dozen tons of sand somewhere below, something gripped him strongly by the feet and he settled with a jerk to his armpits. He threw all his mighty strength into a final wrench, the dogged tenacity of his long line of British progenitors shining in his undaunted eyes. For half a score of aeon-long seconds he held, his muscles, bent to the tenseness of bow-strings, all but tearing the strained joints from their sockets. His set face bowed almost to the water as he swayed from side to side, and a great sob, torn from his breast from sheer intensity of effort, escaped him. As if in mocking reproof, a back-thrown wave from a hastily-formed eddy, flicked him sharply across the cheek, leaving grotesque foam flecks hanging in derisive festoons from ear to chin. The touch of the water to his face seemed to bring home the hopelessness of it all, and he ceased to struggle and straightened back to gain all the respite his height would allow—and to wait.

He has fought while hope and strength lasted. He had fought in the face of hope. He realized, but did not fear; he ceased, not as a man beaten, but as a man that bows to the inevitable. He noted with gratification the safety of his companion; he almost smiled as the latter's horse balked on the bank, so far beyond human help he knew himself to be, but when the other left his seat and began to wade to his rescue the careless look gave way to one of concern and consternation, and he broke silence for the first time, shouting above the roar of the river:

"Get out of this, Jack, you fool; you can't do a bit of good and you'll only get stuck yourself."

Still Jack pressed on; another step and he, too, would be in the grip of the sand devil. A sudden inspiration came to the doomed man. One of his submerged hands fumbled for a moment at his holster, and then appeared above the water with its numbing fingers grasping the handle of a big revolver, and the two men, friends, of a friendship known only to those who have shared the same blanket and frying-pan, and done and dared together, looked into each other's eyes along the blue-black barrel of a Colt's forty-four.

"Jack, I've got less than a minute to live; don't send me to hell with a stain of murder on my soul. You know as well as I do that these cartridges are water-proof (as the other eyed askance the dripping revolver); don't force me to prove it, old man."

For an instant the would-be rescuer hesitated. In that instant the surging undercurrents of the river tore away another huge mass in the bowels of the sand bed, and Jack pulled back and steadied himself just in time to see his comrade in the midst of the swirling, gurgling vortex, his features relaxed in a smile of farewell, sink out of sight under a spinning patch of yellow foam.

The following day this brief entry was made in the record book of the Northwest Mounted Police at Pleasant Camp, B. C., under the date of May 19, 1898:

"Constable Frederick Hillier met death by drowning at the ford of the Kicking Horse river while returning from border patrol duty yesterday. Report reached here too late to go in record of 18th. Immediate application made to Sergeant-Major Barlow, Atlan Div., for substitute on account of miner's troubles at Porcupine."

This entry and the incident which it records reveal the two great elements that have combined to make the mounted police of the North-





Mounted Police Inspector  
testing revolver range.



Indian scouts.

west the most efficient body of men of its kind in the world to-day, if not in history. The former shows the spirit of the service, which mentions duty and death in same sentence, assuming that duty done is ample compensation for life lost; the latter shows the spirit of an individual of the service, who, with the certainty of a lingering death staring him in the face, still had presence of mind to devise a means to save the life of another, though he brushed away his last chance of rescue in the doing of it. And the records contain many more such brief, business-like entries, sole memorials of deeds no less heroic than the one here detailed.

After the Hudson Bay territory was purchased by the Dominion Government, it became necessary to prepare for the protection of those who might form settlements there. Accordingly, in 1873, the British Parliament gave the Canadian Government authority to organize a force to be called the Northwest Mounted Police, who were to act for the better preservation of law and order in the Northwest territories, the number of men being limited to 300. In the autumn of 1873 a small force of 190 men was organized. Subsequent acts have amended the original provisions in

various ways, and the number of men is now limited to 1,000.

The Northwest territories are divided into eight divisions, and these are subdivided into a total of over 100 stations. The force consists of one commissioner, one acting commissioner, eight superintendents, 29 inspectors, five assistant surgeons, two veterinary surgeons, 50 staff surgeons, 51 sergeants, 51 corporals, 471 constables and 72 scouts, making in all a total of 741 men, with 768 horses and 18 ponies. These patrol the frontier for a distance of 800 miles, keeping down cattle stealing, raiding and smuggling, in the latter case paying particular attention to the illicit traffic in intoxicants. They watch the Indians, enforce the ordinance against prairie fires, have charge of the boundary quarantine in the interior, and keep order generally over area of 300,000 square miles. The inspectors try criminal cases, more than half the convictions obtained in the Northwest in the last decade having been in their courts.

The pay of the members of the force is about the same as that of men in the corresponding ranks in the U. S. Army, and considerably better than that of those who rank with them in the English. The constable, who ranks with our private or "enlisted man," receives fifty

cents per day for his first year of service and an increase of five cents per day for each year of service up to the fifth, when he reaches the limit at seventy-five cents. Unless careless, neglectful or repeatedly penalized for bad behavior, however, he is sure to secure promotion before five years have elapsed, entitling him to the pay of corporal or sergeant. The former receives eighty-five cents and the latter from \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Staff-sergeants—veterinary, medical or artificer—receive from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month, while a sergeant-major receives \$3 per day. The latter is the highest position to which a man can rise from the ranks.

The first appointment under a commission is an Inspectorship, which ranks with a lieutenancy in the Imperial army. Promotion is in order from this rank, through those of superintendent and assistant commissioner, to that of commissioner, the head of the service, who receives \$500 per month. The whole force is under the control of the Department of the Interior, one of the departments of the Federal Government of Canada. All officers of the commission have full powers of justice of the peace.

To maintain order and to preserve confidence in the security of life and property over 1,200,000 square miles of territory, with an open boundary of six hundred miles on a foreign country; a territory but sparsely settled, and that in part by alien races while native tribes, with primitive ideas of rights and property were still numerous, was an ambitious undertaking for a young nation, but the success that everywhere attended it is as great a matter of pride to Canadians as it is of wonder to the rest of the world. The Mounted Police are the executive of constituted authority in the territories, and it is seldom that a governmental institu-

tion serves its purpose better or as well.

The nature of the duties devolving on the police is gradually changing, and the force is adapting itself to the change. The time when it was police, jury, judge, parliament and plenipotentiary combined is past, but the new duties are none the less onerous. The officers of the force are sensible of the fact that it is no longer safe for a single policeman to go into an Indian reservation to take out a man wanted for some theft or depredation. The Indian bandit is beginning to regard things from the same point of view as his "white brother," who may know that police authority will ultimately bring him to punishment, yet be willing to fight for temporary liberty with a single constable. At one time the Indian had a reverence for the scarlet tunic, the yellow-striped trousers, and the authority they represented. That a single constable could go into a reservation alone and take out any Indian wanted, while our American authorities have never attempted to arrest a "bad" Indian without a considerable show of force, is evidence of the respect the tribes bore for the police and the authority they stood for. But it is but human to sacrifice future rewards for present advantage, and the Indian malefactor cannot be depended upon to submit to arrest when the authority against him is not backed with arms and numbers. It would be a mistake to say that the tribes have lost respect for police authority; but that respect is far more ready toward a force of half a dozen than toward a single constable. This change does not increase, but tends rather to lessen the chance of an Indian outbreak, for the lawless elements are partaking more of the nature of individual "toughs" than tribal warriors, and a single policeman is not safe in making arrests among toughs, even in the most orderly cities of the United States.



A recent attempt at arrest resulted in the shooting of seven men before the three Indians sheltered in a rifle-pit were killed with a shell.

The border patrol is an important part of the police service, and it is maintained constantly, though with intentional irregularity, so that emigrant or immigrant never knows when he may encounter the scarlet tunic. The business of the police with the white men is increasing, while with the red men it is growing less, which may be a result of the steady change in the population. Across the border is a favorite trip for the undesirable characters of both countries, and the irregular patrol of the police from outpost to outpost makes it a great difficulty to carry stolen goods out of or into the Dominion. Although there is a great extent of boundary to guard, the nature of the country reduces to a minimum the difficulty of effective work. The range of vision on the prairie from every slight elevation is very wide; the nature of every man's business is known, and it is no invasion of civil rights to ask a stranger his name and destination. Every man on the prairie has some business for being there, and if that reason is not obvious to the patrolling policeman he is careful to investigate it to his satisfaction. A tendency to avoid the scarlet tunic is always a suspicious symptom. Cattle and horses are the wealth of the Western border country, and the police patrolling the ranges are familiar with all the brands in their districts and able to detect theft in its various forms. The killing of cattle is watched carefully in the territories. Every man who kills an animal is required to have the hide punched by an official inspector and to expose it in some conspicuous place for a specified time. Part of the patrol duty is a house-to-house visit among the farmers and ranchers, and if a carcass be found without a hide to

correspond on the fence, a prosecution follows. The offense is not as serious as cattle stealing, but in prosecuting the lesser charge evidence is often disclosed of the greater.

There is scarcely a department of the Canadian Government that is not assisted by the Mounted Police. The collection of revenue along the border would be impossible without some such patrol. The smuggler understands that commercial principle by which consumers pay duty, and when he can evade the collector he gathers in the duty himself. But any one entering Canada from the south is generally accosted several times by the police before he reaches a place where smuggled goods can be sold. The rush of overland parties to the Klondike is over, but still there are three or four a week making their way with wagons or pack-horses along the trail that preceded the railroad from Masleof to Calgary and Edmonton. At many points along the trail and over the open prairies these travelers are met by the patrol, and their customs papers are examined for comparison with their outfits. Through American glasses this looks like an unwarranted intrusion, but in the prairie it comes as a welcome break in the monotony of travel. Besides, the patrol is ready with full information regarding trails, routes and traveling conditions, and is prepared to receive and investigate any report against settlers, herdsmen or other travelers along the route. Though the Klondikers may have their outfits and customs papers examined many times, they were more than compensated by the perfect safety assured them and their goods during the trip through Canadian territory. So strong, in fact, was the feeling among the Americans in favor of the Mounted Police, that when, in the winter of 1898, a body of them from Log Cabin, under mistaken orders, un-

dertook to administer certain affairs in Skagway, their presence was relished rather than resented.

At the distribution of rations on the Indian reserves the presence of the police is also necessary, for it is a time when the Indians are apt to quarrel among themselves and also to grow dissatisfied with their allowance. To assist in this service Indian scouts are now employed, and they wear the brown duck fatigue uniform of the force. Their term of engagement is from month to month, and as a rule they render good service, though inclined to tire of the work in a short time.

The force is still to a great extent the constituted authority of the territories. The guard rooms are the only lock-ups for short time prisoners, long-term convicts being taken to the penitentiary at Stoney Mountain. The inspectors in their capacity of justices of the peace travel to different points in their divisions to hold court. I heard an officer tell of a recent event in which he was called upon to act the part of undertaker, clergyman and executor. The officers, and occasionally the men, are the arbiters in the disputes that arise between the settlers, especially those from European countries, and at every foreign colony it is necessary that a member of the force be stationed to learn the ways of the people and become personally familiar with them. This duty requires men of tact, judgment and self-control, and when such are secured their services are most valuable. The system of outpost patrol keeps every station fully informed as to what is going on in the district, and is also a bureau of information for the interior department. The system of trial before enlistment gives men a chance to

show their fitness and to decide intelligently before signing for the regulation term of five years.

The part played by the Northwest Mounted Police in the Boer war is well known. Their frontier training, their marksmanship, their power of enduring hardship and their characteristic bravery stood them in good stead, and to several companies recruited from their ranks Lord Roberts gives the credit of saving the day in two of the most important engagements that paved the way for British supremacy in South Africa.

The personnel of the force was years of the finest, and

"The bitter road the younger son  
must tread,  
'Ere he wins to hearth and saddle  
of his own,"

led more often over the frozen prairies of the Northwest than elsewhere. Dukes, earls and baronets galore have chased Indians and cattle-thieves, garbed in the scarlet tunic and blue trousers, and in the eighties the Oxford or Cambridge man is said to have been the rule rather than the exception. In recent years, particularly since the settlement of the Klondike, the force has been kept recruited up to the limit to meet the demands of the new conditions, and men—no less men, to be sure—but men lower in the social scale than the dare-devil riders of the old days, have been taken in. For this reason the Mounted Police to-day, while no less efficient a body, perhaps, lacks the dash and the less tangible, but no less important, esprit de corps that made the old force the terror of the law-breaker and the pride of the Dominion.



# THE MUSHALINDA LEGEND

---

BY M. D. KELLOGG

**T**HIS is not a true story, neither is it altogether untrue—for truth is what one troweth and many people have trowed or believed this story. It is truth to the mystic, and it contains a certain mystic truth. Indeed, it is a puzzle. Find the beauty there; for "Truth is beauty and beauty is truth," says the poet. "That is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know," and legends should be assigned to the court of poetry.

This legend was first written into brass that it might ring out for aye. It was expressed by a symbolic figure—a brazen idol, if you like—of Buddha seated upon a cobra. Three powerful coils of the serpent form the throne on which the god sits regally, in holy meditation. The cobra has raised its back as only a cobra can, just behind Buddha's back, spine to spine, and spread his hood well above the head of the god, therewith forming a canopy to shield the "Blessed One."

But holy men, fearing that there were ears dumb to the sacred voice in an idol, inscribed its tale upon the long, narrow leaves of the talipot palm, piercing the leaves at either end and joining them with strings; and they encased this manuscript with sweet-scented wood whose fragrance breathes eternal incense to the holy writ within, and embossed their ingenious bindings with intaglios of gold.

The snake is Mushalinda, the Serpent King. The honor of having commanded man's first reverence is contested by star, tree and serpent.

But passing this point, which passes chronology, let us recognize Mushalinda as a legitimate sovereign defender of a primeval faith.

But how did the crown descend

to a little snake like the cobra? This is a long story; one version (and one version is as good as another, for history is full of options) is, that the serpent first awakened man's awe. The star and the tree called forth an adoring wonder, but the subtle prick of the weak, crawling thing which dealt death in fateful mystery, first proclaimed invisible power. The first gods were admittedly gods of fear, which is a clause in Mushalinda's claim. But when they entrapped these serpents and tended them, treating them gently from whatever motive you like, a new feeling came for their strange charges; they could not define it exactly, neither can we. Among serpents it was noticed that the Cobra di Capello had peculiar powers—that it could sit bolt upright and distend its neck, with wonderful grace, and though it had the fatal sting, it never harmed man unless he harmed it—it had a crude justice and a royal forbearance—it was less cruel, less deadly than man. This is how the House of Cobra arose, and through it Mushalinda's supremacy.

Do I make my case good? Let me cite an authority—Forlong—none less. He says: "Before the Chaldeans was a serpent-worshipping race, and we seem to owe more to this race and sect than we are ever likely to ascertain." Here is carte blanche for the imagination. Now let us see how it was that Mushalinda and Buddha met.

Religion after religion arose through the noble reformer to sink through the self-seeking priest till Buddha appeared, bringing new light to Asia. Prince Buddha's life shone in beauty inexpressible. It was felt by the highest and lowest. He was the idol of his fol-



The five idols in the Temple of Lung Gong, San Francisco.

Taber, Photo.

lowers, and gradually idols were made to suggest him and temples were built to adore him, and legends grew around these idols and temples, and among others, this story of Mushalinda.

Prince Guatama left his royal home, and seated himself beneath a lonely tree, resolved never to rise till he had evolved a higher course for men; and thus, through passionate prayer for others, the "Unselfish One" became Buddha. Then came a blinding storm, and Mushalinda, instinctively feeling the god-head of Buddha, approached him from below, and enveloped the body of the Blessed One seven times with his folds and spread his great hood above his head, saying:

"Let neither cold nor heat, nor gnats, flies, winds, sunshine nor creeping creatures, come near the Blessed One!"

"Then, when seven days had elapsed and Mushalinda, the serpent king, knew that the storm had broken up, and that the clouds had gone, he unwound his coils from the body of the Blessed One and changing his nature, appeared into that of a young man, he stood before the

Blessed One, and with his joined hands to his forehead, did reverence to the Blessed One." (From the *Maha Vagga*.)

In European iconography the serpent stands for evil, but in Asia the serpent had once been an object of worship. He had rendered occult service as well as occult death. Was it the serpent who taught the Brahmin his sublime respect for life? A gentle creed, though in the long run fraught with inconvenience. In Asiatic iconography the serpent stands for a terrible power.

This figure of Buddha shielded by Mushalinda, picturing a lower religion upholding a higher and protecting it while it upholds, certainly is a beautiful metaphor. A triumph of iconography before which those that think may mingle their incense with that of those that feel.

Mushalinda abdicated like a king. (Query: Or was it peculiarly unlike a king?)

Did the old idol-builder, commissioned to adorn the temple Ceylon, build better than he knew? I doubt if he read up on the various religions. I imagine he was too well satisfied with his own; but I am



sure he felt the divine love of Buddha, drawing love from all things high and low, and I think he had an inkling that the best in the old thought is ready to efface itself in the new, for that is not foreign to the idea of a "higher re-incarnation." His conception has traveled far and wide and met with curious treatment. We may find it on the cheap little idols of the peasants—little household Buddhas seated on snakes, with curiously carved heads and through this legend may have come the Chinese Dragon, the protector of their God—and the emblem on their national ensign.

Mushalinda has traveled by roundabout circuits—far and wide. The Brahmins, by fostering reptiles for ages, have rendered India a land of snakes—China is not. So the Chinese Buddhists substituted a fierce, fantastic dragon of their own design for the gentle Mushalinda, but they kept the idea of the serpent protector of the higher power—the great Buddha. The metaphor suffered gradual degrada-

tion as well as the design; the dragon became a vastly greater feature than the Buddha, and received the lion's share of attention. It is customary during the New Year season when the idol and the dragon are marched abroad, to secure plenty to the land, for above all things the Chinaman is a materialist, for an earnest worker in the temple, some particularly active priest—to precede the dragon and entertain it, by shaking before its eyes an immense ornate ball on a stick, a little on the rattle-box order, and we come back to the primitive superstition of placating some fearful, incomprehensible power.

The national ensign is a very new thing for China. It is only since she opened her gates to foreigners that she has required a flag. But when she did, she placed her respected dragon upon a field of imperial yellow. And good Buddhists passed out of those open gates to San Francisco, built their Joss house here and imported their great idol duty free. But the dragon,



The Great Dragon Mushalinda in San Francisco



In Ceremonial Robes



whose tail consumed innumerable yards of silk, was relegated to the bonded warehouse. What was he, anyway? Was he regalia, and undutiable? Regalia—ingenious word defined by the Customs House as “priests’ vestments and similar objects.” Was he similar to anything ever seen there before? Or was he just silk at 60 per cent duty, and done with it? What was he, anyway? Said the sentimentalist: “He is an object of human adoration—outrageous to tax him.” Said the student of economics: “Nothing has ever proved more unwise than ex-

cluding church property from taxation.”

Said the anti-Chinese: “Make the heathens pay.” But finally the fiery dragon burst the bounds of the bonded warehouse and the prison bars of his packing-box, and amid the greatest din ever heard in a civilized land he made the circuit of Chinatown, the cynosure of the most gorgeous street pageant San Francisco ever witnessed.

Here endeth the vicissitudes of Mushalinda on his protracted journey from Ceylon to San Francisco via China.

## TULE FARMING

### One of the Wonders of California

BY W. A. TENNEY

It is the desire of the Overland Monthly to place before its readers matters pertaining to the State of California that is written by practical men. Mr. Tenney, the author of “Tule Farming—One of the wonders of California,” is a practical farmer. He is not a writer of fiction or romance. He is wise in the lore of earth’s products and a dealer in stern fact. Any reader will find “Tule Farming” interesting, but to the Eastern farmer it will come as a revelation of the wonderful possibilities of the swamps of California.—Editor.

Give me good coal to warm my veins,

Eight men to tend my belts and chains,

I’ll cut an eighty acre lot  
Each summer’s day that’s dry and hot.

With engines sixty horses strong,  
I spin the busy drums along.

My scythe of four and twenty feet,  
Speeds through the fields of ripened wheat.

—Peter Cook.

**T**ULE is the Mexican name for the largest species of bulrush (*Scirpus Lacustris*), and the swamps of California, where it thrives, are called tule lands. Tule farming is the cultivation of the reclaimed swamp region.

At the head of Suisun Bay is a narrow pass, confined on the north by the Monteruma hills, and on the south by a spur from the Mt. Diablo range. Here is the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. At the lowest stage of the rivers the mean rise and fall of the tide at this point is about six feet. Immediately above the Straits the high lands widely diverge, opening a vast delta with an area of five hundred square miles, about half as large as the State of Rhode Island.

No part of this great swamp has an elevation of more than ten feet above the average tide. The whole tract is divided by sundry channels and divergent sloughs. The islands as a rule are in the form of a saucer, lowest in the middle, with a higher rim next to the channels.

When the California gold mines were discovered the most of this tule region was above water at all times except during the greatest winter floods. The main rivers were sufficiently broad and deep to allow large ships to sail to Sacramento and Stockton.

The early American settlers were able to cultivate choice spots on the tule banks with slight levees. The mining industry, however, changed the whole situation of this great inland delta. Sluicing the sides of the Sierras into the mountain streams sent immense quantities of detritus down to the lower rivers, which filled up the beds of the channels with sediment. The river pilots tell us that now at

some points there is less than six feet of water at the lowest stage of the tide, where in 1849 there was water enough to allow loaded ships to pass.

State engineers report that the solid bed of the river at Sacramento is now relatively higher by the ocean tide than the surface of the water was in 1850. The lighter drift has been filling in all the lower bays with incalculable rapidity. In 1903 some examinations were made in San Francisco Bay in front of Oakland, with the following results:

"The driving of piles during the construction of the long Emeryville pier used by the San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway showed a depth of from twenty to thirty feet of silt deposited from the Sacramento River."—Oakland Herald.

The bottoms of San Pablo Bay, Carquinez Straits and Suisun Bay have been rapidly rising by the accumulation of fine sediment.

When half of nature's highway



Seventy Head of Mules at the Water Troughs—Ryers Island





"The Seedman Homeward Plods His Weary Way."—Ryers Island

to the sea was obstructed the great volume of water must proceed on its way outside of the banks; and as a consequence a large part of the great tule basin, not protected by strong dikes, has come to be continually submerged all the year through.

During the last few years, however, by a large expenditure of labor and money, considerable progress has been made toward reclaiming the great tule basin. Extensive dredging has deepened the channels, and the silt thrown along the banks has raised strong and sufficient levees.

The dredger is an indispensable factor in reclaiming the tule swamps. A first-class dredger costs about \$50,000. The ponderous machinery is automatic throughout. The arm or boom is a hundred and forty-five feet long, and by gearing at the base it moves its upper end with measured accuracy out over the channel and back over the bank in fifty-five seconds. Along the boom is a moving chair on the end of which is suspended a huge

iron bucket, weighing nine tons, opening at the bottom like the shells of a clam; indeed, it is called the "Clam Shell Dredger."

As the arm swings to its outer limit the bucket descends perpendicularly, wide open, to the bottom of the channel. Its great weight sinks it deep into the mud. The first movement upward closes and fastens the sections, like the shutting of the valves of a clam-shell. As the bucket rises slowly in the air, the inclosed water runs out, and any sand, too, that may be in the composition of the silt is filtered out with the water. Sand would be an element of weakness in the levee.

The rising of the bucket keeps exact pace with the inward swing of the arm, and when the arm reaches its land-side limit the bucket reaches the top, and striking a spring, opens its jaws and discharges a wagon-load of earth. No miner with pick and shovel could be so exact. About two hundred cubic yards are handled every hour. The machine runs steadily day and

night. This is the servant of a corporation that never strikes for shorter hours or an increase in wages; nor does it quarrel with scabs.

The standard levee required at the present time is one hundred and forty feet broad at the base, thirty feet wide at the crest and an altitude of sixteen feet above the tide level of Suisun Bay.

The tule land thus inclosed is about fourteen inches lower than

eals, vegetables and fruits.

Should irrigation seem to be needed during the long, dry summers, the want can be supplied by simply arranging siphons from the river over the levee. As the land is lower than the river, the water supply is inexhaustible and can be had at a trifling expense. When the tule plant has been rooted up, the soil is as friable as one could desire; and there is not a stone nor any other obstacle to impede a plow in a field



One of the Great Clamshell Dredgers

the surface of the river at the lowest stage.

The tule soil, composed of the richest loam from many hillsides and a liberal supply of decomposed vegetable matter, is unsurpassed in fertility. In many places is a sub-soil of peat or muck. The deposits are from ten to sixty feet deep. The soil is capable of producing in the greatest abundance anything that can be grown in the temperate or semi-tropical zones—grasses, cer-

of thousands of acres. While the harvests are maximum in quantity, the cultivation is of minimum expense. Machinery does the drudgery.

Instead of the conservative horse team to do heavy work in the field, a traction engine of sixty horsepower and about twenty tons' weight is introduced as an inanimate motor. Attached to this is a gang of plows which turn over a strip of about twenty feet wide as



the machine moves rapidly along. An average day's work is from forty-five to fifty acres. Only four men are needed to guide the operations and keep the appetite of the iron beast supplied with fuel, water and lubricating oil. Steam does the rest. If haste is required, a headlight can be attached, and a fresh crew of men put aboard; then the plowing may continue by night as well as by day. This is a team that never gets tired. Plowing with horses costs not less than \$2.50 per acre; with steam the cost is about forty-five cents per acre.

The same power attached to harrows covers a strip of a hundred feet wide and goes over a hundred acres a day.

The broadcast seeder, placed in an ordinary farm wagon, receives its motor power by means of gearing attached to one of the wagon's wheels. It scatters the seed to any uniform thickness desired on a strip of forty feet each side of the wagon, and goes over about seventy acres a day. The only manual aid required is to keep the hopper full. No human hand can sow a field so evenly. The seed drill for planting beans is exact in spacing the distances between the rows and the hills, dropping the required number of beans in each hill, and covering them to a uniform depth. No farm hand with a hoe could be so accurate. The drill drawn by a pair of horses plants twelve acres in a day. The old hand method planted about half an acre in a day with a hoe.

The process of harvesting is the movement of intelligent mechanism. When once the steam is let on all the operations are automatic until the sacks, filled with clean grain, are ready to be sewed up by hand. The combined harvester attached to the traction engine for the purpose of locomotion is otherwise independent of the traction movement.

The harvester has an auxiliary engine which receives steam from

the boiler of the traction, but has its own automatic governor, so that it is unaffected by the traveling speed of the traction.

The sickle cuts a swathe about twenty-four feet wide (in heavy grain). As the grain falls, a reel throws it on an endless dropper by which it is conveyed to the thresher. After leaving the cylinder the straw is carried on a dropper to the rear, while the grain and chaff are separated by the fans. The grain is then raised to the cleanser on the top of the harvester, and when completely cleaned it falls into sacks. Every part of the process, from the cutting of the stocks to the clean grain in the sacks, though untouched by a human hand, is practically infallible. Two men are required to sew the sacks. The steam harvester has a capacity to reap from seventy to one hundred acres in a day, depending on the weight of the crop; and to thresh from nine



An Instructor in Traction Engineering



A Combined Harvester

hundred to sixteen hundred sacks of barley in a day; or eight hundred sacks of wheat in a day, at a cost of about eight cents per sack. A sack holds nearly two bushels. The sacks when sewed up are thrown from the rear in piles from six to ten sacks.

The tule on an average yields about forty sacks (eight bushels), of barley, or fifteen sacks of wheat, or twenty sacks of beans, per acre.

Within the memory of people now living, the most rapid method of harvesting was with a grain cradle, and a day's work for an average man was to cut and bind an acre of wheat; and the most rapid process of threshing was pounding with a flail, or trampling with animals, and to clean up ten bushels, or five sacks, was an average day's work for one man. At present, with the combined steam harvester, the rate, including both harvesting and threshing, is a hundred bushels on the average to a man. When grain was harvested with a cradle and threshed with a flail, the cost of both was about one dollar a sack. By steam the real cost does not exceed ten cents a sack.

Beans are planted from May 25th to July 5th, and are harvested in September and October. When beans are ripe, two knives attached,

drawn between two rows, cut a little below the surface of the ground and the material is thrown into windrows. After sufficiently dry, an automatic lifter, attached to the harvester, picks up the windrows and places the material on the dropper, whence it is conducted to the threshers, where it passes through the same process as the grain, until the clean beans fall into the sacks. From eight hundred to twelve hundred sacks are threshed in a day.

The tule basin is about the most accessible to a market of any part of the country. As the sacks fall in piles behind the harvester, teams gather them up and land them at the most convenient spot on the levee, where schooners are waiting to take cargoes to shipping points along Carquinez Straits or San Francisco. The freight is only seventy-five cents a ton. Sometimes within forty-eight hours after the grain is cut the sacks of clean wheat are being loaded on big ships at Port Costa or Crocket for foreign ports. There is no delay or expense for storage.

The cereals and beans have been more largely produced than any other crops, owing chiefly to the comparatively small expense for cultivation and harvesting. Less manual labor is required.



Some points in the tule district have been devoted to fruit. Apples, pears, quinces, peaches, apricots, prunes, plums and cherries are found here at their best. Both the quality and quantity of the harvest are about all that can be desired. The serious difficulty in finding suitable help in these critical times to gather the fruit exactly at the time when ready, and the uncertain conditions in the fruit market, often attended with great loss to the producer, discourages an increase in the production of so perishable a commodity.

Garden vegetables on the tule produce enormous crops, but the vegetable farmer, with his perishable produce, runs the same risk as the fruit grower. Any truck gathered in the early part of the day and placed on a steamer in the afternoon, reaches San Francisco at midnight, and soon after sunrise the fresh vegetables are on their way to the stores, but as the markets are managed, the cultivator can never foresee what returns he may receive; so this industry is small. In the San Joaquin, in parts of the tule region least exposed to over-

flows, the less perishable vegetables are extensively grown. In places where the subsoil is peat and the surface a fine vegetable mould, prodigious crops of onions are raised. Potatoes, too, yield two hundred bushels to the acre. Here the potato industry is unique for the temperate zone. Planting begins in December, and continues till June; and the harvest, beginning in May, continues to January. It is not unusual to see men digging potatoes on one side of a field, while planting is in progress on the other side. The soil is so immensely productive that some tracts command an annual rent of \$50 per acre.

Several machines in operation elsewhere could be here introduced with profit. The "Potato Planter" is a great labor saving device. It can be regulated to cut potatoes in halves, quarters, or any size desired. It measures the distance between hills and between rows. The ground is opened, the pieces dropped and covered. The driver on the seat has only to feed the whole potatoes into the hopper. This machine would be most agreeable to that class of farm hands who have



A Plowing Scene

aspirations to lead sedentary lives.

In the more favored localities, both in the Sacramento and the San Joaquin tule, asparagus is cultivated with rare success and profit. Here, it is said, asparagus reaches the highest degree of perfection of any part of the world.

The great Yolo basin, unclaimed, contains a hundred thousand acres of sediment lands. It is subject to overflows which recede. In the autumn this wide bottom af-

fords the choicest feeding grounds in the State. Large droves of cattle and sheep, started from Eastern Oregon in May, reach this fat pasture in August, and by December they furnish the prime beef and mutton for San Francisco markets. After harvest, the gleanings, the scattered shelled grain, the stubble and the straw spread everywhere unbleached by dew, furnish the richest pastures for sheep from June to December.

---

## THE CORRESPONDENT AT HAMPSTEAD

---

BY DENISON HALLEY CLIFT

MILLARD, correspondent of the Tribune at Hampstead, realized that the supreme moment in his repertorial career had come. He was fairly wild with excitement, as he gazed at the brilliantly colored poster of a circus performer in his hand. The long coveted chance that comes sooner or later in the life of every newspaper man had finally come to Millard, hurling itself upon him in a manner that completely bewildered him.

The poster was of a juggler tossing seven knives in the air at once, each one caught as it fell in one hand, thrown to the right, and then thrown into the air again successively. The performer's name was McDuff. Millard had read accounts of him in the papers until he felt almost driven to emulate him. But the world-renowned McDuff had fallen at last. While performing at the Midway Central he had glanced for an instant at the front row of spectators, while his magical knives were in the air. A certain face in the audience had caused him to falter, and in that brief second

one of the knives had swerved and struck home.

"That's him all right," exclaimed Millard as he held the poster and a photograph together. "He's grown a beard, but it's him. Those are Sweeney's eyes, but why the devil did he ever come back to San Francisco again? My goodness, what a chance!" He sat down a moment to recover himself.

Picking up the evening paper he learned that "the celebrated McDuff had taken a drop too much, and, being a very nervous man, he had faltered for a moment, when the knife descended and made a nasty wound above his temple."

"A drop too much nothing," soliloquized the reporter. "He knew it was me, and he'll come to the gallops after all! I guess they will keep him at St. Mary's hospital for awhile."

Again Millard saw the brilliant opportunity for his master stroke, and as he thought of the real identity of McDuff it made him fairly gasp. With his blood tingling within him he seized the telephone in the corner of the room, and after



a few minutes he was connected with the managing editor across the bay.

"I have a big sensation coming," he said. "Save three columns on the first page. Hold the mail edition if necessary, until two o'clock. It's a big scoop!"

"That Hampstead?" asked the managing editor.

"Yes, this is Millard. Save three columns."

On the last train Millard sent the photographs by a special messenger; then, returning to his room, he opened his note book and began to write. Even then it was getting late and Millard counted his time, and set to work in earnest on his story. His brain was clear and his hand flew across the pages. One by one they piled up before him, forming to his excited vision the majestic story he had been longing for so many years. He wrote on infused with ecstasy, and when he finished he gathered the many pages together and placed them in his coat pocket with several old letters for transmission to the Tribune office as soon as he made sure of his facts. He had written the confession of McDuff just as he pictured it would happen, and a description of his return to San Francisco and his capture. It was a marvelous story and now he hoped it would not have to be altered.

It was almost half-past eleven when, pulling on his coat, he turned out his light and set out for the hospital. The air was chilly, and he walked briskly in an endeavor to keep warm. As he reached the large, dark building he entered and knocked at the clerk's office. That individual looked drowsily over his spectacles. Millard closed the door behind him.

"Is McDuff, the juggler who was hurt, here?" he asked.

"McDuff?" responded the clerk. "Let's see. Faladin, Seymour, McDuff—yes, there it is—No. 73."

"I'm from the Tribune," said the

reporter, as he leaned forward toward the register, at the same time showing his badge. "I came here to find out about this fellow's condition. He was——"

"Hold on," interrupted the clerk, "there was a tribune man here a little while ago, and I told him this circus fellow was delirious, and——"

"I know, I know," put in the reporter suavely, "but I'm a special writer. This matter I'm getting is different. It's for the Sunday supplement to-morrow." He spoke in such an assuring manner that he half believed it himself. "Now, look at that register and kindly tell me how old he is."

The clerk eyed him angrily. "Why don't you newspaper men get around here earlier?" he asked. "This is no time of night to be bothering us this way."

Millard felt he was losing time. He looked savagely at the man before him. Then he thought best to treat him civilly, for there was too much at stake.

"Well, how old is he?" he repeated.

"He wouldn't say much," answered the clerk, "but he was about thirty-five."

"Was he smooth shaven?"

"No, not exactly," replied the other, "he had a mustache and a heavy beard; but the beard was false."

The reporter almost forgot himself. He leaned forward intently. "False?" he repeated nervously; "was there a scar on his chin?"

"No record of that," smiled the clerk.

Millard waited a moment. He looked at the clerk, puzzled. The latter perceived that there was something behind his questions that worried him.

"Did you notice his hair?" he inquired.

"Yes," rejoined the clerk, "it was light, but had traces of black in it." Millard tried to avoid the clerk's

gaze. He felt that the man had in some way discovered his story.

"There seemed to be something mighty queer about that fellow," said the clerk. "When he came in he was dressed in his circus suit, and looked kind of funny. I don't know what it was, but somehow I didn't take to him much. But perhaps it was only a fancy."

The scribe gazed at the clerk in awe. Was there really something repugnant about McDuff? Had the clerk noticed it, too? "Very queer," he said.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other. "I had an idea something was wrong."

Millard looked straight into the clerk's eyes. There was something in his look that told him the clerk could be trusted. He had probably experienced the same sensation that first crept over Millard when he saw McDuff. Then he spoke frankly:

"That man," he said, "has been hunted by the police all over the world. You've got to let me see him. For six years they have been after him, and now he has the temerity to come back here to San Francisco where he killed his wife and child six years ago. But I've got him now, and a tremendous sensation in the morning." Suddenly he felt a pang of regret for what he had said. Then he turned to the clerk again.

"Take me to his room," he said.

The clerk closed the register, glancing at the white, eager face of the reporter. Suddenly the two men heard footsteps outside and the door opened, disclosing the white, pale face of a nurse. The men stared at her in amazement.

"Good God," she cried, "help me. Who is that—that—Oh, who is he, who is he?"

The clerk rushed forward and caught her. "What's the matter?" he gasped.

"Oh, God, help me! Go look at him—No. 73."

"Get me some water," the clerk demanded of the reporter, and soon they laid her on the lounge in one end of the room and rubbed her forehead with cold water. Then the clerk and reporter hurried up the long stairway toward the juggler's room.

Reaching the apartment, the clerk opened the door wider, and stepped inside. No sooner had he done so when the door slammed behind him. Quickly the scribe seized the knob and tried to follow, but the door was locked. He was dumb with amazement. Again he seized the knob and endeavored to force it open, but the heavy door resisted him. Certainly, he thought, the clerk had not shut him out so brusquely.

Millard pressed his ear against the door, but could hear nothing, nor could he see anything. At this juncture the nurse in the next ward looked out into the hall, and Millard could smell the pungent odor of iodoform. Being quick to grasp ideas, he seized upon a sudden thought.

"Is there any one in here?" he asked in a kind tone.

The nurse gazed at him suspiciously. She was a pretty young woman and attracted Millard.

"I have an important message, and wish to see the patient in here."

"But this is too late," she protested.

"Madam," replied the reporter, "I have no time to tarry. Will you see if there is any one within?"

The young woman in blue uniform knocked at the door. There was no answer. "Therese," she called softly.

The knob turned and the door slowly opened. The nurse looked in; then stepped inside. Without hesitating Millard tried to follow; but some force more powerful than he compelled him to move back. At the same time he heard a light scream from the nurse inside, fol-



lowed by a burst of hysterical laughter.

Completely overwhelmed, the reporter leaned against the wall for support. In spite of his unusual nerve he found himself weak and trembling. The clerk and the young nurse were shut up together with some strange power, and Millard was unable to gain admittance. The unexpected had completely upset him for a moment.

The reporter turned and walked down the hall for fear of attracting attention. In case he caused any disturbance the other papers would get the story. The very thought made him recoil. He had come expecting everything to turn out as he had planned it, but instead he had scented a far better story. He had the murderer and—a mystery. For a second he hesitated. The time was flying and he still had McDuff to catch.

As he stood in the shadow at one end of the cold hall, he noticed another nurse cross the corridor. She entered the room which the other young woman had left, but finding it empty, moved to the next door, opened it, and went inside. Millard stared in blank surprise.

At the other end of the hall his eyes wandered to a large clock. It was half-past one. In half an hour the forms would be locked. The story was ready in his pocket, but the new turn of events had changed matters considerably.

His hesitation lasted but a moment. The careful training as a reporter had given his mind a capacity for decision. The one thing that makes a successful newspaper man is his ability for instant action. He must not only see his opportunity for a story, but his mind must be able to master it in all its details.

Half an hour and the mail edition would go to press. The three columns were being saved for him, but would he have the story ready? A mystery is the most interesting thing in the career of a reporter,

and Millard's sense of news had found a splendid chance for a scoop. The first story was forgotten and the room into which he had failed to gain admittance was now his only thought. What was in there?

He was still watching the door when he suddenly saw it open from the inside. He stood perfectly still, scarcely daring to breathe. Suddenly he saw the head of the clerk look out. His face was worn and haggard. Closing the door behind him, he stepped into the hall. Millard saw the door tightly shut, but rushed toward the clerk.

"For Heaven's sake, what has happened to you?" he cried.

The clerk only stared at him vacantly. Millard seized him by the shoulders. "What's in there?" he demanded, pointing toward the door.

"What's in there?" repeated the clerk, simply; "I—I didn't see anything."

"Wake up, man," cried the reporter; "what has happened to you?"

"Damn you, anyhow," echoed the white figure, "how do I know?"

Millard saw that his eyes had a horrible, glassy stare. He seemed entirely oblivious to what had happened. Millard could get nothing from him. The clerk looked at the reporter for a moment; then he pulled away from him and went down stairs. Millard watched him in pity and wonder. The clock was now a quarter of two.

Like a flash Millard saw the managing editor across the bay call down the tube to the press rooms. The picture came to him like a dream. He had fifteen minutes left in which to solve a mystery and get the story to the Tribune office.

In great moments there comes to some persons the feeling that they are able to accomplish anything. In such a way Millard felt that if he could only get into that strange room he could face anything. He had a craving to get at the heart of

the mystery, and get the story off over the wires. In twelve minutes he would be too late.

Why not raise the house? Perhaps the young women had been murdered! He started toward the strange room. Then his excited brain thought of the fire alarm. With a feverish impulse he seized the bell rope and pulled it furiously. Peal after peal rang out clear overhead, and at the same time he saw a hundred doors fly open and heard the cries of female voices. But he only looked wildly at the strange door. It opened slowly! Dropping the rope he plunged blindly forward into the room and slammed the door after him.

For an instant he paused—dazed. Before him stood the circus performer with a glittering knife uplifted. Behind him he caught sight of the two nurses in a heap on the floor. One looked vacantly at him. In the hall behind, Millard heard the mad rush of many feet.

The juggler was dressed in his tights, and his spangles were dazzling under the electric lights. His head was bandaged, but his eyes were malignant. Suddenly there began to creep over the reporter a sensation so soothing that its power almost overcame him. The air was charged with delicious odors, and a vivid scene flitted across the reporter's brain. He saw the night editor smile at him and whisper something that he could not understand. He heard the wires singing overhead in a melodious cadence. Far away he heard the roar of the great presses that came drifting to his ears like the wild hum of a multitude of voices. But more vividly than the rest he saw the managing editor again send a message down that black tube. Was he too late? The thought was preying on his mind and was the paramount question. Was he too late?

With an effort he roused himself. Before his blurred vision he caught sight of the murderer again. He was standing over the reporter with

his hands near his face. Then there came to Millard's ears the shouts and cries of masculine voices behind him. He sprang to his feet, and the old feeling came back to him.

"Make way there," he cried, seizing a chair and plunging forward. The door behind him creaked and cracked. He knew they were after him. "Make way, you beast!" He struck the performer with all his strength on the head. Again he saw the unconscious young women, and he understood. He reached the window and threw up the sash. Behind him the door gave way and he heard their footsteps coming nearer. His hands touched the fire escape, and he swung himself out. Swiftly he descended the long iron ladder, dropped twenty feet to the ground and leapt a stone wall that loomed darkly before him. Then all he saw was the one bright light in the telegraph office away down the long, cold road.

\* \* \* \*

Across the bay in the Tribune office the managing editor was looking at the clock. It was two minutes to two, and still no word from the correspondent at Hampstead. He placed the black tube to his mouth.

"Anything yet?" he asked of the telegraph editor.

"Not yet," was the answer.

The managing editor glanced out of the window. In the far East he saw the first gray beams of light. Here and there he saw the few flickering lamps that lined the streets. Then he yawned and turned to the clock again. It was just two! He picked up the black tube.

"Lock the——"

Even while he was speaking, the telegraph editor called up his tube: "It's coming now," he said. "Hold the forms a few minutes more."

The managing editor heaved a sigh of relief. "I knew he wouldn't fail," was all he said.





## THE WORLD'S THOUGHT

### THE GROWING TRADE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

For Eight Months of Last Year  
the Increase in Commerce

Was \$6,000,000.

The import and export trade of the Philippine Islands for eight months ended August, 1903, according to figures appearing in the monthly bulletin of the insular bureau of the War Department, amounted to \$43,133,804, the corresponding period of 1902 showing but \$37,202,796, or an increase during the present year of nearly six million dollars, over four-fifths of which may be credited to shipments from the archipelago, the hemp and copra output being especially large. These figures are exclusive of coin and Government supplies, and in eight months of 1903 show imports \$22,266,581 and exports valued at \$20,867,313.

The purchase of rice in large quantities continues, importations for the month of August being greater than the value entered under all other classes of supplies combined, and with the exception of the French Indies, which furnishes the islands with nearly all of the foreign product used, a general falling off is noted among the principal importing countries, as compared with the record for the previous year. By the increase of approximately three million dollars over the value of rice receipts during eight months of 1902 the purchase of meat and meat products, fish, vegetables and other food stuffs, as well as the import trade in manufactured articles, has been materially reduced. At the

same time noticeable increase is shown in the importation of cattle, many of which are needed throughout the archipelago for farming purposes.

Exports of hemp show an advance of approximately three million dollars over the figures of last year, in eight months of 1903 reaching a value of \$13,564,588, more than half of the product being shipped to the United States.

---

### OUR TRADE WITH RUSSIA.

In the year just closed, our sales to Russia amounted to practically \$20,000,000. This is more than twice what we sold in 1901, in which year Russia advanced the duties on imports from the United States. It is also double the average of our sales for many years preceding that date. Our purchases from Russia also greatly increased since that time. In 1903 those purchases amounted to \$10,907,000 against \$7,263,000 in 1901. These figures show that our total commerce with Russia in 1903 exceeded \$30,000,000, being double the total of 1901, and three times that of 1893. This result proves that our alarm regarding Russia's course in advancing duties to shut out American products and manufactures worked the other way.

It is interesting to note the main classes of our exports to Russia in the years 1901 and 1903.

1901.—Raw cotton, \$2,498,823; agricultural implements, \$1,692,597; copper, and manufactures of, \$790,724; iron and steel manufactures, \$1,636,894; flour, \$1,261,122; naval stores, \$281,616; provisions, \$550,751.

1903.—Raw cotton, \$8,170,060; agricultural implements, \$3,636,145; copper and manufactures of \$1,364,272; iron and steel manufactures, \$1,198,139; flour, \$1,028,590; naval stores, \$432,793; provisions, \$204,450.

In recent years our exports to and imports from Russia compare as follows:

|            | Exports to  | Imports from |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1893 ..... | \$4,918,000 | \$4,877,000  |
| 1897 ..... | 6,575,000   | 4,157,000    |
| 1901 ..... | 8,221,000   | 7,263,000    |
| 1903 ..... | 19,710,000  | 10,907,000   |

### A Word With the Business Man.

The London Times has just closed up what is probably entitled to rank as the greatest advertising scheme ever undertaken by a newspaper. After devoting no less than \$1,000,000 worth of advertising space to the sale of an encyclopedia on the installment plan, the undertaking has now ceased. Like all great ventures exploited by newspaper advertising, this one has yielded vast returns to all those who have had to do with it. And it deserves to be noted that the originator and chief promoter of the enterprise was a clerk in a Boston bookstore but a few years ago. This undertaking, and others like it, have yielded him a great fortune, and he is now the owner and occupant of a beautiful estate near London.

### Where California Would

#### Be Benefited.

Our olive oil, raisins, canned and preserved fruits, onions, beans and peas, canned salmon, preserved, canned, pickled and salted vegetables, wines and salt come into direct competition with the same class of goods imported into Cuba from France, Germany, Spain and other countries. Our sales of these goods to Cuba amounted in 1902 to \$485,156, while the value of the imports from the other countries named amounted to over \$4,000,000. What

share of the \$485,000 went to California I do not know, but I do know that with suitable encouragement by a reduction in the Cuban tariff California will, if it makes the effort, receive much of that \$4,000,000 which now goes to Spain, Germany and France.

California makes the best olive oil in the world, yet Cuba bought in our markets in 1902 only \$2,414 worth, while she bought from Spain \$887,125 worth and from France \$13,276 worth. She bought of us only \$1,026 worth of raisins, while Spain sold her \$39,563 worth. She bought from us \$77,000 worth of canned and preserved fruits, and from Spain and France \$170,000 worth. We sold her \$400,000 worth of onions, peas and beans, and other vegetables, excluding potatoes, while she bought of Spain, France, Germany, Mexico and American countries other than the United States over \$1,000,000 worth. Of potatoes we sold her \$390,000 worth, while other countries sold her nearly as much. She bought of us wines worth \$3,529, and from Spain alone \$1,550,000 worth. Salt from the United States cost her \$575, while she paid \$70,000 to Spain and Germany alone.

—From the Speech of Senator Perkins on "Cuban Reciprocity."

Senator Newlands in a speech before the Senate on his Cuban annexation resolution said something interesting about Hawaii in the following paragraph:

"This is a part of the proper expansion of the Republic, the traditional expansion of the Republic, not the modern expansion of the empire over countries in distant seas. Hawaii is a military outpost in the Pacific controlling our defensive line. Why should we have her? She occupies such a position as she would if she were only a hundred miles from San Francisco and practically protects the entire coast from foreign invasion. No fleet can sail



from the Orient and reach the Pacific Coast without coaling, and with Hawaii in our possession the ships of such a fleet would be derelicts upon the ocean before reaching our shore. And so, as a matter of economy and of wise administration and of wise adjustments of the boundaries of this country we have taken Hawaii into the union as a territory with a Delegate. She has to-day the position of an infant State, is in a transitional stage toward Statehood, not, perhaps, independent Statehood; but I trust that some method will be found in the future to incorporate her in the State of California as a county, and thus give her that representation in the Union to which every foot of ground over which the American flag floats is, in my judgment, entitled."

### Oil is King.

There are now at least twenty-five counties in California which have used crude petroleum upon their roads, while experiments have been made in Colorado, Texas, Indiana, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia. From the Mexican border of San Diego County to Butte County, about 500 miles to the north in a straight line, in soils of various consistencies and through regions of widely different climatic conditions, mineral oil has been used upon country roads and city streets until there are, it is estimated, more than 950 miles of oiled roads in California. Oil has been used upon the driveways in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The mountain stage road into the Yosemite National Park has been oiled for a distance of thirty miles, while in San Bernardino County, running south from the railroad track in the town of Chino, is a piece of oiled road which every season nearly 40,000 tons of sugar beets are hauled on their way to the factory, often averaging 750 tons a day. The foundation of this

road is a loose sand, and before oil was applied loaded wagons were often stalled and had to be dug out. The road was surfaced with a material containing some clay. Now, after being subjected to oil for three seasons, it is as easy to drive over as a good city street, and although the majority of wagons used upon it have narrow tires, it effectually sustains the heavy travel. The utility of the oil was noticeable after its first application, but the surface stratum grew constantly thicker and firmer, until the road is practically perfect.

### Tartaric Acid.

Some inventive genius may reap a rich reward. An association of California vineyardists has been formed for the purpose of solving the problem of the production of cream of tartar from California grapes. Any person who can find out this secret will be paid \$25,000. The association, accordingly, has deposited guarantees to pay the reward. It is said that if any should be successful in discovering the process for the utilization of California grapes to produce tartaric acid on a commercial basis, such a process would be of inestimable value to California and the United States. The present value of tartaric acid at wholesale is 31 cents a pound.

### For the Benefit of the

#### Boston Publicists.

As showing the financial stability of the Philippines Government, Col. Edwards, chief of the insular bureau, has prepared a statement making a comparison between the balance in the hands of the treasurer of the Philippine Islands for the month of October, 1902 and 1903, from which it appears that at the close of October 31, 1902, there was a balance available for appropriation of \$3,774,617, and for the same period of 1903, 7,394,970, an increase of \$3,615,325.



# WIRELESS

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

**T**ELEGRAPHY—communication by some means other than a written or printed document—has been known to all ages and all men. The ancient cliff dweller telegraphed his prehistoric brother by means of fire at night and by day by smoke. He changed the color of his smoke or he hid the flare of his fire to spell out the sentences to the watchers on the farther mountains.

He shot burning arrows into the air as signals and he received answer by the same means.

In the days of the Roman Empire the Generals spelled out words by means of fires of different substances.

Through all ages there have been means of sending messages. Professor Morse was working out the evolution of the ages when he sent the first message by wire from Washington to Baltimore in May, 1844. The Morse system received its great value by reason of the local circuit. There have been many other systems tried to better this system, but none of them have been entirely successful.

It is said that "necessity is the mother of Invention," and in telegraphy necessity has certainly actuated every improvement. Invention has kept pace with the necessities of the age. Now let us see what necessity is demanding of invention to-day. In the first place—a cheaper mode of transmission—a cheaper vehicle to transmit over—quickness and an ability to reach hitherto inaccessible stations or points; the ability to speak to and receive answers from isolated moving stations, the ability to speak to vessels (no matter where) on any ocean and thus to locate the great traffic of the world while in transit.

Invention, sturdy child, comes to the rescue of Necessity, and solves the problem with one word: "Marconi."

The Wizard of Menlo, Edison, says of the wireless telegraph: "Wireless is going to be the telegraph of the sea. Time will come when any one on the maritime exchange can send out a wireless message and catch any vessel afloat in any part of the world and change her routing. \* \* \* The markets of the world are so connected that we buy and sell in all parts of the world daily. It will be of great advantage to change the routing of a merchant vessel to the highest market.

"The ocean field is open; yes, the ocean is the field of the wireless.

"I think it will only be a question of a few years before wireless is completely developed, or rather, I should say, until it is developed to a point where it will be a practical and important factor in the industrial world. \* \* \* Wireless, I say, has a field to itself—a field that cannot be touched by any other method. \* \* \* There are certain natural laws that limit the speed of land and cable telegraphy, but these laws do not affect the wireless system. \* \* \* I believe they will easily reach a speed of several hundred words a minute with the wireless."

In an interview Mr. Edison said: "No, the waves are everywhere. \* \* \* You see, when an electric wave is shot out from the sending instrument it does not go from point to point in a direct line, as many persons unfamiliar with electricity suppose. It is shot into the universe and it goes in every direction, spreading out in circles, much after the effect in water when a stone has been thrown in the center of a pool.

"The farther away from the center or sending point the weaker the



wave and the more delicately constructed must be the instrument to receive it. \* \* \*

"Of course, one can see what the wireless system will mean commercially. \* \* \* There is practically no investment in the wireless system."

Ray Stannard Baker has the happy knack of phrasing, and in a description of the achievements of Marconi, he speaks of the wireless as an invention which has shrunk the earth. He says: "What was only a scientific and inventive novelty a few years ago has become a great practical enterprise, giving promise of changing the whole world of men, drawing nations more closely together, making us near neighbors to the English, the Germans and the French; in short, shrinking our earth. There may come a time when we will think no more of sending a Marconigram to an acquaintance in England than we now think of calling up a neighbor on the telephone."

It was in December, 1901, that a wave of astonishment swept over the world at the announcement that wireless messages had been "shot"—from New Foundland to England and from England to New Foundland—across the Atlantic Ocean, was made. At first there were but few who believed that this was true. Marconi, the young inventor, was hailed as a success, a genius who had accomplished the practical, when Thomas A. Edison, Graham, Bell and other great scientists extended him the hand of fellowship. Since this time the public has come to know what wireless telegraphy is—an accomplished practical fact—and the public to-day knows that since those December days wireless messages have been sent greater distances—both ways across the Atlantic—and that Marconi has borne out every promise that he has ever made. Wireless messages can now be sent directly from the shore of Massachusetts to England, and ocean-going ships are being rapidly equipped with the Marconi appara-

tus, so they can keep in direct communication with both continents during every day of the voyage. On some of the ships a little newspaper is published, giving the news of the day.

The first question that is asked by the uninitiated is: "How are you going to keep your messages secret? What is to prevent—in case of war—your enemy from reading your message? How are private business despatches to be secured against publicity?"

This was a poser for the young inventor for a long, long time. He finally devised a parabolic copper reflector, by means of which he could radiate the electric waves exactly as light—which, it must be remembered, is only another form of etheric wave—is reflected by a mirror.

The idea was to face this reflector in any given direction, and only a reflector located in that direction would respond to the message. It was found, almost immediately, among other objections, that the reflected waves did not follow the curvature of the earth, and that this would necessarily limit the use of the wireless to very short distances.

The reflector was a step in the right direction, and, incidentally, the inventor had stumbled upon a useful invention. This is to be used in lighthouse and life-saving station work. "Ships are to be provided with reflecting instruments which in dense fogs or storms can be used exactly as a search-light is now employed on a dark night to locate light-houses or light-ships. For instance, a light-house at the Farallones would constantly radiate a warning from its tower. These waves pass as readily through fog and storm and darkness as in daylight."

Think what an advantage would accrue to a vessel equipped with a receiving reflector in entering a dangerous harbor at night or in foggy weather. Any child who has had



Guglielmo Marconi, Inventor of Wireless Telegraphy



her "practice" hours on a piano knows that nearly every object in the room will respond to some certain key on that piano. It may be the shade to a brass lamp or it may be the umbrella stand in the hall or the drip pan at its base, but somewhere an affinity will be established between the note on the piano and the inanimate object.

The reflector being impracticable Mr. Marconi experimented with tuning. He has constructed a receiver which will respond only to a certain transmitter. That is, if a transmitter is radiating 800,000 vibrations a second the corresponding receiver will take only 800,000 vibrations. In exactly the same way a familiar tuning fork will respond only to another tuning fork having exactly the same number of vibrations per second.

Mr. Marconi has succeeded in bringing this system to perfection. In one of his English experiments, at Poole, in England, he had two receivers connected with the same tower and tuned to different transmitters located at St. Catharine's Point. Two messages were sent, one in English and one in French. Both were received at the same time on the same wire at Poole, but one receiver rolled off its message in English, the other in French, without the least interference. By this new system of tuning, all the ships of a fleet can be furnished with instruments tuned alike, so that they may communicate freely with one another, and have no fear the enemy will read the message.

"Great telegraph companies will have only their own tuned instruments, to receive only their own messages, and there may be special tunes for each of the important Governments of the world." This system can be operated so cheaply, the cost of installation is so slight that banking and business houses, families and their friends, will each have its own wireless system, with its own secret tune. Having varia-

tions of millions of vibrations, there will be no lack of tunes.

With tuning came multiplex wireless telegraphy. Many messages are now sent or received on the same suspended aerial wires of the sending and receiving stations. Suppose, for instance, an operator was sending a hurry despatch to a newspaper. He has two transmitters tuned differently, connected with his wire. He cuts the despatch in two—sends the first half on one transmitter and the second on the other, thereby reducing by half the time of transmission.

Let us briefly look over the telegraph and telephone industrial field. In 1866, there were in this country 2,250 telegraph offices, operating 75,686 miles of wire; in 1867 the average cost of sending a message was one dollar; ten years later the price had fallen one-half.

In 1897 there were 21,769 offices, and for that year the number of messages sent was 58,151,684, the average cost to the sender being less than 31 cents. It was in 1875 the invention of Professor Bell was made known; two years later the first telephone exchange was established in the United States. Toll line connections now reach in this country almost 3,002,000,000 yearly. The total number of stations in the United States in 1902 was 500,000, and the entire capital invested in telephone systems was estimated at \$114,946,500. (Bell Tel. Co.)

In view of what has been accomplished by the various wire systems in sixty years, is it not fair to suppose that within the next sixty years every craft that sails the seas will be provided with wireless apparatus of some sort and every seaport in the world will be equipped with its Marconi station; that the land, instead of being overspread with a network of wires, will be free of them?

Wireless telegraphy is making rapid and substantial advance. Stations are being established all over

the world. The Indian Telegraph Department reports that wireless telegraphy has been established between Sangor Island and the Sandheads. A Marconi station has been established between the large power stations overland and Frazerburg, on the Aberdeenshire coast. The Western Railway of France and the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway have established wireless communication between Newhaven and Dieppe. The Italian Government has just begun the erection of an extraordinarily powerful wireless station for the establishment of communication between Italy and the Argentine Republic, at Pisa, a distance of six thousand miles.

Recently a wireless message was the means of saving one of the most valuable ships in the world. The Kaiser Wilhelm, due at Plymouth, at 8 a. m., did not reach the Lizard until 11:30. When the Marconi station got into communication with her she reported that she had been steaming through very dense fog for 1,000 miles. She at once asked that the fog signal might be blown to give her some idea of her whereabouts, for where she lay the fog was thicker than ever. It was only by the aid of the fog horn that the ship, one of the largest ocean greyhounds, was able to get her bearings, and so steer clear of the terrible rocks which line the Cornish coast.

The Marconi system is already in use regularly by the American cutters operating from Puget Sound and the Straits of Fuca Station, and it is expected it will now be applied to give communication with the Western coast of Vancouver Island, long known as the marine graveyard of the Pacific, where wrecks are of frequent occurrence, and to which the land wire gives but infrequent and unreliable communication.

There are at present over 100 Marconi Stations in different parts

of the world, or, including those on ships, about 190 stations.

The English Lloyds have adopted the Marconi system.

Lloyds is the greatest maritime underwriting corporation in existence. Their branches and stations cover the earth, and their purpose is to equip these stations for the protection of shipping on which they carry millions in risks. Thus we see the practical, substantial value of the Marconi system, under a contract, now in operation in various parts of the world. We have managed to show, in many countries, by actual and continued experience, the value of a new system of communication.

The cost of installation of an ordinary telegraph system such as the Western Union, for instance, is immense as compared with the cost of installation of a Marconi system.

For the year 1903 the Western Union Telegraph Company had expended \$196,517 for miles of poles and cable; \$1,089,212 for miles of wire; \$23,120 for miles of offices. Its receipts had been \$29,167,686; its profits had been \$8,214,471; and it had transmitted 69,790,866 messages.

For the year 1903 the American Bell Telephone Company in the United States delivered 3,002,000,000 telephone connections.

The average number of telephone messages per annum for France, Great Britain, United States, Austria, Denmark, Hungary, Belgium, Switzerland, Netherlands and Norway is given at 4,987,737,114. The number of Bell telephones now in service in the system is upward of 4,000,000. There are 3,250,000 miles of wire connecting 1,500,000 stations in regular service. The company employs in the neighborhood of 61,000 men, women and children in the operation of its lines. The capital of the company is \$114,946,500; and yet, at its inception, it was with difficulty that prominent men were induced to take this stock.



The submarine cables of the world operated by private companies and Governments have been installed and operated under the greatest expense. There are 375 cables in operation, covering 177,234 nautical miles. This is exclusive of the cable from San Francisco to Manila, and does not include cables in lakes and interior water courses of continents.

Cables (exclusive of the inter-island cable in the Philippines), owned by nations, 1,398, and covering 35,281 miles.

The immense expense of laying these cables, equipping land stations, maintenance and repairs is done away with entirely in the Marconi system. The immense profits which have been divided among the stockowners of the great cable companies will be trebled and quadrupled by a Marconi system in full operation, and there is no limitation as to where a ship may be spoken or a message delivered. The ordinary cable message is stopped at the ocean, and there is no communication except at either end of the line and its connections.

This brings us to the immense value of the Marconi system in use in regard to the merchant shipping of the world. By glancing at the maps accompanying this article (these maps are issued by the United States Government and have been reduced for the purposes of this article) it will be seen that the usual course of steam vessels cross one another in a thousand different ways. These maps show us, as plainly as anything can show, that there is a need of shore stations and of Marconi apparatus on board the steam and sailing craft of the world to keep in touch with the billions invested in merchandise, and with the passengers who are traveling over the seas.

The following figures give an idea of value of imports and exports; in other words, the tonnage which we would have under our eyes at all

times. This is compiled from the figures for 1903, and is for the United States alone: Exports, \$1,420,141,679; imports, \$1,025,719,237; total \$2,445,860,916.

When it is realized that a large part of this vast amount is at times entirely out of the reach of its owners, consignors or consignees, we begin to realize the necessity of some means of keeping track of it with absolute certainty, and when it is further realized that this vast amount is but a small fraction of the total represented by all other countries, we are simply appalled.

The imports of merchandise of foreign countries in 1902 were \$9,338,477,546; exports, \$7,698,392,217, or a total of \$17,036,869,763. Beyond this enormous totalization of merchandise in transit in one year we must also consider the importance of keeping in touch with the common carrier, because of its cost to owner and charterer.

The tonnage of the United States in 1903 was 6,087,345 tons, represented by 8,054 steamers and 16,371 other vessels. Tonnage of principal maritime countries, 1903 (exclusive of the United States), 34,482,303 tons.

Thousands of dollars are spent daily in the United States to keep in touch with freight in transit across the American continent. If the means were at hand, as they soon will be, in a practical way to reach the sea-going freight at all times, does it not stand to reason that these means, the cheapest in installation ever devised, are going to be used?

As I said at the beginning of this article, there is a crying necessity for the Marconi system, as there was for the Bell telephone and the Morse telegraph. Speaking of the telegraph calls to mind an interesting tabulation of the number of telegrams for all countries for 1901-2. Total number of messages principal nations of the world, 437,999,867. These messages were sent over lines



Map showing the ocean route of steam and sailing vessels from the various ports of the world.



of wire that required franchises, rights of way, poles, insulators, transportation, copper wire and a multitude of other expenses that are not incident to the operation of a Marconi wireless system. These messages were sent over a network of wires that require constant repair, and that are a constant drain upon the treasury of the operating company, each day becoming less effective because of oxidation wear and tear, storms, fires, etc., and the added danger of inefficiency because of nearness to heavy power conduits, wires and other telegraph lines. None of these apply to the wireless telegraph.

Recently I picked up a paper and read as follows: "Re-insurance was quoted at 80 per cent this morning." This will be a source of expense and anxiety no longer, as soon as the shipping of the world is fitted out with the Marconi apparatus. One ship was out 260 days, another 146 days, another 135 days; no sign of them at their destination. No ship had spoken them on the voyage, and yet it is easily conceivable that, had they been equipped with Marconi apparatus, they might have spoken a hundred ships and many shore stations.

I have spoken of what may be done in the future when the world has reached as thorough an understanding of the Marconi wireless as it now has of the Bell telephone or the Morse telegraph. Let us now look over in detail a few more of the things that have been accomplished, the practical results of to-day, by the Marconi wireless system.

The American line steamers and those belonging to the Red Star line are equipped with the Marconi system for receiving and despatching messages. People are enabled to engage in friendly games of chess with people on passing ships, people may receive messages from their homes and their offices, and they may receive the news of the world,

of what has been going on in many lands since the ship's departure. The Atlantic Transport, Dominion, French, Cunard, Hamburg-American, Leyland, and North German Lloyd, are equipped, and the White Star line is being equipped in a similar manner.

We append extracts from the *Cunard Bulletin*, published on board the *R. M. S. Lucania*, from New York to Liverpool, Oct. 3, 1903.

As an instance of the value of the wireless in connection with ships at sea we herewith give a clipping from the New York "*Sun*," which tells its own story:

### KROONLAND DAMAGED IN GALE.

**Reports Her Condition by Wireless and Puts Back to Queenstown.**

(Special Despatch to the *Sun*.)

London, Dec. 8.—The Red Star Line steamer *Kroonland*, from Antwerp, Dec. 5, for New York, when seventy-eight miles west of Fastnet, sent a wireless telegraph message stating that her steam tiller was broken and that she was returning to Queenstown, steering with her engines.

The weather was hazy and a moderate gale was blowing.

The *Kroonland* was disabled on the Irish coast. Captain, commander of the steamer, sent a wireless message to the company in Queenstown by way of Brow Head to meet the *Kroonland* at Point to assist her if necessary. He expected to reach harbor at 11 a. m. to-morrow. Tugs had been ordered to meet her at Queenstown that the passengers and mails should be landed.

The *Kroonland* is the first vessel to be equipped with the Red Star wireless system.

The *Kroonland* is the first vessel to be equipped with the Red Star wireless system.

with Marconi shore stations on either side of the Atlantic.

### THE NOBEL PRIZE.

The Nobel Prize, which was awarded to Guglielmo Marconi by the Swedish Academy of Sciences.

The Nobel prizes take their name from Alfred Nobel, who died six years ago, and by his will provided that five prizes of \$40,000 each be given to those who "in the course of the preceding year shall have rendered the greatest services to humanity." The recipient of a Nobel prize, therefore, not only ranks with the foremost men of learning in the world, but he also receives such a substantial gift of money, \$40,000, as to aid him greatly financially, even though he be already a man of means.

Dr. Nobel's life work and the disposal he made of a fortune of \$10,000,000 form a strange paradox. He was the inventor of the most deadly explosives which have yet been invented, and he devoted the proceeds of the fortune thus made to encouraging the arts of peace. The history of the Nobel family is linked with high explosives and death-dealing instruments. Emanuel Nobel, the father of Alfred Nobel, was the first to lay subterranean mines for the Russian Government. Robert Nobel, son of Emanuel, was in the submarine mines of the Crimean war, and the English men-of-war captured him from Constantinople.

His sons, Alfred Nobel, and his brother, Ludvig, were the discoverers of dynamite and the manufacturers of it all over the world. Alfred Nobel was the source of the Nobel prizes.

His sons are to be named after him. He has made a discovery in chemistry, in physics, in biology, or in any other science.

duced the most notable literary work, in the sense of idealism, and "to the person having done the most or the best in the work of establishing the brotherhood of nations, for the suppression or reduction of standing armies, as well as for the formation and the propagation of peace and conferences."

Prizes are awarded by distinguished Swedish societies and scientific bodies. Nationality is not considered in awarding the prizes.

On December 10th, the anniversary of the death of the donor, the corporation bestows upon each laureate a check for the value of the prize, a diploma and a gold medal. During the six months following, the laureate is obliged to give a public lecture in Stockholm on the subject of the work crowned.

Mr. Marconi is only 28 years old, and is the youngest man to whom this high distinction has ever been awarded. It is a source of great gratification to him and to his friends that this wonderful invention has been thus signally honored.

### Some Recent Achievements.

On February 4th, a wireless message was received at New York from the Nantucket Light Ship, giving notice of the arrival of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, 48 hours overdue. This was owing to a most tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic. Soon after the departure from Cherbourg the vessel ran into a heavy southeaster. This soon shifted to the west and raised a head sea, through which the steamship plunged heavily.

Throughout Thursday and Friday the gale continued, with now and then a hail squall rapping hard on the deck. On Friday night the barometer portended some still worse weather, and by 2 o'clock that morning, a seventy mile an hour gale was shrieking overhead. Struggling against it at reduced speed, the ship made only 248 knots.

On the same day the wireless reported as follows:



"New York, Feb. 4.—The Hamburg-American Line steamer Blucher, from Hamburg for New York, is reported by wireless telegraphy as having passed Nantucket Lightship to-day.

"The Red Star steamer Finland from Antwerp for New York, was reported as having been in communication by wireless telegraph with Nantucket Lightship at 11:20 a. m."

On December 19th of last year, the Red Star steamship Finland, Captain F. Albrecht, which left Antwerp to-day noon for New York, went ashore at Nieuwensluis, near Flushing, Holland. The weather was thick and foggy, and Captain Albrecht could not be certain of his bearings. While proceeding slowly and constantly blowing her steam syren, the Finland slid aground, and brought up standing, her twin propellers churning still water.

The ship's Marconi wireless telegraph system was brought into service in sending out messages of the steamer's situation to the Marconi wireless station at La Panne, near Ostende, Belgium, Creekhaven, County Kerry; Borkum, Feuerschiff and Borkum Leuchthurn.

"Assistance was promptly sent her. She is not believed to be in any danger.

The Finland has about 60 saloon passengers, 100 second cabin and 550 steerage passengers."

The value of the wireless message is again given in a practical way in the following item from the New York Sun:

#### REASSURED BY WIRELESS.

**News that their Son is Better Reaches the Kauffmanns at Sea.**

J. W. Kauffmann of St. Louis and his wife and daughter, who arrived yesterday on the St. Paul, were called home from Paris by a cable-gram announcing the serious illness of their son. When half the way over, they received a wireless message to the effect that the son was better."

"The delay to the North German Lloyd steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm was caused by a damaged propeller which came in contact with some submerged object in mid-ocean. The Kronprinz was spoken by wireless telegraphy by Nantucket South Shoals Lightship at 8:03 o'clock to-day, and the Marconi operator on board telegraphed that the ship had lost two blades of her port propeller, and was coming along at reduced speed. All were well on board, the despatch added.

"The ship was fifty miles east of Nantucket when first reported. The wireless despatch gave no details beyond the statement that the propeller blades had been broken off by striking a submerged object. Later, when the ship came closer to the lightship, she stated by wireless that she had encountered an extremely rough trip."—From the New York Mail and Express.

R. M. S. "Lucania," from New York to Liverpool, October 3d, 1903.

Sunday, October 4th, 1903.

Position: Lat. 40.51 N. Long., 66.27 W.

Distance from Queenstown, 2,462 miles.

Distance from Sandy Hook Lightship, 343 miles.

Communication with Marconi Station at Babylon from 6 p. m. till 9 p. m. Saturday, October 3d. Distance from ship to station, 45 miles. Passengers' telegrams were duly exchanged.

Communication from Marconi Station at Sagaponack, from 9.50 p. m. Saturday, October 3d, until 1 a. m. Sunday, 4th. Distance from ship to station, 65 miles. Passengers' telegrams were duly exchanged.

Communication with Marconi Station at Nantucket from 1 a. m. till 6 a. m. Distance from ship to station, 90 miles. Service and passengers' telegrams were duly exchanged.

Communication was established with the Marconi Station at Cape

Cod from 7 till 7:30 a. m. Private telegrams were received. Distance from ship to station, 80 miles.

Communication was established with the Marconi Station at Glace Bay (Canada) from 10:30 a. m. till 11:30 a. m. Distance from station to ship, 600 miles. Private telegrams were exchanged by passengers with both shores.

### Wireless Telegrams from America and Europe in Mid-Ocean.

It seems opportune at this date to record that it is just about twelve months ago since H. M. the King of Italy put the Italian cruiser, "Carlo Alberto" at the disposal of Guglielmo Marconi for experimental purposes, and during the entire voyage across the Atlantic, wireless messages, transmitted from the Marconi Station at Poldhu in Cornwall, England, were received on board. As the Marconi Wireless Station at Cape Breton (Canada), was, however, not ready for work at that date, the simultaneous reception of messages from Europe and from America has been carried out for the first time on the Cunard R. M. S. "Lucania." I do not think that history will omit to record this fact, for it will signify in the field of science an important achievement in this application of electricity, and moreover, will prove an event of social progress which will have considerable influence in the welfare of mankind.

It is gratifying to note that this effort has been accomplished by means of the two ships, H. M. S. "Carlo Alberto" and the "Lucania," belonging respectively to the two countries which have contributed most to the development of wireless telegraphy.

Since it was officially declared by several members of an International Conference held two months ago that long distance wireless telegraphic communication between ship and shore could not be considered, I am glad to be in a position

to state that the passengers on board the *Lucania* will be able to testify how useful and practical long distance communications between ship and shore have proved, and furthermore, how detrimental it would be to sacrifice these achievements for other systems which are little better than sight signalling.

I now take the opportunity of expressing to my fellow passengers on the *Lucania* the wish that I may be able to again greet them in mid-ocean from the Marconi station, which is about to be erected near Rome.

SOLARI."

"Wireless telegraphy may lead to the discovery of the north pole, as is now planned. Stations are to be built at intervals along the route, and thus the world may be kept constantly informed as to the progress and send relief when needed. In crossing the desert and in all kinds of voyages of exploration and discovery wireless telegrams will be of inestimable service and will lead to great advancement in history and science."

"Statistics show that whatever lessens the cost of doing or creating anything has the effect to extend its usefulness in direct ratio to the resulting economy; that it increases the demand for it in the same ratio and increases the profits of those engaged in its production or operation in proportion to the increased demand and use and the decreased cost.

The Marconi system not only decreases the initial cost of establishing a telegraph system, but—

1. It decreases the cost of operation.
2. It decreases the cost of maintenance.
3. It almost abolishes the cost of repairs.
4. It decreases the time required for transmission of messages.

Furthermore—

1. It increases the usefulness of



the telegraph by making available distant and inaccessible and hitherto impossible points, as ships at sea, small islands, etc.

2. It increases the demand for telegraphic facilities by decreasing the expense of utilizing them.

3. It increases the profits of telegraphic operation by reason of all of the above-cited facts.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America is already in active commercial operation; is in the receipt of substantial revenues—is constantly developing new avenues of usefulness for the Marconi system. That system is now in daily use by the Associated Press, the **New York Herald**, the **London Times**, and all the great transatlantic steamship lines.

**Scientific American:** "Wireless telegraphy has taken its place as one of the useful inventions of the day. It has a recognized sphere in the merchant marine and the navy, where it has been doing some excellent work."

"The first notable event of 1903 was the completion of the transatlantic station at Cape Cod, where, without flourish of trumpets, communication with Poldhu, Cornwall, was successfully established.

"It was followed by the transmission of a message from President Roosevelt to King Edward.

"A business man told me the other day that if it were possible to abolish suddenly wireless telegraphy it would completely upset the most advanced methods in the shipping business, and shipping men would feel as if they were forced to relapse into the semi-barbarous methods of the Middle Ages."—Professor M. I. Pupin of Columbia College.

## THE INSTRUMENTS THAT DO THE WORK.

By Prof. I. Van Etten.

The sending apparatus of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph system is quite an ordinary affair to the electrician, but to the layman it is quite a different thing unless he understands the principles of electricity.

The regular Marconi sending apparatus, such as is employed on ships, consists chiefly of an "induction coil" backed up by the necessary battery. The induction coil is an apparatus by means of which induced currents are produced, having so high an electromotive force that the result given by it are equal to those produced by frictional electricity. By carefully studying the following diagrams and explanations, you will probably get a fairly good idea of this instrument.

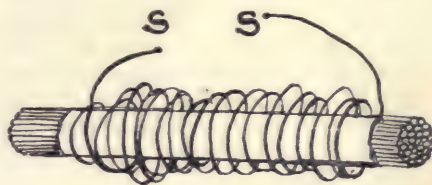


Figure 1 gives a sketch of a Dissected Coil, having the center covering removed.

The core "B" consists of soft iron which becomes instantly magnetized when brought under the influence of the battery, and as quickly loses its magnetism when this influence is removed.

The primary winding consists of small insulated copper wire which is wound very closely and tightly to the core. One end connected to one side of battery, the other end connected to opposite side of battery. The telegraph key is also connected in this circuit, and the opening and closing of this opens and closes the circuit going through the primary winding.

The secondary winding consists of a large number of windings, one on top of the other, and the whole on top of the primary. One end of this winding ends at S', or aerial; the other end at S'' or ground. As the key is depressed and the battery circuit closed through the primary it causes a strong current through the secondary, which breaks in an electrical spark between the points S and S''. This electrical spark is the influence which makes communication without wires possible. This spark causes an electrical or ethereal wave which has great traveling powers. The distance being governed almost, if not entirely, by the force or voltage behind the sending apparatus, and the size and volume of the spark. The traveling power is considered the same as light, about 186,000 miles per second against the traveling power of sound waves of about one mile per second. The penetrating power is infinitely greater than sound. This spark has about the same effect on the air or ether as a stone does on the water, sending out an equal influence to all points of the compass.

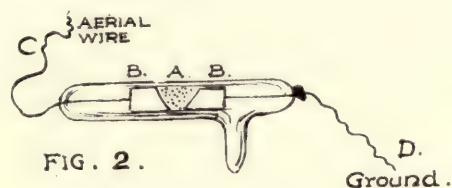
It has been demonstrated that these waves also follow the curvature of the earth or any depressions or uprisings. This being the case, it only remains to construct a receiving instrument capable of being influenced by these waves.

This brings us both to the receiving apparatus, which to be influenced by these waves for any great distance must necessarily be very sensitive.

In order to intercept these waves as they are passing, an ordinary copper wire is raised into the air, the height of which varies from a few feet to two hundred feet, according to conditions. Any means may be employed to hold this wire in the air, a pole, kite or balloon. By the law of nature, electricity must go to ground if it can find a conductor. This aerial wire being

the best possible conductor and connected to ground, these electrical waves naturally follow it. They must, however, go through the receiving instruments to get to ground, and in passing leave their record in long or short waves and spaces. In fact, the ordinary Morse code.

The coherer is beyond doubt the most sensitive and delicate part of the receiving apparatus, and makes the recording of these electrical waves possible.



This instrument consists of a vacuum tube (see cut) in which are two silver plugs, one connected by wire to ground (D), the other by wire to the aerial (C). Between these plugs is a "V" shaped gap, "A," and in this gap are some very fine silver filings, about what you could hold on the point of a small penknife. As the electrical influence comes down the aerial wire on its way to ground its force causes these filings to cohere together and to the silver plugs, making a solid connection, as much so as though there was no break in the wire at all. This acts on the relay same as the key acts on the coil, "closes the circuit." This brings into play the batteries, which are used to bolster up or strengthen the circuit, and also closes the circuit and brings into play the "tapper."

If the electrical wave coming down the wire coheres or closes we have got to employ some means of breaking or governing the circuit, and preparing the coherer for the next wave. This is done with the tapper. This is an ordinary electric bell with the gong off, and the coherer taking its place. The co-



herer is placed in such a way that the tapper strikes it directly on the center, or where the "V" shaped gap is. (See cut.)



FIG. 3.

The jar of the tapper against the tube jars the filings apart, de-coheres or opens the circuit and the coherer is prepared for the next wave. Therefore the wave coming

down the wire coheres or closes the circuit, and the tapper breaks or opens it, the same as opening and closing a telegraph key. By means of the relay which is governed by the coherer and tapper, a Morse inker is brought into play and the dots and dashes recorded on the tape.

This may seem a slow process to the reader, but the first opportunity you have press a bell button and take notice how fast the hammer or tapper of the bell works, and you will then have some idea of the speed of wireless instruments.

---

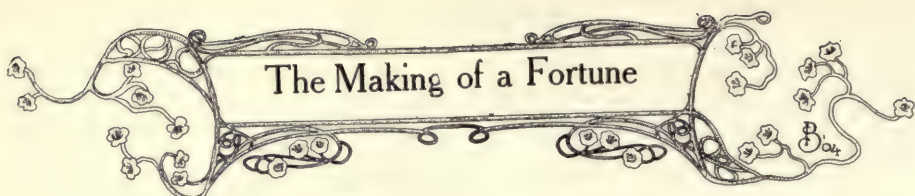
## A FRAGMENT

---

BY WINTHROP JACKMAN CUTTER

The midnight bell has tolled, and intermittently  
 Its echoes swell and fade, as rings the pool  
 When on its perfect calm a stone is hurled:  
 As rugged seams start forth and purl, and purl  
 In gradual roll, until they wear and waste  
 Beyond the eye's short reach, and fade again  
 To clear, unruffled calm; so gradual spreads  
 The echo's softer ripple till it dies  
 In yon dusk foothills and is heard no more.

Silence—deep brooding silence! Stillness of  
 A perfect night! Night-night! What wondrous magic  
 Lives in that simple word! And yet, some see  
 In thee a harsh and baleful presence, and,  
 Denying thee, do long for glaring day;  
 E'en as some have strong fancy for the maid  
 In colors tricked, who gaudy stands parade  
 Most boisterously, and to be surest seen  
 The loudest laughs.



## The Making of a Fortune

BY SYDNEY PELL MAKINSON.

"The meek shall inherit the earth, but the hustler will have the estate before the legatee can probate the will."—ELBERT HUBBARD.

**W**HEN the city of New York was but little larger than San Francisco of to-day, John Jacob Astor on his return from Astoria purchased a home in its suburbs. The price paid was about \$14,000, and this land is now valued at more than \$100,000,000. Years afterward, Thomas H. Blythe was fortunate enough to loan \$200 to a man who owned a few sandhills in San Francisco. The loan was never repaid, and much against his wishes, Blythe became the owner of the sand hills in satisfaction of the debt. To-day this piece of land, now in the heart of San Francisco, is worth more than \$3,000,000.

The corner of Broadway and 34th street, New York, purchased a few years previously for \$10,000, was sold in 1901 by the Pell Estate for \$375,000. Values have advanced since then over fifty per cent. Many years ago, Alfred A. Green bought a section and a half (960 acres) of land in the sand hills of which San Francisco is composed, paying for it the extravagant sum of \$1.25 per acre. This property is now worth many millions. Half a century ago Manhattan Island, north of Madison Square, was "country." It is within the memory of many of us when the land beyond the New City Hall was "impossible" sand hills. What are these places to-day?

Mrs. Grant a few years ago inherited a lot on Pacific Heights, 50x137.6 feet, of practically no value. With difficulty she paid even the small amount for taxes, but unlike poor Donald who was ruined by a

legacy from his aunt of 10 shares in the Glasgow Bank, which subsequently failed, involving him as a stockholder, she sold the same two years ago for \$38,000.

Growth and values are accelerated by modern invention. Rapid transit has invariably revolutionized real estate values. A good money making business is spoken of as "a regular gold mine," but the enormous gold fields of California, with all their labor, crime and hardship, have not yielded as much wealth as is represented by the increase in values of the land upon which San Francisco is built. Such increased values form the foundation of many a vast fortune and a multitude of competencies.

The history of the California gold fields has been repeated time and again since the days of the "forty-niners." The countless thousands lost in the Dawson and Nome rivers excitement invested in real estate, would in nearly every case have realized a competence for the investor. Since 1899 values in this city have made enormous strides. Lots 25x100 feet have jumped in many places from \$500 to \$4,000. This upward tendency cannot be permanently arrested. The worst pessimist cannot dispute the increase in value of San Francisco real estate. The largest values are found at the center of activity. Rapid transit and easy means of communication increase not only central values but all values on the line of communication.

The advance of public improvements brings increased comforts and higher values. Just so sure as enormous fortunes have within the



past been realized from small investments in metropolitan real estate, so surely will even larger fortunes be amassed from the same source in the near future.

The writers and thinkers of the world are one in this opinion. In his "Empire of Business," Andrew Carnegie says: "Few large fortunes can now be made in any part of the world except from one cause—the rise in value of real estate." The words of Russell Sage and many others to the same effect have become familiar through real estate advertising.

The eyes of the continent are on California and on San Francisco, its metropolis. All through the United States and Canada many are looking forward to the time when their home will be in this Italy of America. Ten years in the future will be as fifty in the past. The fabled Seven League boots will be needed to keep stride with the progress of this Western City, situated on a narrow peninsula, one of the most western points on the

American continent.

Rapid Transit: The building of the Southern Pacific Cut-Off to San Bruno Park, reducing the running time from 35 to 15 minutes to the city's center of activity, the opening of a perfect system of electric railways along the narrow strip of land available for the city's growth southward through San Bruno Park and San Mateo, means the rapid settlement of the peninsula where the climate is, to so many, more preferable than at points across the bay. Increased values must surely follow. History repeats itself, and the fortunes of the past will be repeated in the future from the increase in real estate values on the rapid transit lines and fast suburban railroads.

(Editor's Note.—The editor is informed that the Hensley-Green Co., Mills Building, San Francisco, have published a descriptive map of this part of the peninsula, which they will mail to all interested on application.)

---

## WINTER'S LAST SIGH

---

BY LUCILLE HARPENDING

Wild was the mountain-blast, O woeful wild!  
 Through the white poplars groaning dismally;  
 Bleeding and crushed was every meadow-child;  
 Fled was the song-bird from the chilly lea..  
 For Winter stood upon the icy peak,  
 Shooting his meteors and breathing fire;  
 The grand old Warrior had felt the beak  
 Of Time, and gathering up his robes entire;  
 His snows and frosts, his avalanches bold,  
 His glittering daggers and artillery,  
 Fled with a rush of rain unto the old  
 Worn palaces upon the verge of Lethe.  
 And Spring awoke fresh blushing, and with gales  
 Wafting ethereal mildness through the vales.



## BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER

### Poems.

Under this exceedingly general title Wilfrid Earl Chase of Philadelphia publishes at his own expense a collection of verses. He begins the book with the line "Maze of Antinomias and Miracles," which is precisely what is to be said, and his style may hence be called happily descriptive. The second poem is called "The Works of Life," in which the author states the startling and comforting fact: "High on the mountain top our goal is set," and proceeds to climb there through two pages and a half. His idea of the division of labor is very poetical; thus, in one place, he says:

"But each who digs a perfect ditch  
must weave  
A perfect web, then sing a perfect  
song."

In a poem entitled "Good Cheer," we find the line:

"And now another sister,"

which line appears to be inconsequential unless recording a recent

rejection of the author's addresses. It is impossible to call the book good poetry, and to call it anything else would not be polite.

W. E. Chase, Madison, Wis.

In "The Shutters of Silence," Mr. Burgin has told in a clever, though at times melodramatic style, this romance of an English love-child who was brought up by the Trappists until he was 20—and then sent back into the world to learn a wider meaning of life. The book abounds in epigrams not always complimentary to the fair sex, and will serve to wile away an idle hour or two. The illustrations by Louis Akin are poor.

The Smart Set. G. B. Burgin. The Smart Set Publishing Company, price, \$1.50.

This is a Government publication, being a report of the Senate No. 166. It consists of two parts: I. The Report of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia; II. The Report of the Park Commission. It is edited by Charles Moore, Clerk of the Senate Committee of the District of Columbia. It is no dry and formal report, but forms a most interesting volume, since it gives photographic views of many of the most striking examples of landscape gardening abroad, and at home. In the course of the report occur the following remarks with regard to cemeteries, the truth of which will be generally acknowledged by all who have given any thought or at-



tention to the matter: "There is nothing that needs proper supervision and planning more than the modern cemetery, for there is nothing that suffers more from vulgarity, ignorance and pretentiousness on the one side, and grasping unscrupulousness on the other; and instead of being a place to which one may go with a sentiment of respect and peace, as with a church or sacred place, the eye and the feelings are constantly shocked by the monstrosities which dominate all modern cemeteries."

**J. Stover Clouston** has scored a success with his first story, "Our Lady's Inn." It tells of the fortunes of young Barbara Cheyne, who is left penniless and dependent on her unsympathetic relatives. Finally, goaded by desperation, she runs away. Her experiences in London—where for a time she passes for a man—are entertaining in the extreme.

Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

**Paul Elder & Company** have just published a lot of leaflets anent the Valentine season. One of these is of interest to our readers, and is titled "A Flower of Fate." Those who are interested in the fads and follies of the followers of society's dictum will be interested. The personal element of fortune-telling appeals to young and old; and this unique little book insures for those who avail themselves of its entertainment a mirth-provoking half-hour. You have only to turn back the petals of the daisies to know "your greatest desire, occupation, chief trait, when you will marry, and your fate." And if your first effort does not satisfy, you may try again, as the children do, with the real flower, or comfort yourself with the verse at the end.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, 50 cents.

**Ripley Hitchcock's** "Louisiana

Purchase" is a book that many will read with pleasure at this particular time. The first part carries the history from the discovery of Columbus through the periods of Spanish and French ascendancy, and ends with a vivid account of the dramatic incidents which culminated in the Louisiana Purchase. Then follows in an abbreviated form the narrative of the wonderful journey of Lewis and Clark.

Grim & Co., New York. \$1.25.

"Judith of the Plains" is a romance telling of the days of the end of the big cattle days in Wyoming. It will be but a short time before the cowboy stories will simply record the passing of the strenuous existence of the West—the days of real romance—and then these tales will be as vague as the myths of the Norseman. Judith stands out against the background of cattle-stealing, cattle-stampeding and lynching, a noble figure of a girl, throbbing with passion and the lust of existence, and carrying it to a thrilling climax. The story abounds in fun, and among the characters is Mrs. Yellet, whose original humor will be remembered many a day after the story itself has faded into the panorama of experience.

Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

## THE NEWSPAPER OF JAPAN.

The daily and periodical press of Japan includes Japanese papers and magazines proper and English papers published for the English and American residents. In Tokyo are published the Liberal Ji-Ji, the Progressive Mai-Nichi, the Conservative Yorodza, the Hochi, and the Kokumin, the monthly politico-commercial Jai-Yo, the Bungei, devoted to art, and the Rikugo, the organ of science and religion. The English daily papers are the Japan Times (also weekly), printed in English and Japanese, and the Japan Gazette, English. In Osaka, and

Yokohama, also, are published daily papers, but all these are printed in Japanese.

### NEWSPAPERS OF RUSSIA.

Running a newspaper in Russia is pre-eminently a risky operation. The Czar's government spends more on the press censorship than it does on education, and quite recently the staff of press censors has been increased by eight. Certainly the censor earns his salary in Russia. Last year eighty-three newspapers were suspended for periods

amounting in all to thirty-one years and ten days; twenty-six papers were forbidden to accept advertisements; and 259 editors were officially threatened with Siberia if they did not mend their ways. The censorship even pursues the unfortunate editor after it ejects him. One eminent conductor of a scientific journal who was dismissed at the instance of the censor is practically condemned to starve or emigrate. All the papers and publishers in Russia are forbidden to accept "copy" from him.

## EDITORIALISM

### TWO DANGERS.

**Deliverance** is desired from crazy agitators. Capital has an incubus on its hands in the shape of the Strongs and the Parrys. Labor is suffering from men of the stripe of Debs and Most. So much for these leaders. Let them learn that "the public permits them to fight for the profits they derive from it only so long as they do not too seriously injure the public. "If either of these two elements in the population pass beyond the line of demarkation, the public will smash the capitalist incendiary, even as it does the labor incendiary. Capital is suffering from a gangrenous sore inflicted on it by the experts in stock inflation. Great corporations, underwritten for millions, cannot pay interest on their bonds or stocks. There is, in such case, bound to be a vast shrinkage. The lesson will be a severe but none the less a needed one. Labor is rotting away with a gnawing intestinal disease. The spirit of unionism is being used by foreign agitators to the detriment of the native-born and all the good there is in unionism is prostituted by the political purposes of conscienceless men.

When the public once reaches a conclusion that it is being worked "coming and going" by Capital and Labor; when this conclusion is

reached as a fixed fact, then the public will do some smashing. Watered stock will melt away to a real valuation; paper corporations will vanish like chaff before the wind amid untold suffering. Foreign labor agitators, men without a country, men who dupe for gain, who agitate only for personal aggrandisement, will be driven to work and unionism will find its level as a brotherhood for the betterment of mankind.

The union will cease to be the cat's-paw of the politician. It will cease to be the blackmailing tool of a few leaders of foreign birth.

If a vote could be taken, it would be found that a majority of the people of the United States is in favor of the enactment of a law which will compel a residence of 10 years in the United States prior to the issuance of naturalization papers, followed by a probative period of six years, before full rights as a citizen shall be issued to any foreigner. If before, or during the probationary period, any crime is committed by the applicant, this application for citizenship shall be declared null and void.

An unwritten law to this effect applies to every American boy. Why should we extend favors to foreigners we would not extend to our own kith and kin?



APR 4 1904

DECEMBER 1904



*Indian and Grizzly*



*On the mountain road*



*At the snow line climbing Mt. Popocatepetl*

See page 261



PUBLIC LIBRARY  
APR 4 1887  
DECATUR



See page 317

*Marion*

Illustrated by Charleton Edholm



*A window in Saint Luke's*

See Memorial Windows

Design by Joseph MacKay





*American opalescent glass window Florentine home of Mrs. Wells, Oakland, Cal.*  
Ingerson & Glaser Studio



*Easter Bells*



APR 4 1904

DECATUR, ILL.

# Overland Monthly

Vol. XLIII.

April, 1904.

No 4.

## UP MOUNT POPOCATEPETL

BY G. F. PAUL

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,  
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain, thou  
That, as I raise my head, a while bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base,  
Slow traveling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me—rise, O, ever rise;  
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth,  
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

EVERY American school-boy, seeking refuge in his geography to keep out of mischief, must sooner or later find in it the picture of a bold, snow-capped mountain, and beneath it a name that makes him look twice to pronounce it. And when, grown to manhood, he looks out over the valley of Mexico from some hilltop, that same snow-capped mountain, majestic and serene, will hold his attention and make him think twice whether he can conquer its 17,800 feet or not. In height, it yields to only one elevation in the North American continent, Mount St. Elias; in beauty, it yields to none. It is now an extinct volcano, its name signifying "the smoking

mountain," but sulphur fumes and smoke are still emitted, and, like other volcanoes of the same latitude, rising again in its fury, it may pour down a flood of lava and ashes upon the valleys of Mexico and Puebla.

On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, three of us, Vaughan of Louisiana, Marion of Tehuantepec, and myself, left Mexico City for Popocatepetl. Just as we pulled out of San Lazaro station the daily rain was upon us. Along the wide roads leading to the city groups of ragged peons huddled close to the protecting trees, or crouched near their patient burros. Lake Texcoco spread out to the left of us. On we went through the big olive trees

of Ayotla, where the real ascent of the Sierra Nevada begins. The road follows the highway that passes now, as it did long before the time of Cortes, between the two volcanoes. By this highway Spanish, French and American invaders have descended on the nation's capital. The ride is like a scene from the Old World. Quaint little shrines stand along the wayside. Long-horned cattle, like those of Italy's Campagna, feed knee-deep on the luxuriant marsh grass. The rain clears away, and the men shaking

rises in a twinkling and floods the track, stopping the train. After an hour's delay the water subsides, and we pull on to Amecameca.

We were met by a noisy pack of urchins, each anxious to carry a grip. They took us through the high double gate of the only hotel in this city of ten thousand. Amecameca is old enough for even the slow-going Mexicans to get two hotels started by this time, for it was founded by the Chicimecs in 647 A. D. The houses of this typical Indian settlement are built in the most



their blankets, go off on a brisk canter. Off to the right, beyond the canal, rises an extinct volcano, an outpost of Iztaccihuatl. The train goes laboring up the mountain side. Again the rain sets in even harder than before, splashing in bucketfuls against the windows and threatening to overturn the little narrow-gauge cars. Great gusts of wind put out the smoky lamps, leaving us in an inky blackness that is only accentuated by the vivid flashes of lightning. The angry growl of tropical thunder rolls back from mountain fastnesses. The water

primitive manner. Back of the city rises the remarkable Sacro Monte (sacred mountain), a solitary hill, heavily wooded, on the top of which, reached by a magnificent stone stairway, are two famous churches. To visit these sacred shrines, great numbers of pilgrims come hundreds of miles from such distant places as San Luis Potosi and Zacatecas.

But to return to the hotel. It was built around an open court, or patio, where, as we found out later, luxurious flowers rioted in lavish profusion. We had no sooner said that we intended to climb Popocatepetl





Popocatepetl from Sacro Monte.

than one of the Mexican muchachos was off like a flash to find his master. That worthy came while Charley, the Chinaman, was bringing on steaks and chicken and black coffee. The would-be renter of guides and horses was slim and swarthy, with heavy sombrero and dark serape. His tall figure made a striking picture as he stood in the dim light near the table and occasionally flicked his cigarette.

Our room was a huge one with three beds; the wash basin was as big as a tub; the soft pine floor was painted a bright red; the door-key was as ponderous as those of London Tower. The next morning we were up early, eager to see how the land lay. A fat, bare-footed girl was laboriously sweeping with a wisp of a broom the stone walks that rambled among the geranium beds. Oriental Charley was clicking around, setting the breakfast table. Down the middle of the streets the water from the previous night's rain was still coursing. The picturesque churches and quaint market that at another time would have claimed attention were almost unnoticed, for seemingly within gun-shot rose "the monarch of mountains."

After making arrangements for a guide and horses, we had a hamper filled with food; at noon we were in the saddle and off for the mountains. Half an hour later a rain cloud saw us scudding and pounced down upon us with full force. Then it was simply a question of sitting still in the saddle and letting the water drip. Farther on, while we were trying to dry our blankets, we met a long train of burros creeping down from the mountain loaded with wood and charcoal.

Off to the left extended a hacienda, or ranch, a magnificent and well-equipped estate, for we could hear the siren whistle of its mill. The ascent led us by deep canyons and through dark, dense forests of pine. The air was filled with resinous odors. One distinctly notice-

able fact was the absence of animal life. There was not a bird in sight, nor was the stillness of that vast forest broken by a sound except the steady hoof-beats of our horses. Down from the ice-clad sides of old Popo swept a chilling wind that went through our clothing as if it were paper. Each man instinctively touched up his horse that we might reach shelter before darkness settled over the land. A few minutes later we went slipping and sliding down a steep ravine covered with grass knee-high. At the foot of the hill we crossed a small plateau of rock and volcanic sand; almost before we knew it the rough stone chimney of the sulphur furnace at Tlamacas, as the ranch is called, was in sight. We could now see the great volcano in all its dread grandeur. Up till then it had seemed a pyramid. Now beyond the timbered ravine it swelled up like a gigantic tent, filling the whole southern sky. Colossal, stupendous, sublime, it towered above our Liliputian selves. Like school-boys beneath a stern master's eye, our chatter ceased. Even Marion quit regaling us with the words: "In days of old when knights were bold"; an elevation of 12,772 feet and a frowning, chilly mountain, did not then encourage singing.

As the rude log and board ranch house for men was nearly destroyed, we made the rough horse-shed our headquarters. At Tlamacas the sulphur taken out of the crater was formerly purified in the big furnace. After a sulphur digger had hoisted to the edge of the crater twenty-five mats (twenty-five hundred pounds) of sulphur, these mats were roped together. Squatting on the snow, he would make a cushion of his blanket and take a toboggan slide down the mountain-side, dragging in his wake the train of mats. After supper we brought in our horses and spread our blankets in the remaining space around the suffocating, blinding fire. The rain came driving down, mak-





Corner of Patio, Hotel Amecameca.



In the crater.

ing us fear every moment the frail structure would collapse. The guide, who had affirmed that he wouldn't sleep a wink, curled up in a ball and dreamed of brave bull-fights and gay serapes, while the rain beat through the gaping cracks and the fire sizzled and smoked. About midnight a howl awoke us. The bald-faced pony had trodden square on the mozo's left foot. He clubbed the beast and changed his quarters to the manger. Presently the rain slackened and we got some sleep, waking in time to see the sun tinting the Eastern skies with splendor, and charging the clouds below us with gorgeous reds and yellows. We swallowed our breakfast and set out through the silent forest. Passing over fallen pines, we reached the Barranca of Niloac. Down we seemed to plunge into its gloomy depths, letting the horses have their way as they felt along the narrow twelve-inch path cut in the side of the cliff. Far above loomed the eternal whiteness of the giant, broken only by the black pinnacle known as Pico del Fraile (the friar's cap.)

At an elevation of 13,710 feet we left all vegetation behind us. Sco-

ria, ashes and snow lay in front. Our horses sank to their knees in the volcanic sand. As the grade was steep, we advanced in a series of zig-zags, we ourselves walking most of the way. At last we reached "Las Cruces," "The Crosses," where still harder work began. The guide would go no farther, but sat down on the cold rocks and puffed at a cigarette. On we pushed afoot. At an elevation of nearly 16,000 feet, Vaughan insisted that he could not go a step higher. He began to bleed at the nose, his heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and his temples throbbed as if to burst. We two climbed on as best we could. Every hundred feet we would have to stop and rest, for we puffed as if we had run a good half mile at a 2:10 pace. Whirling rocks, loosened from their resting places of centuries, came whizzing down as if shot from a catapult.

Many leagues to the east shone the white walls of Puebla; and still farther arose the inaccessible peaks of Mount Orizaba. Silver threads of rivers stole down from the mountains and lost themselves in the foothills. Like a fairy band of sprites whirling wraiths of clouds circled



around the dome of the White Woman, Iztaccihuatl.

As we climbed still higher, Marion's right foot became numb as a board, the cold growing more and more severe. Mist swept by us upward, chilling us to the bone. A snow slide started above us and went swirling down on our left. The snow was very slippery and treacherous. Had we fallen, we would have tumbled into one of the deep ravines, or dashed down to "Las Cruces." At last after many a puff and rest, we crouched on one of the peaks at the crater's rim, called "Espinazo del Diablo" (The Devil's Backbone), and saluted Vaughan below with cheers that never reached him. The diameter of the crater is about half a mile. A green sulphur lake, some thirty yards in length, lies at the bottom of this yawning cauldron, whence fifty fumaroles, or vents, are constantly pouring forth their deadly fumes. As we were suffering greatly from the cold, having made the trip with but little preparation, we did not

attempt any descent into the crater five hundred feet below; we did not tarry long to consider the forces that threw up this huge mass, and left a vent for the angry monster within; nor could we contemplate with a Baron Humboldt the thousands of square miles visible from this watch tower, for thick flakes of snow began to fall. As far as the snow line we almost crept, descending. From there we went in long leaps down over the volcanic sand. At Tlamacas we found Vaughan and the guide, and soon we were in the saddle and on our way back to Amecameca, our faces red as beets from the glare of the sun on the snow. We rode hard, as we wanted to catch our train back to Mexico City that night. The guide declared repeatedly it was impossible, but we set him a breakneck pace down the mountain, over rough rocks and fallen pines. We drew up in Amecameca in time to catch our train after paying the monopolistic landlady fifty cents apiece for a cubic inch of pie and a gulp of coffee.



# THE DAIRY INDUSTRY OF CALIFORNIA

BY ELLSWORTH C. SMITH

## A General Review.

IN the closing years of the seventeenth century, the Dominican padres located a mission on the peninsula of Lower California. Knowing that they must depend upon the possession of domestic animals, particularly cattle, horses and sheep, for their main source of subsistence, as soon as they were fairly established, they brought from Mexico, among other necessary animals, a small herd of cattle. From this remote and seemingly insignificant beginning, grew, in later years, the great cattle industry of the Pacific Coast, which, for many years was a leading factor in this branch of the world's commerce.

While this introduction of a few head of cattle into Lower California was the real beginning of cattle raising on this Coast, no advance, of measurable consequence, was made until nearly a century later, when the Franciscan friars had established numerous missions along the Coast of California.

Cattle, with other domestic animals, were brought from the South, as each mission was established, and the grazing industry of the Coast soon became of supreme importance to the mission settlements, and also to the Indian tribes for whose Christianization and consequent civilization the missions were established. The herds of these early settlers furnished most of their necessary food and clothing, and as the animals multiplied, considerable export trade in hides, tallow and wool soon followed. This business

increased with wonderful rapidity, considering the smallness of the population. By the year 1830 the mission settlements alone were the owners of about 500,000 head of cattle and correspondingly large numbers of other animals, and during the last two decades prior to the discovery of gold, the export of their products was of such magnitude that many ships were employed in carrying them to all parts of the civilized world.

Up to the year 1850 little if any attention had been given to dairying. The cows produced milk only to the extent necessary for the nourishment of their offspring. They were the most common of breeds—a mixture of Mexican and American cattle, thousands of which roamed over the valleys, foothills and plains in their wild state. The people during these times produced plenty of olive oil and wine for their own consumption, and subsisted very well without butter and milk. The domestic cow as a milk and butter producer was still almost unknown. They doubtless considered that a quart or two of milk was too expensive a luxury, when, as it is said, they were obliged to lasso a cow, tie her securely to a post, fasten her legs, and then work an hour or so to extract the milk from so unwilling a subject.

With the rush of immigration from the East, following the discovery of gold in 1849, came the first real demand for dairy products, and the real beginning of the dairy industry in California. Many fam-





In the calf pasture near Novato.



One of the ramshackle affairs in which are housed the cows that furnish a great metropolis with milk---a city dairy.

ilies who crossed the plains at that time brought one or more cows with them on the way, aiding greatly in their subsistence during the long, weary months of slow travel. Many of those immigrants found, upon finally reaching the gold fields, that they had brought with them the richest gold mine that they were ever destined to discover. They found that the milk and butter from the family cows brought fabulous prices at the mining camps. This stimulated considerably the breeding of dairy cattle, and numerous small dairies were soon operating in the neighborhood of the principal mining districts. With the whole country to choose from, much very desirable dairy land was selected in the small valleys of the mountain districts, and the small household dairies of a few cows each, operated mainly by the female members of the families, later grew into large herds and prosperous dairies, forming one of the principal dairy districts of the State.

San Francisco being the best seaport and nearest to the mining districts, naturally became the Mecca of most of the great tide of gold-seekers. This sudden influx of immigrants created a demand for dairy products, and many dairies were soon in operation in this section to supply a portion of this demand. This was at about the same time

that dairies were being introduced into the mining or mountain districts. The cows obtainable for the dairies about San Francisco at this time were, however, very inferior for dairy purposes, being selected, at first, from the only available source of supply—the native herds bred mainly for their hides and tallow. Later this poorest of all dairy stock was somewhat improved by selections from herds, which soon began to be brought overland from the Western and Southwestern States. This was very poor dairy stock, but much better than the native breeds.

At this time—the early '50's—fresh-made butter brought from \$1 to \$1.50 per pound, and cheese from 30 to 40 cents, and for several years fresh butter commanded not less than \$1 and cheese 25 cents or more per pound. The main supply of dairy products during this time had to come around the Horn from the Atlantic Coast. Most of this imported product was of inferior quality when made, as judged by the standard of to-day, and after being months in transit in the hold of a sailing vessel, it is safe to say was anything but desirable as a table delicacy. Hence the demand at almost any price for the fresh-made products. Later the quality of the imported products was improved, to some extent, by exercising more care in selection and shipping, and about 1860 the amount received had



A modern establishment, San Francisco County.



increased so much that the market was flooded, and even the local-made products dropped to 20 to 25 cents per pound for butter and 6 to 8 cents for cheese. Under the wasteful methods of dairying then practiced, the business became unprofitable, and most of those engaged in it turned their attention to other means of livelihood. Some, however, persisted, improving to some extent their methods, and with better prices soon prevailing, became finally the proprietors of large and prosperous dairies. After this temporary depression of the market, dairying continued to be a profitable business, and steadily grew in importance, although it was not till about 1880 that the local products equaled the local demand.

From 1880 to 1890 the surplus product of the dairy districts found ready sale in the lumbering and mining camps and other less favored sections of this and adjoining States. Since 1890, on account of the successful introduction of dairies and creameries more generally throughout the State, these isolated places receive their supplies mostly from nearer markets; but the steady and rapid increase in the population of the State has equaled or exceeded the general increase of dairy products, and these conditions will doubtless continue for many years to come.

It was during the early years of the dairy industry that the Cali-



A great producer.

fornia system of large private ownership of land and cattle, leasing both land and cows to small tenants on a cash basis, became general.

This plan was very bad for the dairy industry in general, as the tenants would take little or no interest in the improvement of their herds or the introduction of modern methods of operating. During the past few years, this system has been superseded to a large extent by private ownership of the smaller dairies and a consequent improvement in dairy practice, although it still exists to a limited extent.

Beginning about the year 1865, the dairy industry spread rapidly throughout all of the valley districts and coast regions of the State; the oldest and best section comprising the counties of Sonoma, Mendocino, Humboldt and Del Norte, lying along the Coast from San Francisco to the northern boundary of the State. This section still takes the lead in dairy products and in the employment of modern methods. The longer rainy season and exemption from drought assuring better pastureage than any other portion of the State. This region is a veritable paradise for dairies, and I believe has no equal in natural advantages for dairy purposes in any part of the world. Many other sections of the State are but little less desirable for the promotion of this



De Natsey Baker, prize winner cow.

industry, especially the Coast counties lying south of San Francisco and the major portion of the great San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. The mild climatic conditions throughout the State, coupled with the abundance of natural forage growth during the rainy season, combine to insure for California, in the near future, the first rank of all the dairy States of the union. Each year has witnessed greater and

methods and appliances in their dairies and creameries, have been exceptionally successful, producing butter of the highest standard of quality and thoroughbred dairy cows which are the equal of any in the world to-day as milk and butter producers. In fact, the two year old Holstein cow, Juliana De Kol, holds the world's record for butter produced at her age.

Some idea of the possibilities, and



They watch the camera fiend.

greater strides in this direction, and we may predict with confidence that within a very few years the present state of development of the dairy industry will seem insignificant in comparison.

As evident proof of the desirable conditions, climatic and otherwise, obtaining in this State for dairy and creamery purposes, I would mention the fact that the few who have during the past five or six years, begun the breeding of thoroughbred dairy stock and adopted the most modern

I may say probabilities of this industry in California, may be gained by a comparison with that of Denmark and France. California's annual production of butter is now about 34,000,000 pounds. Denmark, with less than one-tenth the total area, produces about 175,000,000 pounds. The total value of the dairy products of France is about \$130,000,000 per year. California, which has about four-fifths as great an area, produces only \$18,000,000 worth annually. Therefore, allow-





A Prize Cow.

Juliana DeKol, a record animal.

Another

Holds the world's record as a two year-old butter producer

ing for the difference in area, we produce at the present time only about one forty-fifth as much butter as Denmark, and the total value of our dairy products, with allowance for difference in area is only about one-sixth that of France. The area of California is 156,000 square miles. Four-fifths of this total area is capable of production. Yet, at the present time, less than one-third is included in farms and less than one-eighth is improved. While not all of this is suitable for dairy purposes, still throughout the great sections which are naturally adapted to this enterprise, there is room for almost indefinite expansion. With our comparatively small population, we are importing at the present time \$1,500,000 worth of dairy products annually. A considerable portion of our home products is not up to the standard of quality demanded by the discriminating consumer. Hence the demand for the imported products, especially cheese. The

manufacture of dairy products on this Coast is still in its nascent stage of development. Modern methods have only recently been introduced.

During the past few years separators and coolers have come into general use, and during the past two years a considerable number of aerators and refrigerators and pasteurizing plants have been successfully introduced.

Local conditions of pasturage, water, temperature, altitude, etc., vary so greatly in this State that much experimenting is necessary in order to adapt themselves to the local conditions. When these conditions are better understood and adjusted and modern machinery and methods more generally introduced, there is no doubt whatever but that all California dairy products will stand as high as any in the markets of the world.

**Dairies and Milk Supply of San Francisco.**

San Francisco consumes daily



In the Marin Hills. ,



Beneath a spreading oak for noontide rest.

about 34,000 gallons of fresh milk and about 1,500 gallons of cream at the present time. All of this is produced within a comparatively few miles of the city, as, thus far, no attempt has been made to bring in milk under refrigeration from more distant parts of the country. About 13,000 gallons of milk is the daily output from dairies within San Francisco city and county, and represents the product from forty-two hundred cows. This is all distributed by delivery wagons direct from the dairies to the consumers. Most of these make two deliveries daily, leaving the dairies immediately after the morning and evening milking. A few of the larger dairies sell only at wholesale; that is, by the can (three gallons) to the larger consumers, such as restaurants, hotels, bakeries, etc., and to other milkmen, who in turn supply the consumer. Others of the larger ones do both a wholesale and retail business, while most of the smaller and medium-sized ones cater only to the

retail trade, delivering their whole product twice daily direct to private families. The largest dairy in the county has 450 cows, and two others have 350 cows each. From these they range all the way down to half a dozen head. The balance of the city's supply, 21,000 gallons, comes mainly from San Mateo and Marin Counties, and is shipped in by rail and boat, except a few dairies in San Mateo County, which are near enough to the city to handle their product by team. The largest dairy shipping milk into San Francisco is located on Bouldin Island, San Joaquin County, and furnishes the milk from 1,100 cows. They have a very complete refrigerating and aerating plant, by which the milk is freed from all animal heat and odor, and is cooled down to about 36 degrees Fahrenheit, immediately after being drawn from the cows. It is then shipped by steamer to the city. These reclaimed islands form one of the finest dairy districts within a reasonable distance of the



city, having abundant natural pasturage the year round.

Up to the present time, the manner of conducting the dairies which supply the milk consumed in this city, and the practice and methods of handling the product, have been and are still very crude and undesirable. Little attention has been given to the breeding of high grade dairy cows or to the improvement of the barns, can houses, milk rooms and utensils, or to cleanliness in the drawing and handling of the milk. Sanitary conditions and cleanliness receive far too little consideration, except in such matters as they think will directly effect the keeping qualities of the milk. They thoroughly wash and scald their milk cans and utensils, because they know that if they do not that the milk will sour more quickly, which means a loss to them in dollars and cents. This they read-

ily comprehend, and they act accordingly. No laws or sanitary regulations are needed. But the unsanitary conditions of the cow barns, the filthy condition of the cows and the men who milk them and the foul odors that contaminate every drop of the milk, receive from most of the dairymen no consideration whatever. If the odor is not so great as to draw the attention of the consumer, or the dirt and filth in the milk not sufficient to actually effect the color and thus attract his notice, it is all right, and brings the same price as the purest milk that can be produced. There are, however, a few exceptions to the above general rule, a very few, indeed, and on this account are entitled to all the greater commendation.

Recently there has been more interest manifested in this direction, and more dairymen are awakening to the necessity of placing their milk



A modern Country Dairy, Marin County.



Typical scenes in Marin County along the California Northwestern Railway.

on the market in better condition. The more progressive among them are beginning to realize that modern ideas of sanitation and cleanliness are facts which they must meet—that obsolete methods must be abandoned. During the past year far more dairy and creamery supplies and modern machinery have been sold here than ever before. Three of the largest milk and cream depots have, during the past summer, put in complete Pasteurizing plants, with all the latest improvements. These have given general satisfaction both to the dealer and the consumer. This process removes all odor and kills all germs of fermentation and disease, and, as

it becomes better known, will doubtless grow rapidly in favor. Until recently, the practice of using chemical preservatives in milk and cream during warm weather was quite general, but the Board of Health has succeeded in stopping most of this illegal and reprehensible practice.

The question of a pure milk supply is of vital interest to almost every family in all cities, but few places have successfully solved that problem. No practical method has ever yet been found, and enforced in this city. More or less water is added to the greater part of the milk consumed in San Francisco every day. The established standard of three and two-tenths per cent



Interior of a modern dairy.





A modern Pasteurizer.

of butter fat is very low, and many dairymen take advantage of it. Three and five-tenths per cent of butter fat is the lowest that any milk produced in this county will average in its normal, unadulterated state. Many dairies produce milk a composite sample of which will test four per cent, and over, of butter fat, but little of such milk is sold until a substantial shrinkage in quality has taken place and a corresponding increase in quantity. Some means must be found to make it of financial interest and benefit to each individual dairyman to place his milk on the market in a condition of superior quality and cleanliness. He will then be ready and anxious to furnish the best within his power without the enforcement of any laws or regulations. A list of all the dairies published by the Board of Health, say once a month in the daily papers, giving the comparative sanitary condition of each as good, fair or bad, and the richness of the milk in percentage of butter fat, would, if properly carried out, be very effective. Other simple and practical measures might be adopted that would aid greatly in securing a better and purer milk supply. Give to the public the information that will enable them to select the purest and best, and the dairymen will very soon be striving to attain the standard of cleanliness and quality demanded.

The nearest to an absolutely pure milk supply is, I believe, that furnished by a private corporation in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark. This company enters into contracts with the dairymen who produce the milk. Every detail in the care and feeding of the cows, the drawing of the milk, the handling of same and care of utensils, etc., is specifically mentioned, and they are required to conform in every particular to the most rigid sanitary regulations. These conditions are so strict that most of the dairymen of this State would consider them to be impossible of fulfillment. Yet, they are observed to the letter and the company guarantees the quality and purity of the milk supplied.

The dairy buildings in and adjacent to San Francisco county are mostly old and more or less dilapidated. They were built with only the idea of shelter and convenience in mind. Proper ventilation and sanitation received little or no consideration. Consequently the health of the cows is directly affected and indirectly the health of the people. There is no doubt but that the crowding of a large number of cat-



Straining and Separating.



Making a test of milk.

tle into a low and illy ventilated barn to feed and milk, and after becoming thoroughly warm, turning them out to stand in the mud and storm or fog is one of the main factors in the promotion of bovine tuberculosis. In fact, so far as the health of the cattle is concerned, the older practice of having no shelter at all is preferable; but well ventilated stables and plenty of shed room to protect the cows from storm and wind is one of the most necessary improvements needed in buildings.

The feed of the dairy stock supplying the milk of San Francisco is, generally speaking, good. Again it is a matter of dollars and cents to the dairymen and therefore receives prompt attention. Good feed means profitable returns and there is no other alternative.

Everything considered, California offers a more promising field for the progressive up-to-date dairyman than any other section of the United States. The future of this industry here is very bright indeed.

---

## A CALIFORNIA EASTER

---

Lilies, great masses all in dazzling white,  
 Sprays of the palm, the poppy's saffron glow,  
 Myriads of tapers with their golden light,  
 The radiance of a summer afterglow.

---

And joy in nature where the bounding life  
 Leaps in its full, new, lusty youth and gay,  
 Joy in my spirit for the close of strife,  
 As ringing anthems peal for Easter day.



## Yûta San

O Yûta San!

In far Japan,  
When first we met, my ricksha ran  
Fate-ventured where  
You lingered fair  
Some trifles of satsuma ware.

O Yûta San!

Enchantment can  
Portray no hours less real than  
The nights that pour  
Moon-ranched o'er  
Gay paper lanterns at your door.

O Yûta San!

Once Khubla Khan  
A palace pledged to pleasure's clan,  
But I would wine,  
O musmee mine,  
Your doll house of wistaria vine.

O Yûta San!

I see its plan,  
The lotus pond the bamboos shan,  
Tame cat that come,  
Azalea, plum,  
The verse-adorned chrysanthemum.

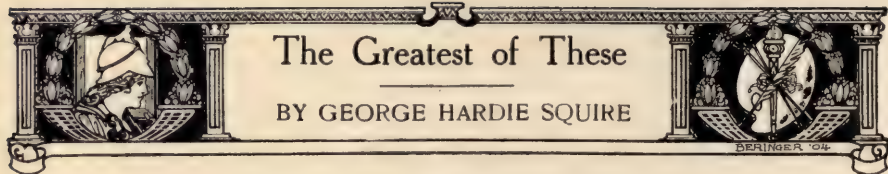
O Yûta San!

Time seals its ban  
Upon your lures of flower and fan;  
Leaves one lament  
Your dimple's dent,  
And all your kitten merriment.

O Yûta San!

In dreams a man  
Still steals with ghostly caravan  
Of memories,  
Across the seas  
To kiss you near the cherry trees.

John Myers O'Hara.



"Believeth all Things."

THEY said that Pierre had not faith. Perhaps they were right. Sometimes he almost thought they were. They, were the neighbors. And yet it was not the power of the good God that Pierre doubted. His doubt was of himself, a wavering, half-formed, indistinct idea that the fault was his. That was the reason why he had not been made strong again. That was why he was still a cripple. Not for an instant did he question the efficacy of the shrine. No—it could not be. The priest had told him the Saint could heal him, and had he not read that if he had faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, he could say to the mountain: "Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea," and it would obey him. He could not doubt the priest. He could not but believe the words of the Book. If the mountain did not move it must be his fault. If he had gone to the shrine and come back with his legs still useless, he was to be blamed. Had not Louis, his neighbor, gone with a withered arm that hung helpless for many a year, and had he not come back with as well muscled and as full blooded as the other? Certainly. And why could not he himself have come back walking on his own two feet, able again to out-run and to out-jump any other man in the township? Pierre did not know. Sometimes he felt religious, but always the thought came back: "You have not faith."

Thus did Pierre Turcotte, the habitant, reason with himself half consciously as he sat in his wheel-chair—the chair for which his wife, aged

beyond her years, had toiled on the little farm from dawn until dusk, and from dusk far into the night, laying by now a copper coin and now a piece of white silver, the proceeds of a little garden truck, of a little butter and a few eggs, of the yarn which she spun from the fleeces of the two scraggly ewes that nibbled among the rocks and stumps in the little clearing behind the log cabin and the shed, the ramshackle buildings that leaned against one another for support and to shelter Pierre and his wife.

Thus it was that Pierre Turcotte, the wreck of a man, talked with himself inwardly as he sat in the sunshine outside the door in the warm summer days or within by the crumbling stone fireplace through the winter, moving his chair now and then to follow the little patch of yellow light that came in the morning through the single-paned window in the south side of the house and crawled slowly across the floor.

Not always had Pierre been a cripple. To him it seemed ages since he had been struck by the log on the skid. But as men count years, the number of them had not yet reached two figures. We think we travel fast when objects near by us flash by in quick succession, but a greater speed across an unbroken desert seems to us as the cumbersome progress of a tortoise. The days filled to the brim with action are as minutes, while those through which we sit in enforced idleness are endless, and at dusk, the dawn of a few hours past seems almost beyond the reach of memory.



When Pierre had come to himself in his bunk in the lumber camp, he wondered how and why he was there. He started to roll over to ease the pain in his back and to ask the cook what had happened. His head and his shoulders moved, but his legs— And like a flash came upon him the realization that they were useless, a consciousness of powerlessness, of absolute helplessness that almost stilled the beating of his heart. It numbed the aching of his body; it left only faintness; it was semi-death.

When the cook told him the doctor had come, the bolster beneath Pierre's head was sodden with tears that had trickled over a face the lips of which were compressed into a line. The doctor left word for the foreman to send Pierre home. Thither he was taken, and his wife told the men where to lay him. She had not known they were bringing him to her. She was shocked, but her brain was clear, her hand active; nor did she sob and forget all but her sorrow. For the love of woman rises above the greatest calamity. But that night, when Pierre was asleep, she told her beads with a new sense of the fatherhood of the good God.

"Hopeth all Things."

Then began those months of toil, a single-handed battle against the soil, against hunger, against despair. Against them all the woman held her ground. She did more. She won from them the wheel-chair for Pierre. And therefore he was less helpless.

"Pierre," said his wife one day, "Louis has come back."

Pierre grunted.

"His arm is strong," she added nervously.

"Eh?" said Pierre, with a quick turn of the head. "Louis?"

"Yes. He went to the shrine. The Saint cured him."

"Pierre," she said after a time, "you—and could you go?"

"It would cure me." He, too, had been thinking of his affliction. "And I will leave my chair there."

From that time they thought only of the day when Pierre would come home without his chair. They said little about it, for the woman had little time to talk, but each lived in the future.

Then came the day when the great wish of their hearts was to be realized. The sun streamed in widening bars of color through the stained glass and across the interior of the little church, and swept in a great white blaze through the clear crystal, lighting the bare seats long polished by the garments of the devout. It threw into relief the pyramids of crutches, of metal gears and of plaster casts laid aside by pilgrims whose hopes had been realized, whose faith had triumphed, and who had made of those things which no longer were of use to them, a testimonial to the miracles wrought by the Saint.

Pierre in his chair was carried into the church, his wife walking beside him. At the door he crossed himself and bowed his head. His body made no obeisance now, but it should ere he left the sanctuary. His wife sank to a posture of prayer; her hand made the sign of the crucifix; her lips moved.

"Wait here for me!" Pierre said, his voice low and tremulous. And slowly he passed along the aisle where so many hundreds had crawled, hobbled or been carried to a new life. His hands, scarred and seamed, clenched the wheels of his chair until the skin almost was broken. His face, pale from the lack of the accustomed sun and wind and furrowed by care and want, was upturned, his eyes holding steadfastly the place where the relic lay. His heart throbbed. To Pierre there was not a doubt that he would be cured. To him came only the one thought—that in a moment he would walk.

And his wife, kneeling near the door of the church? Her eyes were dim, dim with the sparkling drops of joy that welled up from a heart overflowing with happiness. Her Pierre would walk again. He would be strong once more. She thought only of him. And now all was ended—all the suffering, the sitting from day to day, almost motionless, except for the little, endless journey about the room of their home and the snail-like course of the chair over the patch of sward in the doorway. Now he would walk. As he worked his way onward she bent lower, and thanks and adoration to the good God and the blessed Saint were given forth silently, unseen, like incense rising in the dark, but bearing a savor of sanctity to the Almighty.

The wheel chair, with its half corpse reached the hallowed place. Now was to be the accomplishment of the hope. Pierre pressed to his lips the box with the relics, bowed low his head and again made the sign of the cross. Then, straightening himself, he waited for the blessing of the priest, every nerve tense. The priest stretched out his hands. Pierre grasped the sides of his chair, and as the priest said "Arise!" he raised himself by his arms and—would have fallen. The feet which so long had remained motionless refused to move. He sank back, his strength gone, his face ashen. His muscles relaxed, and with the relaxation there swept over him that feeling of powerlessness which had numbed his heart in the lumber camp. It rolled upon him with triple force. No tear came to his eye, no motion to his hand. He could not breathe. He was stupified. Then slowly he came to understand, and with cruel consciousness came back movement. Inch by inch he turned his chair around, that chair which but a moment before had been as a chariot bearing him to victory in battle. Now it was a dead wagon that drag-

ged itself with its burden down the aisle with a nerveless touch that acted only from force of habit. It reached the door.

The woman heard the sound of the wheels. She dare not look up, but her intuition told her all. The sound stopped, and, with a clutching at her heart, she raised her head. Her eyes met those of the cripple, and the look carried with it from one to the other the weight of a crushing disappointment. But the look was not that of rebellious grief—it was tempered with love. She rose from her knees and dropped to them again at the side of the chair, her hands clasping those of her husband, her head bowed upon them. Her woman's heart once more rose above her sorrow, and that grasp comforted the man.

---

"Endureth all Things."

Outside the church Pierre looked up at his wife. He could not speak. But she leaned over him and whispered: "God is good. Sometime—" Reluctantly, as though his thoughts went far into the future, his head betokened assent, and from a throat that seemed swollen until it almost strangled him he choked the reply: "God is good. Some time—"

The repetition of the words, almost mechanical, little more than an echo of the woman's brought back to him the faith in which he had lived and which for the moment had been, not shaken, hidden. His face lighted up, and he drew to him the hands of his wife, those hands that had been his willing bondsmen. The touch let loose again that current of love, interrupted when trust was shocked, and the pent-up waters of affection burst forth with renewed force.

They passed out from the confines of the church with its all-pervading beatific influence, and into the highway of the cold and matter-of-fact world, but enfolded in their devotion to one another and to the good God. For love never faileth.



## A LATIN-AMERICAN ALLIANCE

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

IT was high mass at the Italian Church. The congregation was a large one, but in spite of the numbers it was very, very quiet. The sun struck in through the stained-glass windows high up near the roof. The little lights on the altar twinkled. The people knelt with bowed heads and perfect peace seemed to reign. Up in the choir-loft, however, they did not kneel, nor did perfect peace reign among them.

Fifteen minutes before the service had begun the happiness of Gino Borelli, primo tenore, had been shattered utterly and forever. Never, never, could there be anything more between Rosa Ratto, prima soprano, and himself. Rosa had gone a step too far. In Gino's opinion Rosa had often gone a step too far, but this was the first time she had done so under the new conditions. Rosa and Gino had been engaged two weeks. Two weeks of happiness now over forever.

Gino Borelli's life had been wrecked by a lover's quarrel—but a Latin-American lover's quarrel, a kind by itself. It is sure to result when American customs are grafted onto Latin sentiments. No real Saxon would have understood the depth of Gino's tragedy. No real Latin could have defended Rosa.

Rosa Ratto, affianced bride of Gino Borelli, and presumably in love with him, had deliberately chosen to disregard his wishes. In the face of Gino's intense dislike and distrust of Scanno, the second tenor, Rosa had insisted on stopping and speaking to him. She had an

important message for Nina, Scanno's cousin and her own special friend, and saw no other way of getting it to her, as Nina was not at church, and it was too late to write. Rosa knew that Scanno would be only too glad to do anything for her. He had never told her so—but she knew it. It was Gino's certainty on this subject that helped along his hatred for Tito Scanno.

When Rosa told him that she must speak to Nina's cousin, Gino had offered to deliver the message for her. Rosa had laughed at him, told him it would be perfectly ridiculous, and called him jealous, an imputation violently refuted by every Latin.

While Rosa was talking to Scanno, Gino stood by scowling. The longer she talked the deeper he scowled. The free Western air must have got into Rosa's blood, for the deeper he scowled the gayer she became. Finally she forgot to say Mr. Scanno altogether and went back to the childish "Tito." At this point Gino's endurance snapped, and he stalked into the church and up to the choir alone.

The moment his back was turned Rosa repented, and finished up her message to Nina in a hurry. When she and Scanno joined the rest of the choir the service was about to begin. Gino was not in his usual place next to Rosa, but off in a corner talking to Hoffman the organist. As Scanno took the vacant place beside Rosa—the only one there was—Gino did not even turn his head. He knew it nevertheless,

and smiled a very grim and tragic smile. He saw clearly now that the whole thing had been arranged beforehand. The Latin mind sees very, very clearly in such cases.

The service began. The priests entered, genuflected to the east, to the west, and to each other. The acolyte brought in the censer, and the priest mounted the steps to the high altar. There he turned and spreading out his hands announced "Pax vobiscum," in the tone of conferring a personal favor. Neither Rosa nor Gino profited by his advice. They did not hear it. The mass went on, but they paid no attention.

In a few moments Hoffman would begin the prelude to the "Sanctus," the greater part of which was a duet for Rosa and Gino.

Rosa began to get nervous. Never had they sung a duet with the whole length of the organ-loft between them. Surely Gino could not mean to sing from away at the back. Besides he had her music and would have to come down. Hoffman began the prelude; still Gino kept his place by the organ. Rosa gave him to the end of the last bar; then just as Hoffmann nodded his head for them to begin, she turned to Scanno and sang from his score.

That "Sanctus" was remembered for many a day. Rosa's and Gino's voices had long been the joy of Hoffmann's heart and the pride of the whole congregation, but to-day they excelled themselves. Up, up their voices went till it seemed as if they must penetrate to Heaven itself. Never had a tenor put such human passion into any Sanctus. Gino was pouring out his soul in the notes. The whole congregation felt the power, and were quiet with that intense quietness that is almost tangible. They felt themselves in a strange presence. Then just as the strain was getting beyond the bounds of their Latin control, the voices sank and died away.

Rosa herself had not escaped. If Gino had been in his old place at that moment he would have found that life and happiness need not have been over for him. But Gino was not in his old place, and Rosa sat down feeling as if something had happened. It was somehow as if Gino were very far off; as if the "Sanctus" had been his farewell to her across the space between them. From time to time Scanno leaned over and spoke to her, but she did not answer. She was wishing that the mass would finish and she could speak to Gino.

From his place at the back, Gino saw and made his plans for a solitary future. If it killed him—and Gino half-expected that it would—he would show Rosa Ratto that no girl could play with him as she was doing, and have him stand it. He decided to leave the choir. He could never endure seeing Rosa and Scanno together. Perhaps he would be able to leave the city altogether before the wedding came off. It was a very tragic decision, but Gino felt tragic.

When the service was finally over, and all possible pretext for lingering had vanished, Rosa followed the rest. Gino remained behind. The golden opportunity was lost. As shortly as possible he managed to explain his decision to Hoffman. At first the organist was stunned, then furious, but Gino was firm.

When Hoffmann found that he was not to be moved he compromised. Would Gino do him the personal favor to come to the next rehearsal, so that he could redistribute the tenor parts. The choir had already practiced with the understanding that Gino was taking the solos in the coming Easter mass. Gino promised to do that much for Hoffmann and they parted. Once more could not make a great difference in the long, lonely life stretching out before him.

Monday and Tuesday passed.



Rosa had made and rejected a dozen different decisions. Deep in her heart she hoped and expected to hear from Gino. Monday morning she had almost determined to send for him and say she was sorry. Monday afternoon, she would write and ask for her music. That would give him a chance, and save her traveling the whole road of repentance alone. By Tuesday, the emotional strain of the "Sanctus" was wearing off, and she decide that Gino ought to make the first advance. By Thursday she was sure that, even if she had to drag out the weary remnant of her life alone in a convent, no power on earth would ever make her call Gino back.

That night at the rehearsal Rosa and Gino did not speak. He had brought back her music, but he put it on the organ for her to find. Scanno saw it and gave it to her.

The rehearsal was a failure. Hoffmann was disappointed and cross, and managed to inspire every one with that nameless terror of a coming storm, peculiar to musical directors. Time after time he made them go over their parts, and each time declared that they were worse. The tenors were almost afraid to open their mouths. No one understood why Hoffman had them all try the solos. Finally, the director's patience gave way entirely, and glaring at Scanno as if he had done him an injury, he announced: "Your voice is no good, Mr. Scanno, but you are the only one who can reach those high notes. Now Mr. Borelli is going, you will take his solos. The Easter mass will be spoiled."

A dead silence fell on all. No one had known that Gino was going to leave. A perfect Babel of protest broke out when Gino assured them that it was so. He was very quiet and firm about it, but he could not keep his eyes from Rosa to see how she was taking it. She was stunned. She had never thought of

his taking such a step as that. Mechanically she began speaking to the nearest one. It was Scanno. When she realized who it was she broke off in the middle of her sentence and walked away.

When Rosa got home that night, she had to tell her mother what had happened. As it slowly dawned on Mrs. Ratto's consciousness, first amazement then horror stamped themselves on her face. "Ma cosa fai, cosa fai Rosa," she wailed, lifting her eyes as if to call the saints to witness that this was none of her doing. "And what will you do now?" "Nothing," replied Rosa. "Nothing," echoed Signora Ratto; "do you want that Gino comes and tells you that he is sorry. He is not a man for that." Mrs. Ratto respected Gino.

In vain Rosa tried to explain. Signora Ratto saw only that Gino had been wronged, and that Rosa should be the first to repent. To expect Gino to take the initiative was not to be thought of for a moment. Signora Ratto had not been born in America.

"When a man loves you, Rosa," she advised, "you must not make the fool of him. Go tell Gino you are sorry." "Never," replied Rosa, with far more decision than she felt. "If Gino Borelli doesn't want—" "Dio, che figlia," groaned the signora, "ma pazienza. You will see now how it is to be an old maid." From Signora Ratto's European point of view this was a fate to be escaped at all costs.

As the weeks went by Rosa found that life without a lover is not all that it is claimed to be—by those who never had one. Seen in perspective the trouble began to assume new lights and shadows. "Pazienza" was doing its work.

Rosa was lonely, so lonely that she no longer tried to pretend that she was not. She knew that Gino must feel the same. She began to pity him. Still she would not take the first step, but now it was her

American independence alone that kept her from reverting to an ancestral type.

"Pazienza" was being tried in the Borelli household and proving itself just as unsatisfactory. A three-weeks' perspective was making a change in Gino's point of view, also. Various memories of Rosa, at particular times and in special places, assisted greatly in the process. When Gino remembered how Rosa used to look up from the score while they both sang together, his masculine dignity alone kept him from rushing off to the Ratto's on the spot.

Thus far did "pazienza" bring Gino and Rosa. Then Providence took the matter up. The ways of Providence at times seem unjust. Four days before the final rehearsal, and six before the Easter mass, Scanno was taken sick. When he failed to appear at the service Hoffmann was furious, and took it as a personal insult that Scanno should be ill. In vain it was suggested that in all probability Scanno was as sorry as any at the turn affairs had taken. Nothing could persuade Hoffmann that he had not done it on purpose. Monday found him at Scanno's room. One look at the sick man assured even Hoffmann that Scanno had not chosen his present condition; and what was more important, would not be able to sing for several weeks.

"But what am I to do?" screamed Hoffmann, under the impression that as Scanno's throat was bad his hearing must necessarily be affected; "who will take the solos. No one can learn that music in a week."

"Perhaps Borelli could—you might ask him," rasped out Scanno.

Hoffmann needed no second suggestion, and blessing Scanno's intelligence in English and German, he rushed off without another word. He had no time to remember etiquette when it was a question of getting Gino back for the Easter music.

When he reached the Borelli's and found that Gino was at home he could hardly wait for Signora Borelli to call her son. If he had had his own way he would have penetrated to the kitchen himself.

When Gino did appear, Hoffmann was in such a state of excitement that he could scarcely explain his errand. Finally, however, he succeeded. "And you will help me out, not so?" he urged. "The music is so beautiful, and Miss Ratto sings her part like, like——" Words failed Hoffmann to express what Miss Ratto sang like. To sing once more with Rosa. It suddenly dawned on Gino that this had been the dream of his life for the last six weeks; in fact, ever since he had left the choir. He had forgotten all about Hoffmann, and was only brought back from a long and difficult duet with Rosa, by a meek little voice asking: "You will help me, my friend, not so?" Yes, Gino would help Mr. Hoffmann. There was not much time, but he would do his best.

Hoffmann waited for nothing more. He had his plans ready. "I will leave you a part now," he began, "and to-morrow we will have a special rehearsal, and Wednesday afternoon, perhaps, you will find time to practice a little with Miss Ratto, and Thursday——" "Yes," assented Gino to everything proposed, although he had not heard a word, and off Hoffmann danced to make arrangements for the extra rehearsal.

All day Tuesday Rosa tried to look as if nothing had happened. The rehearsal was to be at 7:30. By 7:15 Rosa was ready and waiting. At a quarter past she looked carefully round the room to make sure that all was right, then turned down the light and went down stairs. In the hall she put both arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her Italian fashion, once on each cheek. She left her score in her room.

When Rosa reached the church



she found that Hoffmann had not been able to wait to 7:30, and as the others were all there had begun a little early. Gino was back in his old place next to Rosa, the place he had abandoned six weeks before—forever. As Rosa took her place she looked up. "Good evening, Mr. Borelli." "Good evening, Miss Ratto." It is wonderful what a lot our language can express in a few words!

"Come!" beamed Hoffmann from the organ. "Now Miss Ratto is here, we will try first that duet with Mr. Borelli. Then we will all go back and try that Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, to see how smoothly the duet will come in. Now, ready, Miss Ratto."

"Just a moment, Mr. Hoffmann, please," began Rosa. "I shall have to borrow a score. I forgot to bring my music."

"Oh, look on with Mr. Borelli," suggested Hoffmann.

"May I?" inquired Rosa with an upward look that nearly caused Gino to drop his score altogether.

"Now, ready," prompted Hoffmann, and the next moment their voices were climbing up, up, just as on that Sunday six weeks before.

"Bravo, bravo," cried the excited Hoffmann. "Now, we will go back a few bars to the Sanctus. Pronto, ready, entare,"—out the voices broke. Under the friendly cover of the singing Gino and Rosa drew nearer together.

"I am sorry, Gino," began Rosa, "It was all my fault," interrupted Gino.

"Ready, duetto," prompted Hoffmann, and the next moment Rosa and Gino were wiping out the past six weeks in Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.

When Rosa got home from rehearsal that night she took her mother in her arms and gave her a double Italian kiss, which is equal to four American ones.

---

## INSPIRATION

---

BY B. F. BONNELL

The Humming Bird, by nature wise,  
 From flower to flower in beauty flies,  
 Nor once by imitation fooled  
 His high instinct by heaven ruled,  
 Forbids that he in slothful waste  
 Should yield to morbid human taste.  
 So far above mankind he lives,  
 And better thanks to heaven gives  
 Than he who trained by human rules  
 Perverts God's plan to flatter fools.  
 Should men as birds and bees be wise  
 And draw their strength from heaven's supplies,  
 Buffoonery would find no place  
 To deal out poison to the race.

# EASTER

BY REV. A. J. BADEN JENNER

FROM an ecclesiastical point of view, Easter is the time when Christians commemorate the resurrection of Jesus the Christ from the dead. From a purely secular standpoint it is merely the realization of Nature's great awakening from the death—like sleep of winter to renewed life and activity in the spring, at the Vernal equinox; for so its name implies.

The commemoration and celebration of Easter is of purely ecclesiastical origin. It is one of the many superadditions to the simple Christianity of the Christ, which began early in the second century and continued for many centuries afterwards; and the more that was added, the more complex and preposterous it became, until, as at the present day, the purest and simplest system of ethics, and the most easily practicable of all religions has been perverted into the most abstruse and unreasonable religious code that was ever promulgated. Neither Jesus nor his disciples instituted this commemoration; nor indeed did they originate any of the numerous feasts and fasts, the observance of which is now considered obligatory by the church, but merely optional on the part of the members of the several Christian denominations. Nor indeed did even the primitive Christians either originate or observe such commemorations. No such notions ever entered their heads; nor was there any need, for they one and all were in the daily, aye, and even hourly expectation of their Lord's return to earth in power and great glory to claim his own, and take them with him to the place whither he had gone to prepare for them, there to reign with him in glory forever; for did

he not say to them, ere he departed, "Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." (Matt. xvi—28.) The only commemoration commanded by the Christ himself was the observance of the "Lord's Supper": "Do this in remembrance of me," said he, but the mode of observing even this has been sadly perverted.

Originally, Christianity was an offshoot of Judaism. Jesus himself was a Jew; and so were all his disciples; and during their lifetime they, for the most part, continued to observe the Jewish feasts and fasts. But after the crucifixion of the Christ, though still observing the Passover, the Jewish Christians, having additional personal cause, continued their fast till sunrise of the first day of the week (Sunday), when the glad tidings were brought to them that their Lord had risen from the dead; whereas the Jewish Passover fast ended at sunset of the sixth day (Friday), and thus, occurring as they did, at about the same time, the Jewish Passover easily passed into the Christian Easter. One of the remnants of the observance of the Jewish Passover, connecting it with Easter, is the almost universal custom among Christians of eating roasted lamb, with mint sauce, on Easter day, in imitation of the barbecued lamb which was commanded by Moses to be eaten with bitter herbs, by the Jews, at their exodus from Egypt.

But, alas, only too soon, bitter disputes and dissensions arose among the various Christian sects, respecting the proper time for the celebration of Easter. Some followed the example of the Jews, who



kept the Passover on the fourteenth day of the luna month, which falls on, or next follows the day of the Vernal equinox (which, according to our calendar is March 21st) irrespective of the day of the week. But the majority of Christians were agreed that Easter should always be celebrated on a Sunday, which necessitated a change in the order of things, and hence the cause of the trouble which ensued.

As a rule, the Gentile Christians observe Friday, the day of the crucifixion, and the Saturday following, as a close fast; and celebrated the feast of the resurrection on the following Sunday. To terminate these disgraceful disputes and dissensions respecting the celebration of Easter, was one of the chief reasons which induced the Emperor Constantine to call the council of Nicoea, in A. D. 325. It was there decreed that Easter should be celebrated on one and the same day, throughout the world; but the fixing of the exact day was left to the Bishop of Alexandria, the then home of astronomical science; the date, when found, to be announced annually by that functionary to all the churches throughout the world. After sundry changes in the calendar, it was finally decreed that thenceforth Easter should be universally celebrated on the Sunday which immediately follows the full moon, which happens on or next after the Vernal equinox (March 21st). It was very necessary that a uniform day should be fixed upon for Easter, because on it depends that of all the other so-called movable fasts and feasts. What a pity it is that it was not then and there settled at the Council of Nicoea that Easter should be universally celebrated on the Sunday following the Vernal equinox, the date of which never changes; and therefore the date of Easter and its satellites could easily be ascertained without referring to the complex calculations now resorted to. As it is, Easter may hap-

pen on any day between March 22d and April 25th; the former happened in 1818, but will not happen again until A. D. 2285. Had it been fixed for the Sunday following the equinox, it could not have changed more than one day in every year, for seven years, to correspond with the number of days in a week. The moon should have been left out of the calculations altogether. The whole argument is mere moonshine; there is nothing substantial or solid about it, but the solar system never changes.

But respecting Easter and most other matters connected with primitive Christianity, and its Founder, very little, indeed, is positively known; legend, myth and tradition having had a much more prominent place in the construction and narration of the events recorded than purely historical facts. For instance, in Matt. xii—40, Jesus himself is reported to have said: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Whereas, according to Gospel accounts, he could not have lain buried for more than thirty-six hours at the utmost. The Evangelists say that he was buried on Friday evening (say between five and six o'clock; it must have been before sundown), he laid in the tomb till sunrise on the following Sunday, which would barely be thirty-six hours; but one account says that women came to the sepulchre "while it was yet dark," and found the grave empty; which would still further lessen the time of Scripture. In short, the whole account is much more a matter of faith than of fact. To my mind, a much greater marvel than even the resurrection itself is that the exact day and date of each and all of these marvelous doings, which are narrated in the Gospels were not then and there recorded, not merely by one or two, but by hundreds of unquestionably

reliable chroniclers and historians; whereas it was not done by even one. The only accounts we have are, for the most part, legendary and traditional.

Those worthies who composed the Council of Nicoea might just as well have decreed that Easter should be universally celebrated on the Sunday following the Vernal equinox, for no one ever did or ever will, positively know when the resurrection really did take place. Had they done so, much trouble would have been saved, and the scandals and schisms which disturbed, and even disrupted the church, would have been set at rest; which is not so even yet, for the Eastern churches still adhere to the "old" style of reckoning, which is much nearer the truth than the "new."

Every communicant of the Anglican church and the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country is expected to partake of the Holy Communion on Easter Day. It is also customary that the "offeratory" collected on that day be given to the clergyman of the parish as an Easter offering. Beyond this, there is very little difference in Easter and any other Sunday, except that the churches, especially in this country are profusely decorated with

flowers, and the music is more elaborate, as also is the attire of the worshipers (?) especially of the female portion. Easter bonnets are made for the benefit of other people, rather than the comfort and convenience of the wearer, and they form one of the chief attractions at the churches on Easter Sunday.

In Rome, Easter Sunday is celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. The Pope and his Cardinals proceed in grand procession to St. Peter's, and the Pope himself takes part in the services. In some parts of Greece, in addition to especially grand religious services, Easter is celebrated by the people in much the same way that July 4th is celebrated in this country. Guns and explosives are discharged in the streets, and many are the accidents caused thereby, many ending fatally, the guns, for the most part, being loaded with ball. In Turkey, Easter is ushered in with the firing of cannon. A ram is then seized, a Pasha cuts its throat, a Jew then hastily throws it over his shoulder and hurries away with it to the nearest mosque. If it is alive when it arrives the year will be a good one, but if it is dead the year will be a bad one, and much groaning and lamentation ensues in consequence.







## The Great California Diamond Mines A True Story

BY ALLEN D. WILSON



THE recent death of Messrs. Clarence King and George D. Roberts, occurring on the same day, brought to the mind of the writer, the story of the Great Diamond Swindle of 1872.

Early in the summer of that year reports were circulated throughout the country that diamonds had been found in Arizona in large quantities. The promoters in due time made their appearance in San Francisco, bringing with them a collection of diamonds and garnets. They called the latter rubies, nor were the stones in fact easily distinguishable therefrom, as many were of a very delicate ruby color. They interested a number of wealthy citizens of San Francisco to club together, or, as we would say in these days, to form a syndicate to purchase the field.

Two parties were sent out by the syndicate to investigate and report. The promoters accompanied these parties to see the location and to assist in making the prospect. I was told their method was to dig a small hole, take therefrom a shovelful of sand, place this in a sack and number it, and when a lot had been collected it was taken to a spring two or three miles distant and there the sand was washed. The promoters of the scheme assisted in the work. It was thus easy for them to so arrange that diamonds should be found in nearly every prospect, and the report was spread abroad, and rapidly gained credence that some hundreds of millions of dollars worth of precious stones were in the field that had been located by those promoters.

On the report of these parties the syndicate purchased the claims for about \$600,000, stocked a company

for \$10,000,000, as I believe in good faith, and the excitement was at fever heat from New York to San Francisco when my associates and I came upon the scene.

I had been engaged during the summer of 1872 in making a topographical survey for the United States Geological Exploration of the 40th parallel, under the direction of Mr. Clarence King, geologist in charge.

The object of this work, which had been carried on since 1867, was to explore and map the region along the lines of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads, report upon the economic resources and obtain geological and other scientific information that we could collect.

My field of operations during the summers of 1871-72 extended from Fort Bridger, in Wyoming, easterly as far as Rawlins and southerly to and including the Uinta Mountains and the Yampa river.

During the summer of 1872, while at work in this region, I heard many remarks regarding the discovery of diamonds in Arizona, but paid little heed to these reports. My interest in them was awakened by learning that the parties who were supposed to have gone to the diamond fields had departed from and returned to the Union Pacific Railroad at different points along the line between Green river and Rawlins.

This fact caused me to conclude that the so-called diamond fields lay east of the Green and north of the Yampa river. As these two streams were almost impassable at the time of year the parties visited the country, and as I well knew that they would never choose that route to reach Arizona, I concluded they

must have gone to some point in the region where we had been working that season; yet I did not believe any diamonds had been found until I reached San Francisco in the fall. I was there shown quite a number said to have been picked up on the field.

I found in San Francisco Mr. S. F. Emmons, who had been with me during most of the summer doing the geological work, and Mr. James T. Gardiner, also a member of the survey, who had been employed during the season of 1872 in another field. We were waiting the return of Mr. King, before going to Washington, D. C., for the winter. We decided while we were waiting to look into this matter and ascertain if the diamonds had been found in the region over which we had been working. Naturally we were put upon our mettle by learning that diamonds had been found in our field of operations, when we had not discovered any.

We found that no less than three different parties had been out there, one under the direction of Mr. Geo. D. Roberts. We commenced a systematic but apparently casual questioning of the various members of those parties, as to water supply for washing, timber, lay of the land, and various other things that would mean nothing to an ordinary individual, but to us, with our knowledge of the country, would mean much. We met each evening to compare notes. The data thus obtained enabled us to locate, as we thought, the place, and after about two weeks' work we came to the conclusion, beyond reasonable doubt, that we were correct in our view.

We at once proceeded to make preparations to visit the place, although it was very late in the season, and the country would therefore be covered with snow and the weather very cold and bleak on the open sage plains and uplands of Wyoming.

Mr. King arrived in San Francisco one evening, and as soon as possible we explained to him what had been done and that we thought we could find the place where it had been reported diamonds existed. We asked leave to proceed at once, not thinking he would care to accompany us on such a wild goose chase, but he at once said he would go. Accordingly the next morning Mr. King, Mr. Emmons and myself started by the Overland train, knowing the nature of the dry, sandy soil, we had supplied ourselves with fine wire sieves, thereby saving the trouble of having to carry our prospects long distances to water for washing. We also secured a diamond point to test the stones. Upon the breaking up of camp I had left our camp outfit and animals at Fort Bridger for the winter. We proceeded directly there, and it took only a day or two to arrange everything and get under way, as all we needed to do was to obtain supplies from Judge Carter, who kept the sutler's store. We started from Fort Bridger with the thermometer somewhere in the negative numbers and a good stiff breeze blowing over the sage-covered plains and high mesas, with little or no protection from the November gales that sweep across that region. We had about one hundred and fifty miles to march before reaching the mesa on which we expected to find the diamond field. Every now and then when the wind gave us a particularly hard blast, or the thermometer dropped a few more points below zero, one or another of our trio—for the packers knew nothing of our purpose, would look up and remark: "What fools these mortals be!" or words to that effect, to go on such a quest in such weather—for we really did not know whether we were on the right track.

On the afternoon of the fifth day we came to a small spring. I knew that we were near the place that



I thought was the supposed diamond field, and suggested to Mr. King that we halt and tell the packers to camp, and then proceed ourselves to investigate further, as we did not wish the men to know what we were about, thinking that if we were to be fooled, the fewer who knew of it the better.

After leaving camp we climbed to the top of a mesa formed by nearly horizontal layers of sandstone, and had not gone far before we found some stakes, indicating that the ground had been staked out for mining claims. I felt a misgiving at the time, and remarked that it seemed strange that all of this supposed wealth should be left there with no one in possession. We rode on until we came to a slight rise caused by the sandstone protruding above the loose sand that formed the general level. Here we found many indications of former visitors, and we dismounted, letting our mules browse on the sage brush while we carefully searched for the precious stones.

Before long I found one. We all examined and tested its hardness and concluded that it was genuine. After some further search one or two smaller stones were picked up by the other members of the party, and as the sun had now gone down, we could do nothing more that evening. Not for a moment did we then think that the diamonds had actually been scattered over the ground. We went back to our camp fully believing, for the night, that the representations had been correct, and that precious stones in large quantities had been found, as reported. Our feelings of elation are much more easily imagined than described, upon the successful result of our expedition, undertaken under such difficulties. We had found an almost unmarked spot in a vast region of country of a very general sameness in appearance, and trackless, so far as civilized man was concerned, and which had been

claimed by everybody to be located in far away Arizona. A more secluded or out of the way spot could not have been found upon which to try the experiment, and, so far as geological conditions went, there were no apparent reasons why diamonds should not occur in the sandstone here forming quite a large area.

Bright and early in the morning we proceeded to the field and took a general look over the ground. We found quite a number of small holes that had been dug by previous parties to prospect the ground. Later in the day we returned to the bare rock where we had discovered diamonds the previous evening. After a short search it became apparent that the specimens found were in very exposed positions, and the fact that we also found many garnets, with some chips of emerald scattered over this rocky surface, led us to suspect it was not a genuine deposit. We then started to thoroughly prospect the ground by first selecting a spot where the bedrock was shallow. We then carefully examined the surface, picking up all the garnets, diamonds and emeralds, taking up all the sand to the bedrock, sifting it through the sieve carefully, thereby reducing the whole to a handful of pebbles or coarse sand. This we examined very carefully. We made several of these tests, and in no case did we find any of the gems. This was to our mind conclusive evidence that it was a case of "salt," as the specific gravity of the diamond is greater than that of ordinary sand, and it would therefore settle to the bedrock. To make assurance doubly sure, we examined ant-hills, made here by the piling together of small pebbles. In every case where there had been no disturbance of the hill, we were unable to find any gems. In this manner we spent the second and third day of our stay, making ourselves absolutely sure that the diamonds did not occur in this,

the then famous "Arizona Diamond Fields."

On our return to camp upon the evening of the third day, Mr. King asked the nearest point where he could board the train for San Francisco. I told him that Black Butte Station was the closest, and that I thought the distance about forty miles in an air line; that I thought the trip could be made in one day by forced riding.

Early the following morning, Mr. Emmons, with the pack train and camp outfit, returned to Fort Bridger, while Mr. King and I started for Black Butte Station. We had a long day's ride, without track or trail, over sage-covered hills and plateaus. We crossed ridges, gulleys, washouts, and late at night with only the stars as guides during the latter part of the trip, we arrived at the station. Arousing the agent, we procured for our two mules a box car, which the agent kindly had attached to a west-bound freight train. Just after daylight we boarded a west-bound passenger train and proceeded west.

Upon reaching San Francisco,

Mr. King immediately called upon the gentlemen who had formed the syndicate to purchase the claims from the original promoters, and explained to them the nature of the great fraud that had been perpetrated.

I was informed that the syndicate returned the money to the parties to whom they had sold stock in their corporation, thereby standing the loss sustained by the original purchase of the claims.

To realize the extent and magnitude of this swindle, one must consider the amount of money involved and must remember that the perpetrators had actually gone to London and there spent between thirty and forty thousand dollars in purchasing gems, mostly of an inferior quality, with which to "salt" the ground, and to exhibit to those whom they expected to draw into the scheme. Great judgment and care were required to select the location and to so carry on their negotiations that the locality should not be discovered by any outsider before they had effected the sale of the land.

---

## TO AN INLAND CYPRESS

---

BY PRISCILLA BREWSTER

Sad cypress, straining upward  
Toward the blue of heaven's dome,  
Do you strive to earn a downward glimpse  
Of your far off sea-cliff home?  
Are you homesick for the ocean—  
Are you heartsick for the thrill  
Of waves that should break below you  
Over rocks where wild and shrill  
The sea-birds scream and circle,  
Skimming the swirling foam?  
Do you yearn for the stress and the rough caress  
Of the boisterous winds of home?



# The Curious Japanese Ceremony of Cha-No-Yu.

BY CHARLES E. LORRIMER

**T**HE celebration of the rite of Cha-no-yu, which, being translated, means "Ceremonial Tea," is a little snippet of the Middle Ages patched on to the life of to-day. From the reverence with which the Japanese regard it, the ceremony might be a part of their religion, as indeed history says it originally was. The renowned Tea Rites have undergone many transformations during the six or seven hundred years of their existence, passing through several stages. At times they were extravagant and luxurious, again intensely and extremely unostentatious, but in the very beginning they originated in tea-drinking pure and simple.

The Buddhist monks of the Zen sect brewed a strong decoction of tea-leaves, which they drank to keep them awake at their midnight mass, to stimulate the endless droning prayers and chants, and one of their abbots with the sweet sounding name of Eisai first invented the real Cha-no-yu celebrations and introduced them to the aristocracy in the person of Minamoto-no-Sanetomo, a Shogun of Japan in 1200 A. D. He was a young man of wild character, and fond of wine. Therefore to distract him from his cups the Buddhist monk composed a tract on "The Salutary Effects of Tea Drinking," and drew up a code of rules for making the concoction and for serving it with a simple semi-religious service.

But this first stage soon passed off, and the luxurious era of the Tea Ceremonies commenced, an era of marvelous and elaborate decorum,

of the most exalted, awesome etiquette. Rival masters taught its tedious forms, which magnified the curve of the hand and the depth of the bow into matters of vital importance.

A tea party in the sixteenth century was like an entertainment in the Arabian Nights, such was the extravagant splendor of the rooms where it was held. Couches were covered with fine tiger skins from Korea, with leopard skins from China, and on these the Daimyos or Princes reclined just as the old Romans used to do. Beautiful and precious perfumes were burnt; the walls were decorated with splendid brocades, with fine paintings on silk, with silver and golden vessels and sometimes with swords in lacquer sheathes. A light meal of sweetmeats and expensive dainties, perhaps lark's tongues, at any rate we read in the old books, every description of rare bird and fish, was served and then the ceremony began. The chief amusement was the tasting of the many varieties of tea which were presented to the invited guests. He who was able to distinguish and name correctly all the brands was given his choice of the ornaments in the room, things so rich and rare that vast fortunes were dissipated in collecting them. The trophies at the end of the carousal—for the feasts were nothing else—were given to the lovely dancing girls brought in to amuse the company.

Naturally, after a time a reaction against such wasteful extravagance set in. The forms were purified and the national manners, which have al-



A Cha-No-You ceremony. Showing how Ceremonial Tea is served by the ladies.

ways been closely mirrored by them were purified also. The key note of the modern taste was struck by Yoshimasa, who abdicated his throne, not to grow cabbages, but to indulge in the pleasures of etiquette at Ginkakugi, or the Golden Pavilion, near Kyoto. He it was who reduced the tea rooms to tiny boxes nine feet square, building one of this size for himself with walls of gold lacquer, and setting it like a jewel in a splendid pavilion jutting out on to a little lake.

Deeper and deeper the custom took root among the Japanese. We read in the old manuscripts that tea bowls made by celebrated potters were eagerly sought; one of these was the usual gift of princes, and constituted a valued mark of condescension from a superior, like Queen Victoria's real Cashmere shawls. When a feudal castle was in sore straits and obliged to surrender, the tea things of the family were hurriedly smuggled into safety or buried as the greatest treasure, much as we should run for the silver spoons if our houses caught fire.

Hideyoshi, the Taiko, crystallized all the dissenting schools of Cha-no-yu that sprung up by a clever

compromise. The wily old warrior saw at a glance a proof of the proverb "Idleness breeds mischief" in the conspiracies among his princes, when they came together. As time in those ages had evidently no value and tea drinking was an important incident, he concentrated their attention on the Ceremonial Rites, and called a great meeting. By a singular edict, all lovers of tea throughout the Empire were summoned to a certain pine grove near Kyoto on pain of being refused part in future ceremonies if they did not appear. The result was the world's greatest tea party, an event of as much importance in Japan as the Boston Tea Party in the United States. It lasted for ten days, and Hideyoshi fulfilled his promise to drink tea at each of the booths, some of which were occupied by nobles and some by merchants; still others by humble peasants. But the Taiko drank with one and all, thus encouraging the ceremonies in every class of society.

Such, briefly, is the poetic history of Cha-no-yu. One great master and another has improved, formulated and impressed the art with his personality, until to-day it ap-



pears with all the best Japanese characteristics crystallized around it, an echo of the national taste.

The actual ceremonies are intricate to a terrible degree, and sacredly private, but we had a chance, rarely given to Europeans, to partake of some held in honor of the Emperor's birthday on November the third, at Kioto. Once a year the young ladies, daughters of princes and nobles, whose "finishing education" is being carried on at a private seminary, serve Ceremonial Tea to a few accredited visitors. The service constitutes the commencement exercises of the class.

We wended our way, guided by our kind conductor, whose elaborate, tactful care had secured the privilege for us, through mazes of streets beyond the palace moats, past the open spaces, until among blank walls which hid aristocratic dwellings we found our destination. The house stood in the middle of a garden, whose floor was an uneven bed of flat stones, overspread with green moss, a garden of quaint fascination "born of a harmonious

blending of untouched naturalness and high cultivation." Several exquisitely simple tea-rooms looked out on this quiet paradise.

We were kept waiting some time, perhaps to prepare our minds for the solemnity in store, a Cha-no-yu in the most aristocratic manner. Presently a maid-servant appeared and ushered us through a mere trap-door not three feet high, into a tiny room. We were a party of four, which is the charmed number, and bowing profoundly and solemnly as mourners to each other, we took our places on the spotless mats. Not, let it be imagined, thoughtlessly, or as comfort or convenience suggested, but in the exact spots which etiquette prescribes, in fixed relation to the hostess, the door and the Tokonoma, or recess containing the flower vase, the single ornament of the whole room.

That delicate intuitive sense of proportion, of fine balance which artists call in one word "placing," is strong in the Japanese, and they carry it into every day life, thinking out their streets and their



Pretty maids of Yeddo

horses inside and out, their hills and their hamlets, to form pictures. The decoration of the flower niche occupies weeks of thought, for all its simplicity. We found an exquisite bronze vase with one perfect spray of autumn leaves, and at the correct moment gravely praised it. Not to speak of it at all would be as much an evidence of bad breeding as to compliment it at the wrong time.

The little lady who was to serve us made a perfect picture of old Japan sitting on her heels at the tiny doll's table in her ceremonial silk kimono, the gracious flower of all the generations of culture and refinement of that most aesthetic country. After bowing to us, she rose and brought in a basket of selected charcoal with pretty twigs of charred azalea coated with lime. Then she carefully replenished the fire, laying on each twig with a care, a grace and a dainty precision, for it is just in the precise management of detail, in the significant position of the fingers, the elbow and the wrist; in the deliberation and certainty of every movement that the art of Cha-no-yu lies. Those apparently simple twistings of the hand, those graceful curves of the throat "outward" or "inward" which have caused endless dissensions and created two opposing schools, they are the art of it all, and they must be practiced throughout the lifetime of a devotee.

Our hostess dusted the edge of her little charcoal fire with an eagle's feather, and dropped incense on the coals until the room was steeped in most delicious perfumes. Next she placed an antique iron kettle newly filled with fresh water from a beautiful porcelain jar over the coals, folded with infinite grace a square of purple silk and wiped every article of the tea service.

It was at this witching moment that our kind friend prompting us, we asked the history of the imple-

ments used in the ceremony. When Hideyoshi simplified the Tea Rites he forbade the elaborate cups of expensive ware, but this order was easily evaded. Tea lovers collected old bowls of Chinese or Korean manufacture, which were handed from one generation to another. Rikiu, the teacher of Hideyoshi, and Jo-o, teacher of Rikiu, have left many priceless accessories behind them. A little bamboo slip with a curved flat end, to lift the tea out of the box, carved by Rikiu, or a bamboo whisk belonging to Jo-o, could not be bought nowadays for "all the king's horses and all the king's men." Such heirlooms would be tied up in bags of precious brocade, and only brought out on great days like the one we were enjoying. Each bowl had its personal history, and adventures, which our hostess related most charmingly and formally, while we watched her rinse the bamboo whisk and scald the loving-cup.

For Cha-no-yu, the tea leaves, the very finest and choicest from the Uji gardens, are pounded into a flour. When boiling water is poured on it, the mixture becomes a thick green gruel, a puree of tea bitter as quinine and nerve racking. The stolid Turks may be able to swallow the grounds of their coffee without harm, but it is certain that the nervous, high-class Japanese suffer in health from the amount of tea they drink, and the first sacrifice to be made when commencing the study of English and foreign branches is their dearest-loved stimulant.

To the guest sitting on the left of our hostess was handed a bowl of this powdered mixture, which she had just previously whipped with a bamboo whisk into a froth as we whip cream. He lifted it ceremoniously to his lips and drank a sip, then another and another, after the third wiping the edge with a clean piece of white paper, which he afterwards tucked into the sleeve of his kimono. Such is invariably the





Wistaria at the Kameida Temple, Japan

Japanese custom. Even at elaborate dinners the Japanese guests wipe off their dishes with little squares of white paper, which they afterwards hide away in their voluminous sleeves. From one to another of us the bowl was passed, and the measure of the sips were so exactly prescribed, that the last visitor drained the cup, which our hostess, with a series of progressive bows, returned to her tiny table. To leave a drop of tea in the bowl would be deadly insult to her.

When the drinking was over, the proper moment arrived for the little poems which are always left as a tribute to the hostess. Our Japanese colleagues dashed them off quite easily, seeming to return to the po-

etic atmosphere of old Japan with their silk and court kimonos. For us, on the spur of the moment, the sonnets were more difficult, and we made sorry attempts. This closed the ceremony, which, so quickly described, lasted six hours, until our heels ached because of the unaccustomed strain on the tendons and muscles from such long squatting upon them. The present Empress, our escort told us, often spends with the Emperor and some intimates the entire day over the Cha-no-yu Rites and she delights in the little poems which the guests write for her. No well-bred boy or girl is considered educated without a knowledge of the ceremonial etiquette.

We watched the tea things packed

up in their precious brocade bags wistfully and came back with a jerk to every-day life and our own century feeling almost as if we had slipped temporarily off our planet and tumbled back into a very dif-

ferent era from our own, into an age when time mattered little, and manners mattered much, an era very different in spirit from the pushing, practical, irreverent 20th century.



### FLEUR DE LIS

BY MARY F. NAMULLEN

Symbol of splendid pageant, and romance,  
Touched by the glamour of the days of old;  
The regal purple of the Kings of France,  
The lustre of white lilies manifold  
Thy blossoms show, and flutter in the breeze  
Like banners o'er a tilting host of spears;  
Rank upon rank the serried rushes, these,  
Beneath thy feet the hidden streamlet's tears,  
Are symbols of sorrow through the countless years.





## The Chinese Festival of All Souls A Poetic Idea of Spirit Worship

BY CHARLES E. LORRIMER

SOME ONE has described faith as the power to believe what you know is not true. It is the antithesis of Reason, and, like Love and Hope, absolutely refuses to be pastured on the fields of Logic. At the same time, the world, civilized and uncivilized, lives by it, and through it, while at least two-thirds of the world has no power to reason at all. Faith in one another makes society possible, and the actual, elementary need of faith in the unseen is proved by the religions of all the inhabitants of the globe from the Zulus to the Esquimaux.

A belief in two things is a necessity: first in some Superior Power or Law or Governing Force, and second, in the immortality of the spark, the germ, which is Life, and which we call the Soul. Most of the peoples of the world have elaborated for themselves a further belief in the return of the spirits of the dead to earth periodically because this simplifies faith by bringing the Unknown under the conditions to which our minds are accustomed. Thus nearly every religion has a Spirit Festival corresponding to the Christian Feast of All Souls. The Japanese, the Javanese, the Hindus and the Chinese observe a day or a week of the year in honor of the souls of the dear departed, who are for that atom of time let free out of Eternity to visit this world and follow its interests.

The most picturesque customs are those of the Chinese, who may be said to have made ancestors their

specialty, and the worship of them the pivot on which their whole moral code turns. The feast lasts from the first to the fifteenth day of the seventh month with many ceremonies, quaint and interesting.

The Chinese believe that fire is a godly attribute, and that those things which are burned in a pious and reverend mood ascend to the worlds of air, and by some mysterious agency, affiliate themselves with the soul they are intended to assist. The theory sounds complicated, and the search as perplexing as the hunt for your umbrella at a theatre without a check—but just here faith steps in and supplies the logical deficiencies.

Towards the end of the sixth month certain shops begin to blossom with weird and fantastic figures made of paper stretched over bamboo frames. There are clothes hung on rough osier mannikins, imitating the height of fashion, dresses graded in glory to suit every class of society. There are paper sedan-chairs, natural size, with paper attendants and most careful copies—silver and gilded—of "shous," literally oblong lumps of gold or silver with which all large debts are paid. The greatest care is taken to make everything look natural. If the spirits are to be hoodwinked, it is with a careful make-believe by which any self-respecting ghose need not be ashamed to have been deceived.

In the evenings the cities, not only in the byways, but in the very center of the principal thoroughfares,



The interior of a Memorial Pagoda. The ten thousand Buddhas represent good spirits watching over the ancestors of the family who built the Pagoda.



are bright with huge bonfires of these offerings. Carters, riders and all the passers-by, instead of resenting the blockade, remain to enjoy the fun—nor would the host providing the sacrifice dare to make them pass on. The whole municipal system of a Chinese neighborhood, which is quite devoid of police, is the responsibility of each man for the actions of his neighbors. The evil-doer brings punishment down on the heads of every household near him. Therefore, converse-

able and happy, forget to do the mischief that they might otherwise be tempted to do.

Occasionally a man, one of whose relations has died recently, takes this opportunity to facilitate the progress of his relative's soul toward Peace. Taoist priests who attended at the funeral declare the spirit has come to a river. This happened to the Mother of one of China's greatest men recently. Her soul, unable to get across, was wandering, uneasy, on the nearer bank.



The Altar of the Prince of Departed Spirits. The central figure is an effigy of the Prince of Departed Spirits.

ly, the neighbors have a right to supervise the actions of all dwellers in their locality. Hence a patriarchal supervision producing an acute curiosity which would drive an American into nervous prostration.

The bonfires are offerings to the souls of unbefriended paupers and beggars who have died during the year, in order that the spirits may be appeased, and feeling comfort-

After much thought a remedy was found. Twenty paper cows—purple cows—were brought (through the priests, you may be sure) and burned. Quick they found, with unerring instinct, the dividing river and drank it up so that the old lady, like the Children of Israel, went across on dry land.

From eight to ten o'clock, just the length of time that a short, Chi-



A graveyard surrounded by a semi-circular wall to keep the spirits from wandering. On All Soul's day, a gate is opened to allow them to pass out of the tombs for one day.

nese, evil-smelling, mutton-fat candle will burn, lanterns are suspended over the doors of all the houses and from the boughs of trees, while tapers are set along the streets and highways. A river near a big city presents a really beautiful scene. On the quiet, dark breast of the water are thousands of tiny star-points of light, flickering and dancing with joy, and bowing to their own reflections. It is as if the velvet of the sky had been pricked and let little golden drops of light fall through.

Files of brown, soft-footed figures like lines of ants, troop down to the banks. A soft, sweet smell of incense pervades the air, floating in little trails from the clusters of joss-sticks which burn with a dull glow here and there. They are lighted in honor of the Prince of Departed Spirits, and stuck in the ground in clumps so that they look like clusters of luminous flowers. But they have a practical use as well, like most other things in

China. They serve to light the tiny wicks of the lanterns which all the crowd reverently sets a-floating down the river. Thousands of small tapers, each with a minute saucer of oil placed in a cup of glazed paper fashioned and painted like a flower, are launched burning on the water, and borne quickly away by the rapid current. Now they are whirled into composite figures and again scattered widely on the yellow breast of the river like a shower of golden hail.

These golden lights are offerings to those mysterious creatures that dwell in the water, the pixies and nixies and fairies and devils, the dragons and the hundred and one evil spirits. They are prayers for the souls of those who have perished by drowning, for the poor, restless spirits which flit disconsolately over the face of the waters. Rich men provide large flower-boats carrying Taoist priests to chant a requiem for the departed souls. They are flat barges and ex-



ceedingly beautiful, hung with variegated lanterns whose reflections in the water dissolve into a dozen tones and undertones of blue and yellow, green and crimson. Men stationed in the bow burn paper clothes and paper money; others throw rice and vegetables into the stream for the spirits. Now and again great flaunting lamps of earthenware come pompously down between the boats breaking into the mysterious kaleidoscope-figures of the little fairy lights. And so it lasts all night, one brilliant wreath of reflected light fading into another until all are lost in the sea of far-away night.

The All Souls Festival is kept in every temple, monastery and nunnery with droning masses for the souls of those who have died alone, the friendless and the poor. It is good to think that at least once a year no partiality is shown to the spirits. The Buddhists use the Taoist prayers and vice versa in a

broad toleration and desire for the general good. Even the outcasts of society—the criminals—are remembered. Services are always held on the execution ground at Canton to pacify the souls of the beheaded victims. Every official who has condemned a man to death subscribes to the fund for the special rites. No Mandarin dares refuse, for the judges, as a class, are immensely superstitious and fear to be haunted by those they have condemned.

The pious cowherd who has turned into a star receives his freedom on All Souls day. The Chinese have a very dainty legend about him, far prettier than the old Greek story of the Pleiades or than the tale of the love-lorn Endymion. Seven goddesses sit up in the heavens as seven brilliant stars—and yet not totally above mortal concerns. Once the youngest of them was sent by the gods to this world as a special messenger, and while on her errand, she fell in love with a mor-



The grave of a rich man. The bronze figure before the entrance is for burning incense to the spirit of the dead on All Soul's day.

tal, a simple cowherd. Moreover, the course of true love in so far ran smooth that they were married. But presently the Lord of Heaven summoned the happy bride to return to her home in the firmament. The legend says she hastened back like Niobe, "all tears"—weeping a shower of golden rain, the poor disconsolate bride. Through sheer sympathy her sisters wept with her, and from their combined tears the tiny worlds of fire in the Milky Way (which the Chinese call the Bamboo Grove) were born. Before long the cowherd died of a broken heart. And, too late, the gods declared his life blameless, and his poor unhappy self entitled to a place in the heavens where his heart so long had been. They admitted him into the constellation situated on the side of the Milky Way, opposite to the Seven Stars. And once a year, on the seventh day of the seventh month, the cowherd receives his freedom and crosses the bridge of the Milky Way on a visit to his well-beloved spouse, the star goddess.

As a corollary to the Feast of Spirits, and a continuation of it, comes the festival of the Moon Goddess who, according to popular belief, is intimately connected with the wanderings of the lost souls as well as with the wanderings of minds diseased. She is the great patroness of hypnotism and mesmerism, which were known in China a thousand years before Western scientists discovered polite names for them. Throughout the Moon Festival, electro-biology is largely practiced. The subject willing to be operated on is placed in the direct rays of the moon, his forehead leaning on the top of a pole which he grasps with one hand. The pole is placed slantwise so that his other hand rests upon the ground. Burning incense sticks are waved three times over his head by little acolytes, more respectful, let

us hope, than the small High Church choir boy who boasted about "swinging the nonsense" every Sunday. The operators, usually two or three of them, stand around in a semi-circle, repeating low-voiced prayers to the Moon Goddess. After half an hour the mesmerized person falls down. Then he is raised again and, being set upon his feet, goes through a variety of movements at the will of the operator. Boys who have never been taught the elaborate sword and lance exercises of the Chinese cavalry, under the mesmeric influence, go through all the difficult evolutions with a grace and dexterity that would do credit to a well-trained lancer. The amount of bodily exercise a mesmerized person can support is wonderful. For three or four hours the subjects the kept in a state of great physical exertion. The Chinese believe that the spirit is set free by the influence of the Moon Goddess and the body therefore succumbs to the will of the operator. Curiously enough the priests, whose prerogative hypnotism is, never attempt to turn their power to any useful end such as the healing of the sick. Nor could they by any chance be persuaded to use it except during the Feast of All Souls and under the influence of the Moon Goddess.

The sixteenth day of the seventh month, the spirits are formally consigned after their riotous roaming, to their tombs, and peace and quiet again with many religious ceremonies. Good and Evil ghosts are alike expected to be tranquil and stay at home for the year—to lay themselves back in their graves and forbear to haunt the good-natured mortals who have taken so much trouble for them during their own particular festival. The shrine of the Prince of Departed Spirits attracts large crowds. Prayers are read and food distributed for the souls on their return to Paradise or Purgatory. Each family worships the ancestral tablets





A seven-storied pagoda built by a rich man as an offering to the spirits' ancestors. On All Soul's day a lantern is hung from each pointed piece of roof.

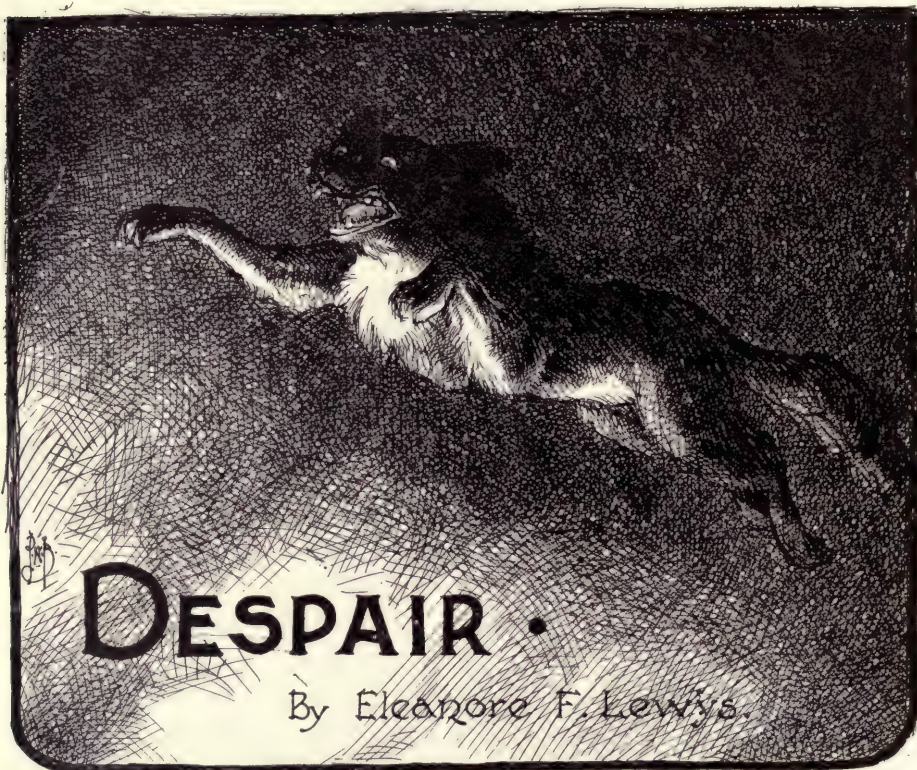
and burns incense before the tomb of its forefathers. The tutelary saints of towns are worshiped also, and men flock to the shrine of their favorite saint to dedicate themselves to his service, so that a man, for instance, who is a groom in this life will go and offer to be the Saint's groom in the next world. The groom will never offer to become a physician or a millionaire, because

he knows that as he is born so he must die. To rise above his position being impossible, he mixes a little commonsense with his faith and asks for what is practicable.

The Feast of All Souls comes to a noisy close with a salvo of fire crackers. Walls have ears, Little Pitchers have ears. But the Chinese might as well not have ears. They are deaf in varying degrees, the

whole nation of them. And like mortal, like ghost. So the horrible pandemonium no doubt pleases the returning spirits who are "sung'd" (literally, "accompanied to the outer door") as the Chinese custom is for honored guests, back

towards their heavenly dwellings. The cowherd possesses his soul in patience for another year, while the faithful begin saving up for the burnt offerings of the next All Souls Day.

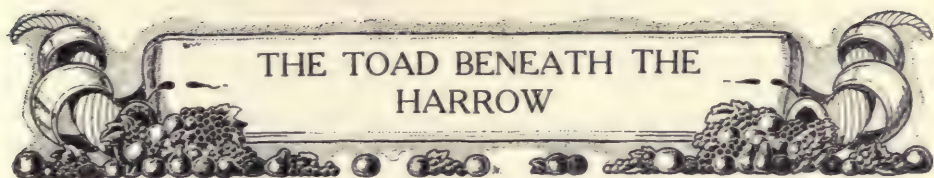


Shine two red eyes in the dark,  
Stealthy footsteps nearer draw,  
Softly falls each padded paw,  
Is it flesh, or shadow stark?

Pants its hide with hunger's pangs,  
Nearer steals, with quickened pace,  
Till its hot breath smites my face,  
Gleam its death-like, grinning fangs.

Springs a dark shape through the air,  
At my throat its teeth sink deep,  
Flesh or shade, it is the leap  
Of the lean gray wolf, Despair!





## THE TOAD BENEATH THE HARROW

The Inimitable Cruelty of Rudyard Kipling

BY L. R. FREEMAN

THE fame of Rudyard Kipling a hundred years from now, judging, of course, from his works to date, will be founded upon his short stories of Indian life, and his verse. Both are essentially works of his imagination, but works in which the characters, the children of his imagination, are made to live and breathe because of a vesture and environment of reality; a reality which owes its realness to the wonderful faculties for observation of its creator.

Notwithstanding the fact that much of this work of Kipling's, worthy as it is to compare with the best of its kind in history, was produced prior to his return to England by way of America in 1890, it remained for his story of this trip, a supposedly truthful account of his observations, to bring him out into the glare of the limelight of publicity, where he has kept himself ever since.

It was his scathing criticism in this work of America and its people, particularly those of the West, that first attracted attention to Kipling, and in course of time to his other and better works. His idea at that time of the American, judging from this criticism, is epitomized in one of the closing verses of his poem of that name:

"Enslaved, illogical, elate,  
He meets the embarrassed gods,  
nor fears  
To shake the iron hand of fate  
Or match with destiny for beers."

At first Kipling's position was one of notoriety rather than of note, but

gradually the attacks of the press, aroused by the outspoken criticism in his book, subsided as his genius made itself felt in his later works. People read his stories because they liked them, and he finally entered upon the cumulative period of popularity, whose zenith is not yet reached.

In "From Sea to Sea," the name given by Kipling to his book of travels, he seems to most effectively show up the American follies and foibles when he cites individual instances, recording his conversations with street acquaintances and chance associates, setting forth their weaknesses and absurdities as characteristic of the country, producing, when all is said, a rather sorry picture of the American. An instance of this nature, in connection with his tour of the West, fell under my notice a year ago, and if the rest of the incidents which Kipling used as nails to fasten down the lid of the coffin he had prepared for American dignity, American manners, and, in fact, everything but American business enterprise, which latter he did not approve of, have no more truth in them than his stories of poor old Yankee Jim of the Yellowstone, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle Salt Lake, Omaha, Chicago, and other of the Western cities have little reason to care longer for the smart of the whip that he laid so unsparingly along their unwashed Western backs.

Considering the shameless way in which this story of the old hunter and trapper is patched up out of whole cloth, there is good reason

to believe that, in this much talked of story of his travels, Kipling's imagination has reciprocated the service of his observation in his works of fiction and helped him to construct effective and pointed "instances," were the real incidents of this trip would not bend to his purposes.

When I decided upon a trip to the Yellowstone Park summer before last, I anticipated nothing with more pleasure than a stop-off at Yankee Jim's, where Kipling stopped, and a day's fishing in Yankee Jim's Canyon where Kipling fished. I pictured myself listening to the desperate old hunter's blood-curdling tales of Indian warfare, just as Kipling listened, and I even went so far as to invent a wild story of my own with which I intended to cap one of Jim's when the opportunity offered, just as Kipling tried to do. I wanted to know what became of "Diana of the Crossroads," the beautiful country girl that Kipling described, and I wanted to learn of a hundred other things that Kipling said and did on the momentous occasion of his visit. But it was all on Kipling's account, for my feeling toward Yankee Jim was almost one of repugnance, aroused by the former's descriptions of the cold blooded manner with which Jim recited his stories of the revolting Indian cruelties he had witnessed.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I had jumped from the train and hurried eagerly over the few yards that separated the track from Jim's cabin, at being met at the door by a benevolent-looking old man with white hair and beard, clean and neat in dress, whose manner as he grasped my hand and bade me a cordial welcome, betrayed a gentleness and courtesy rarely found in such surroundings. I noticed almost at once, however, a kind of anxiety in his manner, which became more pronounced as I, having deposited my bag and rod on the floor and taken the chair which

he had set for me, blurted out: "Mr. Georges," (I had heard he preferred to be called by his surname) "they told me in Livingston that you had met all the famous men that ever came up this way, and I have known of you for years through Kipling's account of you. I want you to tell me some of the Indian stories you told him."

He endeavored to hide the look of annoyance and pain that came to his face, and at once began talking most volubly, but in a forced and unnatural manner that I, even in my singleness of purpose to hear of Kipling, noticed without understanding.

"They told you that I had met most all the notables, did they? Well, I guess I have. All of them, in fact, before the railroad was built. Perhaps they told you about the time that Bob Ingersoll lectured down there, on his way out from the Park. No? Well, you see, Bob and his family stopped a whole day with me when they came along and we got to be great friends. His girls came right out here into this kitchen where you are sitting now, and rolled up their sleeves and helped me wash the dishes. They were calling me Uncle Jim before they had been here an hour. Well, the people down there persuaded Bob to give a lecture in Livingston, and I drove in the whole forty miles to hear it. When the lecture was over Bob came up to me at the hotel and asked me what I thought of it. 'Mr. Ingersoll,' said I, 'I don't like to tell you.' 'I like a man that speaks his mind,' said he; 'go on.' 'Well, Mr. Ingersoll,' said I, 'I think you're making a grievous mistake in standing up there and hurting the feelings of almost the whole audience, just for the sake of the one or two who think as you do.' At first I thought he was going to come back at me, and I don't doubt that he would have tied me up in short order, but all of a sudden he laughed right out in his jovial way and took



my arm and said, 'Mr. Georges, let's have a drink.' He was the most lovable man I ever met, in spite of his doctrines."

Now, this would have been interesting enough under ordinary circumstances, but here was a man who had entertained Kipling, exchanged stories with him, even eaten with him, and was not talking about it. I was sure there was something wrong, and I hastened at once to remind him.

"Jim (I had forgotten the Mr. Georges in my eagerness) did Kipling really catch as many fish as he claimed down in the canyon?"

Again the look of pain and annoyance, and again the switching off.

"Fishing in the canyon isn't what it used to be before the coal mines up at Horr began dumping their tailings into the river. Roscoe Conkling caught the biggest fish that a tourist ever caught in the canyon. He was a great hand with the rod, but in my opinion, much over-rated as a public man. He had the nerve to cheat me out of the price of a case of beer. Ordered it for a couple of coach loads of his party, and then drove off without paying for it. These politicians are slippery ones, anyhow. Roosevelt seems to me to be the only straight one in the lot. He has hunted all over here, you know. I never met him myself, but he used to often put up with Yancy over in Pleasant Valley. I remember more than ten years ago Yancy told me that he liked a young fellow named Roosevelt, who came over hunting from Dakota, better than any of the other hunters that stopped with him, because he always looked after his own horse and never kicked about the beds or meals. Did you ever hear of the time that the tenderfoot tried to cheat Yancy by offering to pay his reckoning of ten dollars with a hundred dollar bank note, and Yancy fooled him by giving him the ninety dollars change in silver,

which he happened to have on hand. Yancy is a sly one. Another time—"

I almost despaired of his ever talking of Kipling, but I resolved on one more effort.

"Jim," I interrupted rudely enough, as I remembered afterwards, "is it really true, as Kipling tells, that you saw a squaw burned at the stake when you lived with the Indians?"

At once he lost his assumed air of sprightliness and the look of tired resignation that his face had worn when I came in appeared. He tried to dodge no longer.

"I knew you'd ask that as soon as I saw you," he said. "Every one asks it sooner or later. I didn't understand it at first, and then, one day, the editor of one of the Butte papers sent me a copy of the book with the chapter about me marked. I had almost forgotten the little Englishman, and I certainly never expected he would get to be so famous."

Then suddenly he assumed an almost defiant air, and throwing himself back in his chair and looking me straight in the face, exclaimed: "Young man, do I look like a man that would let a woman, white or Indian, be burned at the stake before me? Why, my old Colt's would have shot some one all of itself at such an outrage. He said I said 'She hollered considerable.' What did you think of me when you read that? What have all the other people thought who have read it? The unhappiest night I ever spent was the one I read that chapter. I knew at once that the book would be widely read, just for the way he criticised everything. Besides, it's a fine piece of writing, only I can't help believing that where he talked with the different people he wrote down their sayings just as he wanted, just to make them look ridiculous and carry some point he was trying to make. But I was the only one whose real name he used. People know me by the

name of Yankee Jim better than they do by Georges. Why couldn't he have called me by some other name if he was going to lie so? It's an actual fact that I have hated to meet strangers ever since I read that about the squaw.

"I don't see as many people now as I used to in the old days before the railroad was built through to Cinnabar and every one had to come in on my toll road through the canyon, but those that do stop here now stop because they have heard of me in some way or another, and more than half that have come in the last four or five years read of me first in that book, and have wanted to hear the story of the squaw that was burned at the stake. And they have expected to find me proud of the fact that such a great writer devoted almost a whole chapter to me. Most of them come in the same spirit that they go to see a robber or a murderer. Why, only a week ago a man and two women had the train stop here for them. When the train pulled on they stood for a while by the track, as scared as a lot of young Indians on their first visit to town. At last the man sneaked up to the window and peeked in. Then the women got their courage up and peeked in beside him. I felt like a bear in a circus. Next they came around to the door, holding all together for protection. The man asked me if I was Yankee Jim, and the women chipped in about the squaw, and then they all giggled.

"My old rheumatism was giving me a twinge or two that day, and, besides, their actions were enough to drive a well man crazy. Anyhow, I paid no attention to them. Then that young dude winked at the women, as if to say that he knew a way to make the old bear come out, and taking a coin from his pocket, started to walk in telling me that he would give me a dollar if I would tell the story.

"Young man, from the time this

cabin was built in 1865 to that day several thousand people have stood at that door and asked admittance, and never, to white man or Indian, had it been denied. I had harbored many a tough character and been robbed several times as a reward, but I kept it up just because I was proud of the record. Well, I made an end of it all right then and there, for I slammed the door square in his face, bolted it, and went to bed. Lucky for them that Gibbs, who lives a couple of miles up the valley, came along in the course of an hour. He hauled them up to Cinnabar, and brought back ten of the dude's dollars for the service.

"I've been sorry ever since that I lost my temper and acted as I did. It's like a man keeping from liquor all his life and dying a drunkard. Of course it can't be helped now, but it's the fault of that blamed story, and it is only one of the many times that it has been brought up to me. And all the other stuff he wrote about us here hadn't any more foundation than the squaw story. Let me read you from the book."

And Jim went to the blackened shelf above the fire-place and took down a grimy copy of "From Sea to Sea." He opened it at once at the double dog-eared pages wherein he figured, and finding the place he wanted, read:

"The fish had prepared me for a surprise, wherefore when Yankee Jim introduced me to a young woman of five and twenty, with eyes like the deep-fringed eyes of the gazelle, and 'on the neck the small head buoyant, like a bell-flower in its bed,' I said nothing. It was all in the day's events. She was California raised, the wife of a man who owned a stock farm 'up the river a little ways,' and, with her husband, tenant of Yankee Jim's shanty. I knew she wore list slippers and did not wear stays; but I know also that she was beautiful by any standard of beauty, and that



the trout she cooked were fit for a king's supper."

"Then he goes on," said Jim, keeping the place with his finger, "to tell how the neighbors strolled in and gossiped about 'lost heifers' and crops, and how I told my biggest lies about the Indians, and so on, and ends up like this:

"Next morning I fished again, and listened to Diana telling the story of her life. I forgot what she told me, but I am distinctly aware that she had royal eyes and a mouth that the daughter of a hundred earls might have envied—so small and so delicately cut it was. 'An' you come back an' see us again,' said the simple-minded folk. 'Come back an' we'll show you how to catch six-pound trout at the head of the canyon.'

"We may have told him that there were six-pound trout in the canyon, for there were, even ten-pound, and I will show you the skin and head of one of them after a while; and the woman he told about was beautiful enough, God knows, but simple-minded, never. Now what do you think his gentle country folk were? Nothing more or less than a team of song and dance artists from a Butte concert hall. The woman called herself Helen Montague, and I don't just recall the man's name now. They didn't even pretend to be married. I suspected that they were up here 'laying low' about something, but I didn't ask any questions. A month or two after they left I read of their being arrested down at Billings for being mixed up in some sort of a 'dope' and robbery scheme in Butte. Still, they behaved well enough here, except for drinking a good deal, and the woman was first-rate company.

"But that little Englishman knew all the time they weren't simple country folks. I remember her singing a song of hers, a parody on 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By,' called 'Wait Till the Bottle Goes Dry.' She called him Johnny Bull almost

the first time she spoke to him, and when she sang the song she would put in 'Johnny' at the end of each line of the chorus, and he would puff up in a great way. He took her banjo and tried to play chords for her to sing by, but made a great mess of it. Then he, and I guess the rest of us, teased her to dance, and after a lot of coaxing she gave us that Scotch dance where they throw their hand up on one side and then on the other—I think they call it the Highland Fling. Then she gave us the Fisher's Hornpipe, and ended up with a regular old 'break-down,' holding her skirts about her knees and footing it in great shape, while we all clapped our hands for time. That was a simple country girl trick, wasn't it?

"Then he and she talked for a long time, he telling about the sporty parts of the cities in India, and she of Butte and Denver and other of the Western towns. They certainly struck up quite a friendship, and her team-mate seemed more than glad when the little Englishman left the next morning.

"The Englishman was certainly a most interesting talker, and he showed such an intense interest in all you told him that you naturally liked him. But he didn't admire Miss Helen Montague for any 'simple country folk' qualities, simply because she didn't have them. Probably when he came around to write the book he thought that the 'simple country folk' would show off in fine contrast living with the desperate old man who stood by while the squaw was burned, and so he lied about us all.

"I'm getting to be a pretty old man—over seventy now—and the greatest pleasure I have had in life has been the meeting and the entertaining of the different people, high and low, that came along this way to the Park. Well, for the last six years, just on account of that thoughtless paragraph, I have been

robbed of this pleasure entirely. I almost dread strangers now, for I feel that I am looked upon more as a curiosity than a man."

I may not have done it justice in the telling, but it seemed to me that the story of this gentle old man, taking a natural pride in the friends he had made and the notice he had attracted, even among those in high places, reduced through the agency of the careless lie of the great writer to feeling himself regarded as a freak and a monstrosity, was the most touching recital I had ever listened to. Ninety-nine old prospectors and hunters out of a hundred would have been jubilant over the notoriety; Jim was crushed. He impressed me as more sorrowful than resentful. He had hardly uttered a word against Kipling, and several times he had praised him.

Since, I have tried vainly to recall his using the latter's name once; I can only remembering his using a pronoun or "The Little Englishman." This may have been an inadvertency on his part or my memory may be at fault. At any rate, it was almost the only sign of resentment that he showed, and his attitude toward Kipling seemed to be one of protest rather than of anger. He was only the one human atom beneath the literary Juggernaut; still I could not help recalling the verse with which this same Kipling prefaces one of his famous poems:

"The toad beneath the harrow  
knows  
Exactly where each tooth-point  
goes.  
The butterfly upon the road  
Preaches contentment to that toad."





## A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

BY CHARLOTTE KELTING

"I AM a man thirty-two years old; I am tall and stout; I have a large nose and mouth; dark brown hair and gray eyes."

At this point Marion wanted to speak, but I thought it better to continue while I had the courage.

"I have been wild," I went on. "I have done rash things, for in my youth I had a hasty temper. That has been tamed, but I still have considerable spirit—these are my faults. My virtues: I have a good constitution, a lucrative profession, considerable means and a true heart."

This is what I told Marion, the dear blind girl whom I loved. She believed me, and I was honored; she was satisfied with what she believed, and I was gratified. She married me; then followed a perpetual blessing.

"You are much older than I," she said, "but I don't mind that, and I am glad, Richard, that your eyes are gray. Father has gray eyes, and his are the only eyes that I can remember, for I was only five when I became blind. Mine, they say, are blue."

She looked up as if expecting some remark from me. I assured her that they were heaven's choicest hue. And as I looked into those eyes that always appeared to see I was alarmed, for they now seemed to look beyond my features into my very soul and its dread secret; but her next utterance soothed my fears and made me smile at the suspicion that my little Marion understood more than I was willing to disclose.

"I am glad, too," she continued.

"that you have large features. I reprove you for naming these things among your faults, and for saying that you are not good. You are the dearest man on earth, Richard Darton!"

So many times during our married life did Marion repeat this sentence that it gave me a new birth, for when only good is expected of one, it is difficult to do wrong.

Life went on smoothly for over a year, and then a little one came into our home. Marion was delighted, as was I, and she offered me the honor of naming our daughter. I consented providing that she should be pleased with my choice. After thinking over the delightful privilege, and trying to match a name with our baby, I was at length ready to report.

"I think Ruth a very pretty name," I said. "In fact, I like no other better, except Marion."

My wife was pleased. "Her name shall be Ruth," she answered promptly, and christened our little one with a kiss.

From our earliest acquaintance I had been hopeful that Marion might regain her sight, but wished to say nothing to her about that hope until I had communicated with Dr. H. J. Calvin, then in Europe, looking further into his specialty, the eyes. In our youth the doctor and I had been warm friends, and now, although of hardly middle age, he had disclosed almost miraculous skill in the restoration of sight to those who had for years been resigned to hopeless blindness. At length a letter came from the noted oculist saying that he was about to

return to America, and would be happy to do all in his power to restore Mrs. Darton's sight. Marion and I then rejoiced together, but soon after this delightful news came the reverse. Detained by unforeseen circumstances, the doctor would remain indefinitely on the other side of the Atlantic.

I comforted Marion by assuring her that at the end of another year we would go to Dr. Calvin, since he could not come to us. The trip, too, was an incentive to be patient. After Ruth was born, we noted her growth with interest, counting the months, then the weeks until she should be old enough to travel.

As I had begun, under the influence of my sweet wife, so I continued to lead an upright life. Not since knowing Marion had I done an act that I wished to conceal from my wife. But had I not lived over thirty years before knowing Marion? Yes, and there in that shadowed past lay a secret which I wished to tell, yet dared not; and so great was my desire to confide in my wife that I marvel now I withstood it. It was when these moods were upon me that I thought of Samson, the Hebrew Hercules, who lost his strength, his glory and his life by sympathy in his wife. I have much sympathy for that fallen hero. I was much wiser than he only in that I had not married a Philistine; for had Marion persuaded me, my burden no longer would have been a secret. But she never accused me of a wrong, nor suspected that I had troubles not common with her own.

Much as I loved Marion, and proud as I was of her refinement, she had upon several occasions disclosed a trait that annoyed me. It was my custom to read the daily paper aloud in the evening. It was then I found that Marion shrank from anything of a tragic nature. If I read of a murder she would cover her eyes with her hands and cry "Don't! don't! I can't hear

that!" I never crossed her nor asked for an explanation, thinking that when she should become stronger, she would be more reasonable, and for the same reason I was more wary of my secret.

When Ruth was a few months old a local tragedy occurred against which the whole city arose. I thought Marion should be informed, but no sooner had I begun reading than she turned pale and exclaimed as usual:

"Don't! Don't! I don't want to hear!"

I was provoked, and said almost sternly: "Do tell me what is the matter with you, Marion?"

"Did you ever witness a tragedy, Richard?" she asked.

I was not expecting a question of this kind, but before I could form a reply she relieved my embarrassment by saying:

"I have. Only a few weeks before the epidemic came on, the one that robbed me of my sight, my nurse and I were hurrying through an obscure part of the city when we heard a pistol-shot—then another, and turning in that direction, we saw the victim fall and the villain escape. My nurse died soon after, but I am sure, Richard, that if I should ever see that man I would know him, such a vivid and horrible impression did that scene make upon my mind. I loathe him, yet when I think of that frightened look upon his young face, I pity him in spite of my contempt."

"Did he have gray eyes?" I asked.

"I don't know," my wife replied. "It was no feature in particular, but the whole face that is stamped upon my mind. I am sure that I should know him, though, especially if that look of fear should cross his face. His was one of the last faces I saw, and that is why I remember it so well, and why those horrible murder tales always affect me as they do."

While she was speaking it seemed



to me that those blind eyes must surely ferret out my secret. "No doubt the young man killed the other in self-defense," I replied. You say that there were two shots."

"That may be. It was the impression stamped on a frightened child's mind that stays with me, but your suggestion is comforting. When I try to think of it in that way I pity him all the more—but he is a murderer just the same."

"Don't think of him at all," I answered. "After all, you are right. There are enough pleasant themes for conversation without dwelling upon the things that give us unnecessary pain."

The subject was dropped from our conversation, but not from my mind. Many times had I prayed that the sin of killing my friend might be blotted from my book of life. We were both angry, having quarreled over a trivial matter. He drew a pistol and fired. I was unarmed, but forced the weapon from him, and in my excitement fired the fatal shot. Possessed of fear, I ran and took passage on a transport. I had planned to sail the week before; would that I had carried out those plans! Yet I have considered my victim the more fortunate. He was forever a freer man than me, for now, after a lapse of fifteen years, my sin was about to find me out.

To avoid this, there was but one course for me to take. Marion must not meet Dr. Calvin; some plausible excuse must be made for the postponement of our trip. I had lost track of the doctor—that would do. He was dead, and our hopes were lost—that would be better. When I had decided upon the latter then came the difficulty of telling Marion a lie. I was saved from this, however, but saved to a deplorable fate. At that moment, among my unopened mail was a letter from Dr. Calvin, saying that he would arrive upon the next

steamer, which I had just learned was at that time overdue.

Disasters came in succession, for upon reaching home I found some one waiting me in the parlor—a stranger, I thought, but was not so fortunate. It was Dr. Calvin. His letter had been delayed, but he had come, "ready," he said, "to restore Mrs. Darton's sight." Marion's head had already been filled with the wonderful recoveries which the doctor had accomplished, and when we were alone she began to repeat them with bits of her embellishing fancy.

"Marion," I interrupted with decision.

"Yes, dear."

"I want a promise from you."

"Name it."

"Promise me that you won't allow your eyes to be treated without my consent."

"I promise, Richard." Victory came so easily that I failed to appreciate it.

"Don't you believe in Dr. Calvin?" she asked.

I did believe in him—believed too sincerely for my own comfort. But that was not to be admitted there. Marion interpreted my silence in the negative, and again relieved me by herself taking up the broken threads of our talk.

"I have much confidence in his skill, but since you are doubtful we will wait until further tests have been made here."

We did wait, and in the meantime Dr. Calvin became established; yet I held Marion to her promise, for which I was prepared to be censured. Marion pleaded, the doctor lost patience—still I was resolute.

But every day I found myself more miserable, and grew to despise myself more for my cowardice, for coward I was to withhold from my wife the blessing now within grasp. When she should learn the truth, Marion might hate me, but not more than I now hated myself.

One morning as I was leaving for my work, I said calmly:

"Marion, tell the doctor he may operate whenever he thinks best."

Her pretty way of showing her delight would have been sufficient to sooth any ordinary discomfiture, but in spite of that I felt that in giving my consent I had signed my death warrant. For what was life without Marion? What was Marion without love? The little woman loved me dearly, and when my identity should be disclosed to her, the shock would be too great for her sensitive nature to bear. And should she survive, our life would not longer glide that clear and limpid stream. It had been better for Marion, far better, I pondered, to have remained blind. Blind to my guilt, and blind to the beautiful world as well.

That whole day was spent in wretched meditation. At length a messenger came to my office with a letter. Previous to this all letters had been laid aside, and every caller denied, but this was from Marion. I opened it and read:

"Richard, dear.—I have glorious news to tell you. Father has come to make us a visit; but that is not all. Knowing how sensitive you have been about the operation, he is going with me to-day, so as to relieve you of the anxiety. Come home at once, Richard mine, for while you are reading this, I shall be waiting to behold your dear face.

MARION."

"When was this letter given you?" I demanded of the boy.

"About ten this morning, but I was instructed not to deliver it until four."

"You should have brought it to me at once," I thundered.

"I obeyed orders," was the laconic reply. It was well with the youth that he was indisposed to argue, for I was desperate, and would have had little mercy with an aggressor.

When left alone I began to ponder my situation. If I should run

away, as I had once planned, there would be talk, and the innocent would suffer—my wife. If I should go to her I would be recognized as the man she loathed, and——

I thought until my brain was dizzy, and then concluded to return. At any rate the danger was not immediate, for it would no doubt be weeks before Marion would recover from the operation. Poor girl! In her enthusiasm she had fancied she would arise from the operation, a seeing woman. Yes, I would return at once, and when the worst should come, I would leave in such a way as to create no suspicion. In a short time a letter would come saying that I was dead. Marion would be too much of a woman to regard my death lightly, but time would be her friend, and in the end she would be the wife of a better man than I. But Ruth, my little Ruth—O God! I could think no longer, but seized my hat and started for home a doomed man who has but a short reprieve.

As I came within sight of the house I looked for the face of my baby at the window; for it was Marion's custom to draw up Ruth's chair where she might watch for my coming, cooing her infantile welcome: "Pitty popper! pitty poppy."

Ruth had this original way of cajoling those she loved by the flattering title "Pretty." The first glance at her station told me that I had not been forgotten, but miserable man that I was, I could only groan:

"Yes, my baby, pity, pity your poor father!"

And Marion was there, too. Then the operation had been a slight one. I felt stealing over my face that expression of fear which would surely betray me. Would she see it now, or might I once more receive her wifely greeting! I was answered already. Marion had turned from the window, covering her face with her hands in the same old way she



used when I read of those murder scenes.

Ruth, seeing her mother weeping, fretted as I entered: *Pitty mamma! pitty mamma!*

"Go with Myra, darling!" I said, passing her over to her nurse. "Papa wants to talk with mamma."

"*Pitty mimi! pitty mimi!*" And my obedient little angel was carried away, leaving me alone with my wife.

"You know all, Marion?" I asked, daring only to lay a hand on her bowed head.

"Yes." Her weeping almost broke my already wounded heart.

"Marion, don't, dear one!" I pleaded. "Can't we mend matters in some way? No one else will love you as I do. Why, Marion, I loved you more in your blindness than I could have loved another with more than mortal charms! I had begun pacing the floor like a madman, making extravagant suggestions, and promising impossible things. At length I threw myself on the sofa, a heap of despair.

"I wanted to tell you," I continued. "I don't want to have any secrets from you, but knowing how sensitive you are, I was afraid the shock would ruin your life." There is no telling what I might have said, had my good angel not returned in time to save me.

"Where are you, Richard?" she asked, feeling her way toward me.

I was surprised at the question, and the same cautious way in which

she moved about, but thought it only a habit that her new sense had not yet overcome.

"Forgive me, Richard," she said, taking a seat beside me, and placing her hand in mine. "I'll not complain any more. We have been happy, very happy, and I am sure that we shall be just as happy still. I understand now why you objected to the operation, and as usual you were right. The trouble is that I had counted so much upon seeing your dear face that I am hardly prepared for the truth."

"Yes, Marion," I groaned. "I presume I can, only in a small way, imagine what the shock must have been."

"But I am happy now," she urged soothingly. "Your presence has revived me; but when the doctor said that it was no use, that I was hopelessly blind, I was hardly myself until you came to comfort me."

I clasped her in my arms with the vigor of a redeemed man. The knowledge of her hopeless blindness and not the discovery of my crime had caused her grief, and my blind Marion of the past was my own blind angel still.

"But since you have come," she continued, "a comforting thought seems to say that this misfortune may some time prove—may even now be proving—a blessing in disguise."

"It is, dear one," I said, drawing her closer in my embrace.





The people are slain by the dragon's ire;

Oh, loathly, hell-born he!

The land is ravaged around with fire;

Oh, fast the valiant flee!

Woful the weeping, and weary wail!

But the fearless knight will the foe assail,

And singeth, girding his gleaming mail,

"Oh, duty's the joy of life!"

So ho! so ho! the trump and fife!

Duty's the joy of a true man's life!

Sweet is duty, and sweet is strife,

Oh, sweet is the joy of life!



The mother is bowed with years four score;

To heaven why doth she pray?

She cometh to weep by the castle door;

Now how shall the knight away?

She pleadeth, "For pity, oh, shun the fray,

My love, my life! Lo, old and gray,

I die if thou go, my son, away!

Oh, love is the joy of life!"

So ho! so ho! mother and wife!

Love is the joy of a woman's life!

Balm of healing in worldly strife!

Oh, woe is the loveless life!

To the glad wolf crieth the crow in glee;

(Right rich is the banquet spread!)

They feast in the fen full daintily;

(Where the dragon lieth, dead!)

Oh, the folk sing loud, "Thou hast fought to save

The land from doom! Hail, victor brave!"

But he longeth for death o'er his mother's grave!

Pray, what is the joy of life?

So ho! so ho! there's an end to strife,

An end to love, and an end to life!

Be it trump and fife, be it mother and wife,

There's an end to the joy of life!





MANILA OF TO-DAY.—A native procession and band marching into the walled city waving American flags.



MANILA TO-DAY.—A procession of Filipino school children bearing American flags and singing "America."



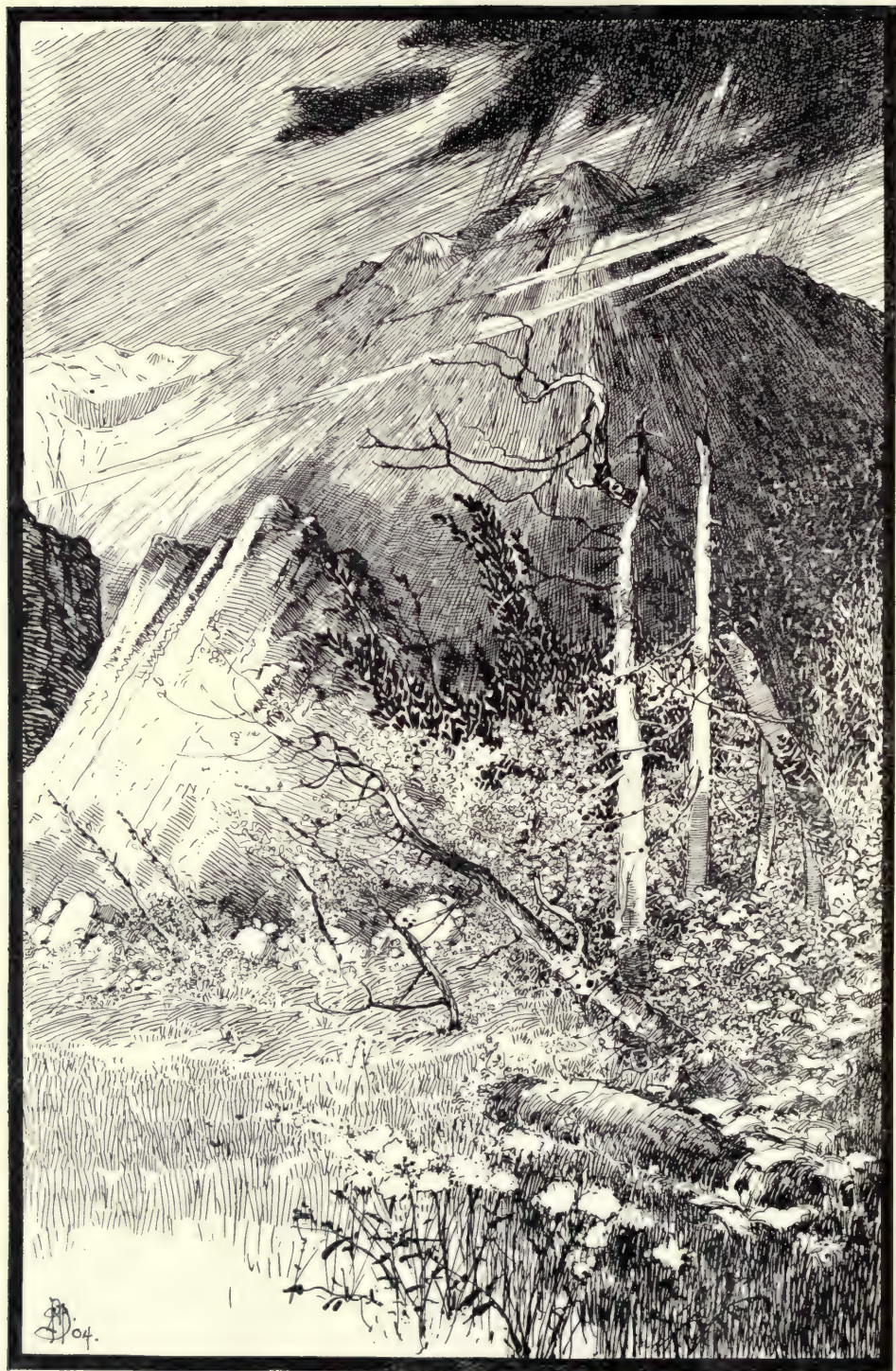


MANILA TO-DAY—Interior of the beautiful Cathedral in the Walled city. Le Munyon, Photo.



MINDANAO—Malayans exhibiting the skin of an enormous snake





THE STORM

Drawing by Berlinger



# THE STORM

---

BY MRS. GRACE C. ROBERTS

The silhouette of the mountains,  
A band of flame-gold light,  
Then—still as Lethe's fountains—  
Drops down the sombre night.

The forked, leaping lightnings flash,  
The black-browed clouds apart;  
The awful voice of thunder's crash  
Peals from its mighty heart.

The rain swirls hissing, hurtling by  
Over the trembling land,  
The Prince of Air holds revel high  
With his dark demon band.

The breakers roar on bleached sands,  
The waves run mountain high,  
The wind harps swept by wild, weird hands  
Eerily moan and cry.

In the dim, dawn-light, cold and gray,  
Upturned white faces lie  
Like drifted sea-weed from the bay  
Beneath the summer sky.

## WINTER IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

BY CLOTILDE GRUNSKY FISK

**W**E had become accustomed to the balmy winter sunshine of Southern California, but we were hardly prepared to find spring in the Santa Cruz Mountains in mid-winter.

The drive from Wrights up the mountains did not begin very

promisingly. The horses had to pull through deep, heavy mud, and the whole atmosphere of the canyon was cold and damp. But this was so only in the lowest part of the canyon. After the first few turns, we came into the warm sunshine and the road was so inviting



A bunch of wild flowers, Jan. 7, 1904





Another thing that makes the coast mountains gay in winter is the chamisal

that we got out and walked until we came to a comparatively level stretch where the driver said he could "make time," and we reluctantly got into the wagon again. We had had time enough, however, to gather a bunch of wild flowers, which surprised us. We did not look for buttercups or columbines in January; but we found a number of each, and also a sort of daisy. We stopped long enough to take a picture of these with an old house for a background, and then drove on. Ferns grew plentifully all along the road. Only the brakes had been shriveled by the California winter. And when we reached our destination and our friends took us out to show us the well, we were delighted to find, on lifting the cover, that the well was

lined with gold-back and maiden-hair ferns.

Our driver had told us that he had shipped a box of grapes to the owner of his place a few days before Christmas, and sure enough, we found many a small bunch which had been overlooked under the leafy vines, now hanging on the bare branches. Back of the packing house a whole vine had evidently been untouched, for its large clusters still hung from the two or three stalks which had reached out and taken firm hold of the roof rafters in order to hold up their heavy burden.

Everywhere the hills were made brilliant by the red berries of the "toyon." This is the Indian name for our common Christmas berry, often incorrectly called California

holly. The numerous robins and yellow-hammers wage a continual warfare against it, but in spite of the birds, the berries were still plentiful. The bushes were so large that often they were trees rather than bushes, and some of the branches as they hung over into the road were literally aflame with clusters of berries.

Another thing that makes the coast mountains gay in winter is the chamisal. Great plumes of this with their soft tufts of white blossom waved everywhere along the roadside, and presented a strange contrast to the wintry-looking snow drops hanging from leafless branches. Even the deadly nightshade helped to liven the landscape with its blue blossoms; and in all the gardens, left-over roses testi-

fied to the inefficiency of the winter. Pussy pillows had already made their appearance, giving an air of spring time to the hills. Indeed it seemed as though autumn and spring had clasped hands, having let winter slip out of the calendar altogether. As we looked down toward the ocean we saw the lower valleys filled with fog, while we roamed about in the sunshine.

Our drives along the mountain ridge were delightful. Skyland and Highland and Alta Vista and the many other elevated names would have kept us in mind of the fact that we were half a mile above the Pacific even if the many fine views of the lower valleys had let us forget it. Frequently we would get good views of Monterey Bay twenty miles off, and in the clear



The "Toyon" our common Christmas berry, often called California holly





Grapes left on vines till Jan. 7, 1904.

night atmosphere the lights of Santa Cruz seemed very close.

The Coast Mountains, with their firs and redwoods, their springs and streamlets, their shady nooks and sunny openings, their deep ravines

and broad summits, charmed us in mid-winter, and we could not wonder at their popularity during the summer or at the many comfortable country residences that dotted their knolls or nestled on their slopes.



# MEMORIAL WINDOWS OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT



**"T**O be wealthy, not rich. This is my symphony," said William Henry Channing. Unfortunately the mass of San Franciscans are too busy to grasp the difference. There is scarcely a city of its size that represents more money than ours does, and yet it is positively poor when it comes to real wealth—things, man-created, which will endure, which will inspire, uplift and stimulate long after their craftsmen have been forgotten.

Dollars by the hundreds of thousands have been expended upon our church windows. As a result, we have many copies of German art. A reproduction, however good, loses a little of the majesty of its model. Besides, the church on the next block can have the same design for the same payment. There are a few beautiful stained-glass memorial windows in the city. For the most part, they were imported at great expense, but how many of them are truly "memorials"—monuments preserving remembrance? How many of them show the rugged strength of the West?

California is not only a State, but a country. The Indians tell us, the Great Spirit sowed his treasures here, that his people might reap. Now and then we find a soul enough in tune with the Creator to read

his message in the ocean and the pines, and the sand-dunes, and, with reverent hands to give it back to the world in symbols which shall endure.

Here and there, "as a light in a dark place," loving hearts have set a tribute to the memory of some dear one, which shall glorify them throughout generations but such tributes are few.

Three years ago, Mary Ingalsbe Bradford, of San Francisco, designed a window in memory of General John Bidwell, one the State's earliest pioneers. It is a true memorial. In it, as "through a glass, darkly," you may read the life of the man, as told by the Western sun. There, are depicted the rugged cliffs of the Sierra, typifying strength. To one of them clings a solitary pine. Beyond stretch the grain lands, the fields where his agricultural experiments were carried out. They reach to the crimson and gold at the end of the way. Beneath the landscape are symbols which tell their own story. There is the immigrant's staff and the shepherd's crook, the water bottle, and below a broken glass.

The window is something of which we are justly proud. When it was decided on, Harry F. Ingerson, who was to do the glass work, appealed to Mrs. Bradford for a de-



sign. He hoped to have the creation stand to the credit of one who had breathed in the strength of the West. So, the first window ever successfully planned by a woman came into being, and will continue a joy to unborn thousands. It is through like productions that those who have gone from us, "though dead, yet shall live," and breathe a benediction.

The congregation of St. Luke's has very recently put in a window which is a delight to the entire art-sense of the city. It is a triumph of the American glass-effect work, royal in coloring and exquisite in design. It is the work of Joseph Evan MacKay, who was for ten years artist for Tiffany, and for three years in the studio of John La Farge. A company of New York craftsmen co-labored for six months before it was completed, and its cost was \$3,600.

Possibly the most striking thing about our church windows is their lack of continuance of thought. The broken thread of symbolism is as confusing to one's eye, as a paragraph from the Bible, an abstract from a descriptive article, and a stanza from a poem, all in rotation, would be to one's brain.

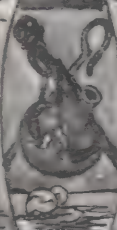
Burn Jones used to design his windows for his churches. The spaces were first filled with plain, rich glass. Later, when some one wished to present a memorial window he was given his choice of a sketch. His selection was then worked out, fitted into place, and a small tablet inserted beneath it, bearing the name of the donor. In that way, every church became individual, every window part of a sequence. When the sequence was finished, it preached its own sermon, now suggestive in the grays of twilight, now positive in the gold of noon, but always finished, compelling.

General Bidwell memorial window designed by  
Mary Ingalsbe Bradford

The cases are rare in the city, where there is any connection of thought in the glass work. The



FOR WHO  
SOEVER  
SHALL GIVE  
YOU A CUP  
OF COLD  
WATER TO  
DRINK IN  
MY NAME  
FOR CAUSE



YE BELONG  
TO CHRIST  
VERILY I SAY  
UNTO YOU HE  
SHALL INCREASE  
HIS REWARD  
IN MEMORIAL  
GENERAL  
JOHN BIDWELL

little church of St. John the Apostle has three memorial panes over the chancel, which represent the Nativity, Christ on the Cross, and the Resurrection.

When Calvary Church was being erected, Dr. Hemphill told his people that he would select the windows. As a result there are twenty small lights in the body of the edifice. They portray scenes from the Old Testament, and the Parables of Jesus. In the gallery are thirteen larger windows showing the life of Christ, from the manger till the angels rolled the stone from the tomb. They are nearly all reproductions from Hoffman.

St. John's owns a very rich window, given in memory of its former pastor, Dr. Scott. It was designed and executed by the late Mr. John Mallon of San Francisco.

Probably the oldest memorial windows we have are three small ones in Trinity. They were originally the chancel windows in the old church when it stood at the corner of Post and Powell. That was over a generation and a half ago. They have endured the tests of fire and years, but the light still filters lovingly through their jewels.

Without doubt, the strongest and most original bit of glass work in the city is the St. Christopher window in the little Swedenborg house of worship. It is not in any sense a memorial, but simply a gift window. It represents a river in flood tide. Forging it is a man bent with the weight of a child in his arms. Most of us know the story, how:

"Once, by a river swift and wide,  
Where pilgrims crossed, there stood  
to guide  
And bear them safe, strong Christopher."

How he heard the tiny voice calling him through the storm. Thrice it came: "In pity, hark, and bear me over, Christopher!"

Lighting his torch, the fordsman searched the ground and discovered the little one. He soothed and caught him to his breast, and plunged with him into the river. The child became a weight in his arms. Heavier and heavier he grew until, almost fainting under the burden, Christopher reached the shore. It was then that a glory shone forth and faded as a voice tenderly whispered:

"I am thy Lord—upon thy breast  
Thy Master hath been clasped to  
rest—  
Saint Christopher."

Critics tell us that Bruce Porter has but two superiors in America, and that this window, designed and executed in his own shop, is as fine a bit of work as he has done.

It has been said: "The time will come when California will be to the United States what Italy was to Europe, and when San Francisco will be to California what Florence was to Italy—the home of a new school of art and architecture." There is no reason why the prophecy should not come true.

Was ever a country richer than ours in inspiration and symbol? We have the ocean and the everlasting hills; we have the poppies with



Bruce Porter's St. Christopher.





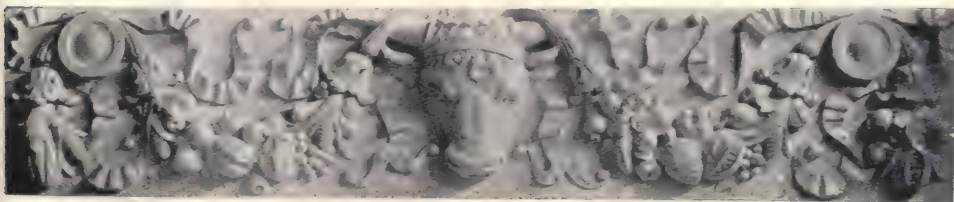
Mills College memorial window designed by Mary Ingalsbe Bradford

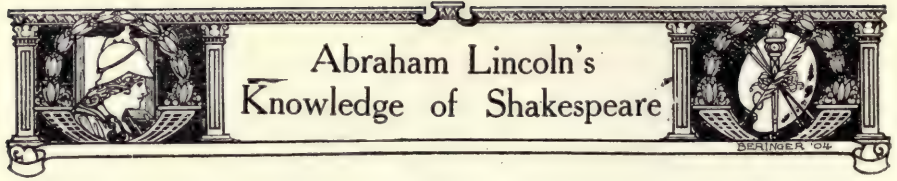
their cups of gold, the madrones, the wind-kissed vineyards, and the harvest lands. We have genius in men and women whose eyes have opened under California skies, in whose blood the California sunshine flows. Why should they not create for us windows voicing the present, voicing Infinity through Art?

The medieval stained-glass win-

dow is of the past. The American opalescent glass-effect window is of Now.

San Francisco has money; it has artists and artisans. We have material and advantages of which the sixteenth century craftsmen could not conceive. From such a combination should be born an art as noble as our own Sierra, as typical as our Golden Gate.





BY ROBERT N. REEVES

**A**BRAMHAM LINCOLN is commonly represented as one whose literary education was sadly deficient. He read but few historical works; knew practically nothing of the classical writers of antiquity; made no attempt to follow the ordinary literature of his day; and as for novels, he never read one in his life. But while all this is true, he had, nevertheless, a greater knowledge and a deeper appreciation of the noblest of all literature—the plays of Shakespeare—than perhaps any American statesman of his time.

Nature made Lincoln an admirer of Shakespeare. It has been said that the heart of Shakespeare, which held the woe of "King Lear" and the tragedy of "Hamlet" would have broken had it not also contained the humor of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and the merriment of "Midsummer Night's Dream." The same may be said of Abraham Lincoln. He was a man in whom there was a strange yet lovable mingling of human qualities. There was in his nature something of the tragic, something of the ludicrous. He indulged in long, silent reveries; he beheld spectres in mirrors that haunted him for days; he was subject to weird dreams over which he brooded; he had dismal forebodings of impending evil that made him the prey of the deepest melancholy, and caused him, at times, to be regarded as one of the saddest and gloomiest of men; and yet, with all this, he had, like Shakespeare, a marvelous sense of humor, and instead of giving way to misanthropy, could with a droll story or a timely

joke, break the chain of melancholy that seemed to weigh him down, and be himself again. To a man of such temperament the plays of Shakespeare, with their tragic sorrow, their bubbling humor, and their lofty idealism, must have appealed with particular force.

There is something of humor in the manner in which Lincoln first came to know of the philosophy and wit that dwells within the pages of our great poet. During his residence in New Salem, Illinois, in 1832, he became acquainted with Jack Kelso, a quaint character of the community, who, to use a Shakespearean expression, had in his time played many parts. He had been a school teacher, a country merchant, and a town vagabond; his varying occupations being the consequence of incessant dissipation. Kelso in his cups was not, however, the worst kind of a citizen; on the contrary he was good natured and affable and always contented himself with quoting copiously from the writings of William Shakespeare and Robert Burns. This attracted Lincoln's attention to such an extent that it became a common saying among the good people of New Salem that Kelso "drew Lincoln after him with his talk." Besides a reputation as a poet, Kelso was famous for miles around as a fisherman, and although Lincoln detested the sport of fishing as thoroughly as Kelso delighted in it, the two, nevertheless, spent many days fishing together, Lincoln telling stories and Kelso reciting verses as their baited their hooks. That Lincoln took more than an ordinary interest in



his companion's poetry is indicated by the fact that Kelso induced him to come and board for a while at the same house with him. Years afterward, when some friend from Pike County asked Lincoln what had become of Kelso, he shook his head, and answered sadly: "I don't know; I guess he just petered out."

We are all influenced more or less by those we come in contact with, and poor, convivial Jack Kelso may have been wholly responsible for Lincoln's love of Shakespeare and Burns, for he ever afterward regarded them as his favorite poets. He read them while keeping the grocery store at New Salem, and many times his customers found him stretched out upon the counter reading poetry. When he gave up the grocery business to enter that of law, he always when traveling the circuit, carried along with his law books and his Euclid, a well-thumbed copy of Shakespeare, and frequently his brother lawyers on arising found him up and dressed, with his favorite book in his hand, reading, pondering and soliloquizing. Afterwards when he removed to Springfield and opened a law office there, he continued to find pleasure in reading the verses of Shakespeare and Burns. On dull days or after the day's work was over, he was accustomed to tip himself back in a chair, place his feet on a desk or against a door, and read aloud. "I can understand it better that way," he used to say."

These early studies in Shakespeare became a great source of recreation to Lincoln after his election to the Presidency. Often, when visitors called at the White House, he would turn the discussion away from the war by sending his son, Thomas, or "Little Tad," as he called him, to the library for a copy of Shakespeare, and then, with the remark: "What do you say now to a scene from 'Hamlet' or 'Macbeth,'" he would read extended passages from these and other plays.

During the progress of the Battle of the Wilderness a messenger arrived at the White House with an account of a two-days' struggle—an undecided battle—in which twenty thousand men on both sides had been killed or wounded. The news was an awful shock to the President, and he gave way to uncontrollable grief: "My God! my God! twenty thousand! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! Could we have not avoided this terrible war? Will it ever end? Why do we suffer so?" he exclaimed. In the evening, John W. Forney, then editor of the Philadelphia Press, called to consult him. Lincoln was still suffering from the effects of the dreadful news. He was pale and there were dark circles around his eyes. He was reading Shakespeare: "Let me read you this from 'Macbeth,'" he said to Forney. "I cannot read it like Forrest, who is acting at the theatre, but it comes to me to-night like a consolation;,"

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and  
to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day  
to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted  
fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out,  
brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor  
player  
That struts and frets his hour upon  
the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a  
tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and  
fury,  
Signifying nothing."

In 1863, Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, was commissioned to paint a picture of Lincoln and his cabinet, commemorating the signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation. For this purpose he became a member of the President's household, and in his reminiscences he has given us an account of several very inter-

esting conversations he had with Lincoln regarding Shakespeare's plays. One evening Lincoln, after sending "Tad," as usual, to the library for his copy of Shakespeare, read to Mr. Carpenter a number of passages from his favorite plays. Finally laying aside the book, he said: "The opening of 'Richard the Third,' it seems to me, is almost always misapprehended. You know the actor usually comes in with a flourish, like a college sophomore, and says:

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun  
of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon  
our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean  
buried."

"Now, this is all wrong," said Lincoln. "Richard had been, and was then, plotting the destruction of his brothers to make room for himself. Outwardly, he is most loyal to the newly crowned king; secretly, he could scarcely contain his impatience at the obstacles still in the way of his own elevation. He is burning with repressed hate and jealousy. The prologue is the utterance of the most intense bitterness and satire." Then assuming the part, Lincoln repeated from memory the long soliloquy of Richard with which the play opens, rendering it, says Mr. Carpenter, with a degree of force and power that made it seem a new creation to him.

At another time Mr. Carpenter was afforded an opportunity of learning from Lincoln's lips something of his idea of "Hamlet." This play, with its deep philosophy, always had a peculiar charm for Lincoln, and he rightfully regarded it, next to "Macbeth," as the greatest of Shakespeare's plays. Edwin Booth was playing "Hamlet" at Grover's Theatre in Washington, and the artist suggested that as Lincoln had never seen Booth's pre-

sentation of the character, he should witness it. Lincoln replied that he would see it if possible, and added: "There is one passage in the play of 'Hamlet' which is very apt to be slurred over by the actor, or omitted altogether, which seems to me the choicest part of the play. It is the soliloquy of the king, after the murder. It always struck me as one of the finest touches of nature in the world." He remained in thought a minute. Then, throwing himself into the very spirit of the scene, he recited with much feeling the entire soliloquy of the king in the third act, beginning:

"O, my offense is rank, it smells to  
heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse  
upon't,  
A brother's murder."

"Richard II" is not generally classed among the best of Shakespeare's tragedies, although Coleridge was of the opinion that it was the best of his purely historical plays. But for Lincoln this play, for some reason, had a certain fascination. Lincoln at heart was more or less of a fatalist, and always seemed pursued with the belief that he was formed for some great yet miserable end. It was quite natural, therefore, that those passages in Shakespeare which depict great grief and despair should fasten themselves firmly upon his mind. In "Richard II" there are many such passages, and one in particular—the one in the third act where Richard, in utter hopelessness, gives way to his pent-up grief—Lincoln often read or recited to his friends:

"Of comfort no man speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms and  
epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper and with rainy  
eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the  
earth.  
Let's choose executors and talk of  
wills:



And yet not so, for what can we be-  
queath  
Save our deposed bodies to the  
ground?  
Our lands, our lives and all are  
Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own  
but death,  
And that small model of the barren  
earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to  
our bones.  
For God's sake, let us sit upon the  
ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of  
kings:  
How some have been deposed;  
some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they  
have deposed;  
Some poison'd by their wives; some  
sleeping killed;  
All murder'd: for within the hollow  
crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of  
a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there  
the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at  
his pomp,  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill  
with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain con-  
ceit,  
As if this flesh which walls about  
our life  
Were brass impregnable, and hu-  
mor'd thus  
Comes at the last, and with a little  
pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and  
farewell king!  
Cover your heads and mock not  
flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence: throw away  
respect,  
Tradition, form and ceremonious  
duty,  
For you have but mistook me all  
this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends: subjected  
thus:

How can you say to me, I am a  
king?"

Lincoln was always an admirer of the drama, and while at Washing-  
ton he sought diversion from the  
anxieties of the war and the impor-  
tunities of politicians, by attend-  
ing the theatre. He liked to saun-  
ter out at night attended by a friend  
or two, and go to some theatre  
where his presence would not at-  
tract a crowd. Although he enjoyed  
now and then a good modern com-  
edy, his theatre going was confined  
as a rule to occasions when Shakes-  
pearean plays were enacted. Among  
others he witnessed James H. Hack-  
ett in the "Merry Wives of Wind-  
sor," Edwin Forrest and John Mc-  
Cullough in "King Lear," and Ed-  
win Booth in the "Merchant of  
Venice." He was particularly fond  
of James H. Hackett's character of  
Sir John Falstaff in the "Merry  
Wives of Windsor." Hackett sent  
Lincoln a copy of his book, "Notes  
on Shakespeare," and Lincoln in re-  
turn sent the veteran actor the fol-  
lowing letter:

Executive Mansion, Washington,  
August 17, 1863.  
James H. Hackett, Esq.:

My Dear Sir: Months ago I  
should have acknowledged the re-  
ceipt of your book and accompany-  
ing kind note; and I now have to  
beg your pardon for not having  
done so.

For one of my age, I have seen  
very little of the drama. The first  
presentation of Falstaff I ever saw  
was yours here, last winter or  
spring. Perhaps the best compli-  
ment I can pay is to say, as I truly  
can, I am very anxious to see it  
again. Some of Shakespeare's plays  
I have never read; while others I  
have gone over perhaps as frequent-  
ly as any unprofessional reader.  
Among the latter are "Lear," "Rich-  
ard III," "Henry VIII," "Hamlet,"  
and especially "Macbeth." I think  
nothing equals "Macbeth." It is  
wonderful.

Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in "Hamlet" commencing "Oh, my offense is rank," surpasses that commencing "To be or not to be." But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of "Richard III." Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me make your personal acquaintance.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln was a man who never hesitated to praise when praise was due. With McCullough's delineation of the character of Edgar, in the play of "King Lear," Lincoln was so pleased that he asked the actor to come to his box between the acts, which he did, and clad in his fantastic stage costume of rags and straw, McCullough received the warm praises of the President for his splendid performance.

At Ford's Theatre, where, three years later he was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln first saw Edwin Booth as Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice." On the way home a friend asked him how he enjoyed the play, to which Lincoln replied: "It was a good performance but I had a thousand times rather read it at home, if it were not for Booth's acting. A farce, or a comedy is best played; a tragedy is best read at home." A remark which was in perfect keeping with the one he made when he once said: "It matters not to me whether Shakespeare be well or ill acted; with him the thought suffices."

William D. Kelley, the lawyer and political economist, and an intimate friend of Lincoln's, relates an incident which shows how thorough was Lincoln's knowledge of certain of Shakespeare's plays. One evening he called at the White House, bringing with him the Rev. Benjamin R. Miller, chaplain of the 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and John McDonough, the actor, who was then

playing the part of Mrs. Pluto at the National Theatre. Kelley playfully introduced his friends as Parson Miller and Mrs. Pluto, to which Lincoln remarked that there was likely to be discord in a household that embraced a Mrs. Pluto and an orthodox clergyman. After making some enquiries of the chaplain regarding the condition of his regiment, he turned to the actor, and said: "Mr. McDonough, I want you to tell me something about Shakespeare's plays as they are constructed for the stage. You can imagine that I do not get much time to study such matters, but I recently had a couple of talks with Hackett—Baron Hackett, as they call him—who is famous as Jack Falstaff, but from whom I elicited few satisfactory replies, though I probed him with a good many questions." The actor said he feared he could not succeed if Hackett had failed. To this Lincoln replied: "Well, I don't know. Hackett's lack of information impressed me with a doubt as to whether he had ever studied Shakespeare's text, or had not been content with the acting editions of his plays." Getting out his Shakespeare, Lincoln read with considerable discrimination several extended passages from the play of "Henry VI" and said: "Mr. McDonough, can you tell me why those lines are omitted from the acting play? There is nothing in 'Henry VI' or the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' that surpasses its wit and humor." It was suggested that possibly the breadth of its humor was the reason for its omission, or that the lines, if spoken in the acting play, would necessitate the rendition of other lines which might be objectionable.

"Your last suggestion," said Lincoln in reply, "carries with it greater weight than anything Mr. Hackett suggested, but the first is no reason at all." After reading a few more lines, he continued: "This is not withheld, and where it passes current there can be no reason for



withholding the other." Then turning to the chaplain he said: "From your calling, it is probable you do not know that the acting plays which people crowd to hear are not always those planned by their reputed authors. Thus, take the stage edition of 'Richard III.' It opens with a passage from 'Henry VI,' after which some portions of 'Richard III,' then another scene from 'Henry VI,' and the finest soliloquy in the play if we may judge from the many quotations it furnishes, and the frequency with which it is heard in amateur exhibitions, was never seen by Shakespeare, but was written after his death by Colley Cibber."

"Having disposed of questions relating to the stage editions of the plays, he recurred," says Mr. Kelley, "to his standard copy, and to the evident surprise of Mr. McDonough, read or repeated from memory, extracts from several of the plays, some of which embraced a number of lines."

In the spring of 1862 an incident occurred which not only gives us an insight into the pathetic side of Lincoln's nature, but also gives us some idea of the consolation which at all times he seemed to find in Shakespeare's plays. William Wallace Lincoln, the President's second son, died at the White House February 20, 1862. It was a crushing blow to Lincoln, and one from which he never fully recovered. A few months after the death of his boy, Lincoln, accompanied by Secretary Chase and Secretary Stanton, visited Fortress Monroe, and there spent several days awaiting news of the military operations upon the Peninsula. He took along with him a copy of Shakespeare, and during the day preceding the capture of Norfolk by the Federals, he spent considerable time alone in his room reading. In an adjoining room Colonel Cannon, an aide on General Wool's staff, sat at a table writing. The door between the two rooms was open. After reading to him-

self for some time, Lincoln called Colonel Cannon to his side. "Colonel," he said, "you have been writing long enough. I want to read to you some lines from Shakespeare." He read to the Colonel the discussion on ambition between Hamlet and his courtiers, and the famous soliloquy in which Hamlet questions a future life. These were followed by favorite passages from "Macbeth." Then turning to the play of "King John," Lincoln read from the third act the pathetic lament of Constance for her lost boy:

"And, father cardinal, I have heard  
you say  
That we shall see and know our  
friends in heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy  
again."

Closing the book he repeated the words slowly. "Colonel," he said, "did you ever dream of a lost friend and feel that you were holding sweet communion with that friend, and yet have a sad consciousness that it was not a reality?—just so I dream of my boy Willie." Overcome with emotion, his head dropped, he covered his eyes with his hands and sobbed aloud.

Lincoln was a man of humor and a man of sorrow. If we find something of humor in his first acquaintance with the plays of Shakespeare as he sat fishing with Jack Kelso, so we find something inexpressibly sad in the last that he read from the pages of his favorite poet.

The last Sunday of his life—April 9, 1865—he spent on the Potomac River, returning by steamer from a visit to Richmond, where he had gone to interview General Weitzel, who was then in possession of that city. During the trip to Washington he read to Mrs. Lincoln and to Senators Sumner and Harlan, who accompanied him, many passages from Shakespeare, among others the following from "Macbeth":

"Duncan is in his grave;



Lincoln and "Tad"

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further."

Senator Sumner afterward said that impressed by the beauty of the lines or by some strange presentiment, the President read them a second time.

Five days later Lincoln was dead

and a sorrowing nation was reminded of another passage in the great tragedy of "Macbeth":

"This Duncan

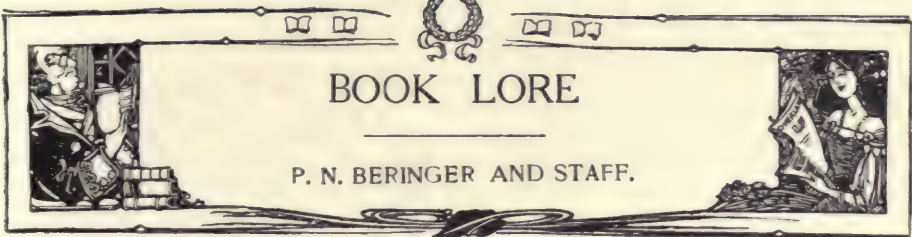
Hath borne his faculties so meek,  
hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead like angel's trumpet-tongued against

The deep damnation of his taking off."





## BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER AND STAFF.

### Roosevelt Again.

Francis E. Leupp apologizes for writing on so threadbare a subject as our

President. Mr. Leupp is easily forgiven, for he does his work well. Beginning with the "key" to Roosevelt's remarkable career, the author outlines the story of his wonderful success, first in the N. Y. State Assembly, later as delegate to the Republican National Convention, then his defeat as Mayor of New York City, and so on until from Governor of the State he became vice-President, and finally through the tragedy of McKinley's death, reached the highest post in the Government. In his preface the author writes: "... no one but myself is responsible for the contents of this volume. Not a line of it has been submitted to Mr. Roosevelt for his approval . . . If he has been misrepresented anywhere the fault is mine, not his," and it is apparent that the author has striven to portray him as fairly and as justly as possible without overestimating his ability and without prejudice where their political views are at variance. He gives Mr. Roosevelt's opinions on all important issues which have come up since he became interested in political affairs, and throws a new light on his actions, as the author's personal friendship has enabled him to see other motives for his conduct than those which would be apparent to people who know him only as a successful politician.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.  
\$1.25.

"The Modern Bank," by Amos K. Fiske, is a book no banker should be without, and indeed it is safe to say that no business man has a right to overlook this volume. It is intended to give in plain terms the present day function of a bank in the United States. It gives a clear idea of what a bank does and how it is done.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.  
\$1.50.

"The Wonder Book of Horses" is a collection of stories well-told and interesting, and short enough either as lessons or recreation. It is safe to say that if Mr. James Baldwin's book is once begun it will be read to the end.

The Century Co., New York. 75c.

Those who read  
**William Penn.** Augustus C. Buell's life of

"William Penn" will find plenty of history to reward them, but no great amount of literature. In no class of writing does the man of real literary power distinguish himself than in the field of biography. There are biographies which are little more than a catalogue of dates and events, biographies, as well, every page of which actually scintillates and flashes with the genius of the writer. The art of writing biography is a close partner to the art of painting portraits. You may get a creation or an imitation. In the biography of Penn you most certainly do not get a creation; it is in no sense of the word a piece of litera-

ture. It is probably, however, all that it was intended to be, a good straight life of the founder of the State, as sympathetic as the author knew how to make it, and just as accurate as careful research and the comparison of records could ensure. For the rest, it is interesting, as such a life must of necessity be. It is well bound and fairly well illustrated.

Appleton & Co., New York.

"**The doctor** said there wis some information aboot ma—ma—ma—'Deed, I furget whit he ca'ed it. It's the wee rid wagglin' thing at the back o' yer mooth.'

"I ken whit ye mean, Mistress Dumphy, though I furget the name o' 't. It's the wee thing that keeps the meat frae gaein' doon the wrang wey."—From J. J. Bell's "Mrs. M'Lerie."

The Century Co., New York. \$1.

"**In Search** of a Siberian Klondike" is a book to be enjoyed by every one who likes a well-told story of adventure. While Mr. Washington Vanderlip was the chief actor in the stirring scenes he modestly describes, his story is set down by Homer B. Hulbert, editor of the Korean Review, and author of that forceful story, "The Sign of the Jumna." The search for a Siberian Klondike proved fruitless, but the story of the search should be one of the most fascinating books of the year. Fifty full-page illustrations, made from the pick of Mr. Hulbert's photographs, beautify the handsome volume.

Century Co., New York. \$2.00.

"**The Indians** of the Painted Desert Region" is by George Wharton James, and was written by one who is thoroughly familiar with the present condition of the descendants of the Cliff-Dwellers. From close observation and experience he is able to give a very graphic description of the people whom we now call the Pueblos.

Little, Brown & Co., New York. \$2.00.

The life of the founder of the State of Georgia, written by Harriet C. Cooper, has been published by Appleton's in the series which they call the "Historic Lives" series. The book is dedicated to the children of Georgia. Its purpose is described by the author as follows: "It is unfortunately true that his life, his achievements and his character are not as well known to the people of Georgia as they should be, and in the hope of familiarizing the youth of the State with them, this book was written."

There follows a painstaking and careful life of Oglethorpe, the most interesting part of which to a literary man is the following extract from a letter from Oglethorpe to Oliver Goldsmith: "If a farm and a mere country scene will be a little refreshment from the smoke of London, we shall be glad of the happiness of seeing you at Cranham Hall."

### Real People in Novels.

Prof. E. E. Slosson of the University of Wyoming has made the rather remarkable discovery that there are real people in "The Virginian," a dramatization of which is now being presented.

The discovery is remarkable in that years have elapsed since real people were discovered in a novel. Indeed, not since the days of Dickens and Thackeray have many familiar characters been recognized by the average reader in works of fiction. Everybody knew Mr. Pickwick the moment he appeared on the stage, as every one knew Tommy Traddles, Mrs. Nickelby, Wilkins Micawber, the Veneerings, Aunt Betsy Trotwood, Mr. Tupper, Col. Newcomb, Becky Sharp and Barry Lyndon, but of



latter days the average novel reader has been compelled to make acquaintances for the most part altogether new to him. Some of these have been agreeable enough, but few of them have seemed like old friends.

Of course, the characters which we all recognize in Dickens and Thackeray, and some other of the nineteenth century masters, are composite; that must be admitted. And yet Mr. Pickwick never said and never did anything that the Mr. Pickwick of our acquaintance would not say or do under similar circumstances. Dickens' Tommy Traddles was not exactly the Tommy Traddles of our school days, but our Tommy Traddles lacked only opportunities for doing the things which Dickens' Tommy Traddles did. So also we have all known Becky Sharp, although our Becky Sharp did not actually throw a dictionary at the Misses Pinkerton, did not actually marry a big and good natured military man, never heard of My Lord Steyn, and was not, when last heard of, presiding over a booth in a church bazar; and yet in all essential particulars she might have been the same Becky Sharp that Thackeray knew so well.

There are just as many real people outside of novels as there ever were; the wonder is that more of them do not get into novels. The wonder is that unreal people are preferred before them. The wonder is that the novel writers of our time should waste so much energy and gray matter in hunting up and inventing characters we never knew when they might just as well present us to people we have met.

And now it is said James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian, whose dust has recently been brought to this country to mingle with American soil, was the original of Pickwick. Smithson, it appears, like "that immortal man," was consumed with a desire "to benefit man-

kind," and one incident of his life does, indeed, seem to parallel in philanthropic zeal Mr. Pickwick's discovery of that "strange and curious inscription of unquestionable antiquity"—in Pickwickian sense—deciphered on a broken stone found in the road. It is not related that Smithson could read sermons in stones, but he did one time analyze a lady's tear, which he caught up on his monocle and carried off to his laboratory, whence he later issued with the valuable information that the tear contained "much salt, muriate of soda, and other saline substances. Smithson died before "Pickwick Papers" appeared, and it is not improbable that this added immortality should be his of having sat for one of Dickens's most successful portraits.

#### Irene, the Well-beloved.

A lady, whose name is given as Miss Irene McCarty of Augusta, Maine, wrote to a citizen of Anacortes, Washington, saying she was a real "widow," and asking what chance she had to get along amid the beautiful scenery and climate of Washington. This is the answer she received from the editor of the Anacortes American:

"Come, Irene, come to the land where the giant peaks of Mount Baker, of St. Helena and Rainier peep from beneath their bedclothes of snow. Come where the silvery streams meander adown the mountain sides, and mingle with the blossoms in the vale below. Come where the hills are ever green and the vales are bedecked with nature's choicest flowers. Come where the blue waters ripple peacefully between green carpeted islands and garland entwined hills; come where milk-white sails of pleasure ships are filled with the balmiest breeze that ever kissed a widow's brow. Come in the winter time, Irene, when the gentle rains descend and the feathery flakes of snow find their



*Mam'selle Napoleon*

*Anna Held in a California setting*





*Jack London, Author*



*Grace Goodall of the Alcazar Stock Company*

Photo Genthe



JUN 6 1904

## Overland Monthly

CHICAGO, ILL.

Vol. XLIII.

May, 1904.

No 5.

## SAGEBRUSH AND SAND

BY J. MAYNE BALTIMORE

**O**LD Cossaga and his wife, Wynoshy, lived on the great Columbia River, in Eastern Oregon, near the little town of The Dalles.

They both belonged to the once famous Klickitat Tribe of Indians. Most of the time they lived on a Reservation, but spent much of it in fishing and gathering berries. Cossaga was a worthless old vagabond, who drank "fire water," and idled about. He would not work, if he could help it. Wynoshy, on the contrary, was a hard-working squaw. She wove grass mats, did bead work, picked berries, and caught fish from the river. In fact, on her shoulders rested the burden of making the living.

She was a gentle, patient, good creature, and very industrious. Old Cossaga loafed around, drank bad whiskey, and lorded it, in true Indian fashion, over poor Wynoshy. Worse, he often beat, and otherwise abused, his kind and patient squaw.

By constant hard work, Wynoshy managed to keep the famished wolf from the tee-pee door. When on the Reservation, these Indians lived in a little hut near the bank of the swiftly-flowing Columbia. Often, a number of other Indians were camped close by.

But, in all her toils and troubles, poor Wynoshy had one comfort—one solace. This tended to lighten up her dark and dreary life. She

was the mother of one child—a little girl. Wa-Sata was a very bright, pretty, cunning pappoose. She was about three years old.

If there was one soft place in Cossaga's heart it was for Wa-sata. He often made himself useful by taking care of the child when Wynoshy was away at work. But, somehow, he could not be trusted even for this. Often he wandered off, leaving the child to take care of herself. Love of strong drink was the ruling passion of his life.

Once he left Wa-sata alone in woods, and a bear came near devouring her. Another time she was fortunately rescued by some cattleherders from a band of hungry wolves. Then, again, he carelessly left Wa-sata near a den of rattlesnakes, and she came close to being bitten. Wynoshy rescued the child that time.

For many miles all around Dallas there is little else but sand, rock and sage brush. The sand is loose and shifting. In a few hours, deep hollows will be scooped out here, and great hillocks tossed up yonder, during a heavy wind storm. Anything left for a time is liable to be buried beneath the sand-tide.

One sultry day in July, Wynoshy gathered several baskets of fresh berries. There was nothing to eat in the tee-pee, and the faithful squaw had to go down to Dalles on foot to sell her berries, to buy food. It was a long distance, and the road



"Wa-sata was a bright, pretty, cunning pappoose."

hot and dusty; but go she must.

Leaving Wa-sata in charge of Cossaga, Wynoshy started across the burning sand, and through the great bunches of sage brush. Old Cossaga had been drinking that day. His faithful wife cautioned the father to stay with their child, and under no circumstances to leave her a moment alone. This Cossaga promised to do.

But his promises proved worthless. Only a short distance away was another tee-pee, where a number of Indians were camped. Soon after Wynoshy had started away, Cossaga heard demoniacal yells and shouting at this tee-pee. Instinctively he knew that those wild whoops meant whiskey.

Forgetting Wa-sata and his promise, the thirsty old buck started on a run for the tee-pee. There he found several drunken Indians. A half-empty flask was lying near by. It did not take Cossaga long to get very drunk. And what of little Wa-sata?

Soon after Cossaga had deserted his post of duty, a strong wind swept up, and the treacherous sands began drifting about. Wa-sata had been strapped to her cradle-board, which was placed upright against a large rock, in the shade of a huge clump of sage brush. So tightly was the pappoose strapped that she could not move hand or foot.

Fiercely blew the wild winds; higher and higher drifted the yellow sands. Finally they reached Wa-



sata's chin. Soon she would be covered, and then she must perish.

All this time old Cossago was far away, heedless and heartless, and beastly drunk.

But Wa-sata kept crying aloud at the top of her voice, calling vainly for help. Around her the winds roared and sung, while the tawny sands kept drifting higher. Now the sands had reached her mouth, and it was filled. She blew it away and still shouted and called for help. Again and again the sand filled the child's mouth, and she was slowly smothering.

Help came suddenly and unexpectedly. Near where Wa-sata was left, the broad highway ran. Just then a rancher passed with his team

on his way from town. Despite the roaring of the winds he plainly heard the frantic cries of the smothering pappoose. Half-famished wolves also did, for they had come prowling around licking their lips in anticipation of a meal. Seeing the rancher, the wolves ran away.

Then the man began to search. Soon he found Wa-sata, but she was almost buried in the sands. He was not a moment too soon, for the sands were level with her head.

Seeing no Indian in sight, the rancher shouted repeatedly, but no answer came in response. Nothing was heard but the lonely wailing of the winds. Then he placed Wa-sata in his wagon and drove on to his home some miles beyond.



"Wynoshy was a gentle, patient, good creature and very industrious."

Long after that, poor Wynoshy returned, tired, hot and foot-weary. She hastened to the spot where she had left the child, as near as she could locate it. She looked anxiously around. No Wa-sata. No Cossaga. Nothing, but great hollows and drifts of yellow, cruel sands.

True to her Indian nature, Wynoshy broke out into loud lamentations—wringing her hands, pulling her long hair and frantically beating her dark bosom. Then the squaw, wild with terror, fled to the tee-pee, hoping to find Wa-sata there. But she found old Cossaga and four Indians helplessly drunk. There was no Wa-sata.

Vainly she endeavored to rouse the Indians from their stupor. Meantime other Indian women had returned from the berry picking. To them poor Wynoshy communicated her loss and woe—the death of little Wa-sata.

One of the peculiar traits of the Indian is to make the most extravagant demonstrations of grief over their dead. All night long the Indian women filled the air with yells, groans and bitter lamentations.

Like lost spirits, the squaws flitted about in shadowy ways, beating their dusky breasts, pulling their wildly disheveled hair, and wringing their hands.

In her great grief it was only natural that Wynoshy should think of the Great Spirit. She had been taught the Lord's Prayer by some of the early missionaries who had been pioneers of the Cross. In fact, she had been baptized; but for years had not attended any religious services. All her religious knowledge was the Lord's Prayer in the Indian language.

All during that long, dark night; all during that long, fruitless search for Wa-sata, Wynoshy kept repeating that prayer. Often in her wild despair she cast herself on the sands, wept bitterly and gave forth her heart in deep supplication. Then she would call aloud for Wa-sata

to come to her. But the cruel winds only mocked her grief and despair.

Meantime, all the other women walked around singing a sort of dirge, waved their hands aloft, and wailed to the night winds.

But no Wa-sata could be found.

During the night the winds fell, and when morning dawned, all was tranquil. By daylight, the five drunken Indians were sober enough to comprehend what had occurred. Old Cossaga was so stricken with grief and shame over his part in the tragedy that he fell to the ground like one dead, and could only moan and beat the ground with his clenched fists.

During the long, sweltering July day the fruitless search went on for the lost pappoose. Finally all gave up the search and mourned Wa-sata as dead.

Then it was that old Cossaga, overwhelmed with remorse, leaped into the Columbia river and drowned himself. His body was recovered and buried with the most extravagant expressions of sorrow.

Poor Wynoshy was now indeed left all alone—now she mourned for two. But it was not long.

Our kind-hearted rancher soon discovered to whom little Wa-sata belonged. Meantime his good wife had taken care of the pappoose. They heard of the great grief of the mother and of the death of Cossaga.

One bright morning the rancher and his wife drove down to Dalles. Then they sought out the sorrow-stricken mother, and handed over into her keeping the lost, but restored pappoose. Wild, indeed, was the joy of Wynoshy when she again pressed, in maternal rapture, her child to her dark bosom.

This thrilling incident in the life of Wa-sata happened years ago. Both mother and daughter are still living, and are quite prosperous. There is no worthless, lazy Cossaga now to squander their hard-earned money. Mother and daughter earn a comfortable living by the





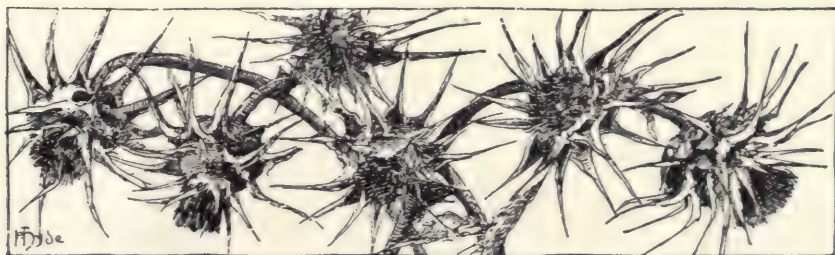
"Cossaga loafed around, drank bad whiskey and lorded it over poor Wynoshy."

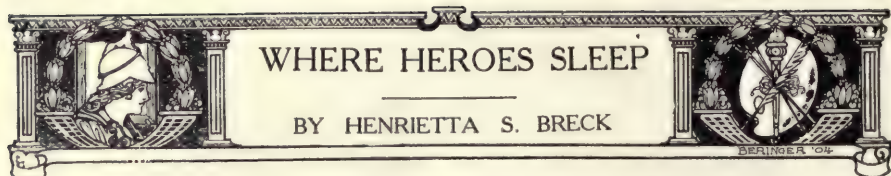
joint labor of their dextrous fingers.

Years of hard toil and sorrow have left deep traces on Wynoshy. Wrinkles and furrows mark her dark, careworn face, and her form is bent. But Wa-sata is a good, dutiful girl, and kind to her aged mother. She is now a tall young woman,

and very pretty—with long, black tresses, dark, flashing eyes, and a step nimble and noiseless as a fawn.

Very often Wynoshy tells Wa-sata of her narrow escape from a dreadful death in the wild, whirling sands—and the girl never grows weary of the story.





NO holiday in Columbia's calendar appeals more deeply to the hearts of her people than that in which we lay upon the graves of her dead heroes our ever-green tokens of gratitude and loving remembrance. Yet they who recollect the passionate spirit of its first observance cannot fail to see, particularly in the West, the change that, more and more as Time widens the gulf between the Then and Now, characterizes the day. Every orator in village or town, it is true, makes prominent the debt we owe to those immortals who gave their blood to cement our country into one indestructible whole; and if there be any in our burial places who wore the uniform, we place an offering above their silent hearts in acknowledgment of a never-ending indebtedness. After that we turn away to drop rosemary upon the dust of those whom we have loved and lost awhile, those who wore no uniform save such as

the brave and true and patient wear.

We might, very appropriately, call it All Soldiers' Day, so widely do we interpret it and recognize its solemnity as, like the tributary kings of old, we humbly bring our handful of flowers and bend the knee to Death, the over-lord of earth, murmuring the while:

"Life may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to truth be sealed,  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
So bountiful is Fate."

But no thought like that occurred to the founders of Memorial Day. And now that the time has come when they who gather immortelles for the citizen soldiers are as indifferent as the sleepers themselves whether they wore the blue or the gray, it is curious to see how closely fit the parts of the world's drama.

In the first years after the war, Southern wives and mothers, broken-hearted and despoiled, were wont to gather the flowers that Na-



The Presidio Barracks and Cemetery, San Francisco.





Sheridan's Tomb and Temple of Fame.

ture strewed over the desolate fields and to scatter them alike over their own beloved dead and the foes who slept as silently beside them. There was no pride or magnanimity in the deed, simply a grief so profound that it struck deep below all other forms of thought, and touched the sorrow that lies at the heart of the world. The effect produced throughout the North by a report of this was electrical. No hearth there but had its vacant chair, and many and many a home was ruined as irreparably as if swept by an invading army. This act was a bridge over the almost bottomless chasm of hatred and resentment, and the Army of the Republic hastened to embody its beautiful and touching sentiment in the nation's archives in such a way that it should be held in lasting remembrance.

To get quite the spirit of this beginning, one ought to stand in some of our great national cemeteries and look at the long lines of gleaming headstones stretching away in

every direction that mark a little of the cost in broken homes and lives of the Nation's life. And this careful interment of the brave men who cheerfully gave themselves for her was the least, in many cases the most, the country could do to show her gratitude.

There are eighty-three of these melancholy graveyards where the Union dead were buried. If you would know their names, follow the march of those vast opposing armies of North and South, remembering that when they met it was Anglo-Saxon against Anglo-Saxon. Shiloh, Vicksburg, Five Points, Lookout Mountain, it made little difference who won, the result was ever the same—thousands upon thousands of dead and dying, equaling a score of times, and twice, at least, outnumbering two to one Mt. Pelee's victims. One may well stand aghast at the thought of such carnage and wonder how it was possible to inter and name those fallen multitudes. It never would, never could,

have been done but for two things: the demand for decent and separate sepulture by the people who gave their sons, and the exceeding care with which each battle-field was gone over and every kind of identification noted. The horror of being forgotten, or occupying a nameless grave, was a part of what each soldier carried into battle with him, and the devices and compacts made with comrades to escape being numbered with the "Unknown," were sometimes very curious, always very pathetic.

In the first year of the war all

Lincoln—who does not remember those burning words that critics have called the finest piece of oratory in the language? "The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it (the field) far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devo-



The Rank and File.

hospitals received orders to keep accurate and permanent records of all deceased soldiers. But it was not until '63, after the terrible battle of Gettysburg, where fifty-four thousand Confederate and Union men were left upon the field, that the first of the National cemeteries was made. Pennsylvania then purchased seventeen and a half acres, which was a considerable part of the battlefield, and this was solemnly dedicated; Edward Everett making the formal speech. Nearly all the members of the Cabinet were present, and of course President

Lincoln; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

An imposing monument, recording details and bearing testimony to the courage of the slumberers around it, stands in the center of the field. In separate plats, radiating from it, the sons of different States were gathered together, each State caring for its own. But this arrangement savored too much of



the division in the Union that the Northern army was seeking, at such a frightful cost, to abolish, and so, after many impassioned discussions, it was determined that, since the end sought in this unnatural civic contest was the indissoluble welding of all its parts, so the sorrow, the loss, the gain involved, and the privilege of caring for the graves of her defenders belonged without discrimination to the whole country.

Next to Arlington, the Gettysburg Cemetery is the largest and best known. Every one of them,

an anomaly that any State should be able to boast: Come into my borders if you would see the tombs of Grant or Lincoln. But above all others, because this beautiful place was his home, should Robert E. Lee lie here among his sleeping guests in token that we are sons now of one commonwealth, and that the greatest pride and the finest loyalty consists in being Americans. Moreover, there never was a better, braver soldier than he; a Lieutenant in the United States army when the war broke out, and devoted to his profession, the strug-



Tomb of General Robert E. Lee at Richmond, Va.

from the Potomac to the Mississippi, is carefully and lovingly tended (as far as possible by members of the G. A. R.), but nearly all the most eminent of our soldier-dead lie at Arlington. No doubt this cemetery owes its pre-eminence to the fact of its being so near to the Capitol, yet its historic interest, linked as it is with revered Washington, is hardly a secondary one to the visitor, so that it seems doubly hallowed, doubly national. And eminently fitting it would be if all the nation's great heroes kept their last long bivouac here. It is

gle between love for country and State was a hard one for Lee. The magic that lay in the name Virginia won him, and he lay down his sword—if he could not fight for the Union, at least he would not fight against it. But he had not reckoned in this resolve with the power of States' Rights nor the many courageous, honorable men who saw their duty from that standpoint. He was a son of the South, and he owed her fealty. When Sumter fell he left Arlington, never to return.

The estate, comprising several



The Union Dead.

hundred acres, had been bought by George Washington for his adopted son, Mr. Custis, whose daughter married General Lee. The fine old mansion, and the magnificent grounds lying on the low Virginian hills just opposite the Capitol across the Potomac, were the pride of the Custis-Lee family, as it was of the whole country-side. But this position so delightful in peace was a misfortune in war, for since Washington was the objective of the Confederate forces, Arlington was an incomparable strategic point for its protection, and must be occupied by an army; so, hardly had the great gates closed behind the Lee family than they opened again to admit those patriots who at the first call of their country hurried to her defense. Crushed were the lovely flowers, ruined the smiling green-sward beneath the "iron heel of war." The stately mansion that for nearly a century had been the home of wit and beauty and wealth, became a barrack! Strange irony of Fate. Who knows to what end he builds? Would they who planted these noble trees have stayed their hands could they have foreseen soldiers, enemies of their house, lying beneath them with their hideous

wounds and mortal sickness, but thanking God for so much of comfort as the shade gave them?

The war was nearly over before any thought of Arlington as a national cemetery was entertained. It came about in this way: General Meigs, the Quartermaster, upon whom devolved the duty of caring for the wounded and dead, had been a life-long friend of Lee. One afternoon he and President Lincoln had driven over the long bridge from Washington, and while the President visited the tents of the sick soldiers, General Meigs stood on the steps of the house, apparently looking at the panorama before him. But his eyes took no heed of river or mountain; he was trying to solve a problem that might well have puzzled even a stronger man than he—what was to be done with those men, who, having given all that they could to their country, asked only sepulture in return? Already the hospitals in and around the Capitol were full, and the last bit of ground had been used in all the adjoining cemeteries, yet there was no hope that the fell Reaper would lay aside his fearful sickle. Far out across the low line of hazy hills the two greatest men of that



bloody contest, Grant and Lee, had met at last in the battle of the Wilderness. Only too well General Meigs knew the meaning of the sullen thunder, the incessant lightning flashes. Too well he knew what the harvest of that week's work would be, and anger against his old friend filled his heart. "No matter what the issue of the war, Lee shall never, never return to Arlington," he exclaimed when Lincoln joined him. Hardly had he spoken, than the Captain of a squad of soldiers bearing stretchers approached him, saluting, pointed to the silent forms, and asked where he should place them. Quick as thought the Quartermaster motioned to the terrace below him, and said: "There; bury them there, and hereafter see that all who die at Arlington are buried here." Curiously enough, with a meaning these forty years have revealed to us, the first body over which the brief but touching service was read was that of a Confederate prisoner who had died of his wounds in this loved

home of his idolized General.

Some years later these first interments were removed and placed down in the grounds with thousands more of the rank and file, while the vicinity immediately about the house was reserved for the commissioned officers. General Sheridan lies directly in front of the main entrance, and by his side is Admiral Porter; ranging to right and left and below them sleep a host of heroes whose names and deeds will be extolled by their country as long as valor is revered. Only in this section of the burial-ground is any deviation permitted from the prescribed form of monument, the wooden slabs that first marked the soldier's graves, bearing name, date, and regiment having long since given place to simple but substantial marble ones of the Government's choosing.

It is conceded that General Sheridan's is the most beautiful monument in the cemetery; it is of massive granite, exquisitely polished, with a wonderfully fine bronze flag



Arlington Mansion.

lying against its face, and draped about the medallion head of the hero who lies beneath. Everywhere on the terrace relatives and States have paid their mead of love and honor to the brave men who slumber there, but all their monuments do not contain so much of pathos, nor of interest, as does a great oblong granite sarcophagus, resting upon rugged hewn stones, and bearing in part this inscription:

"Their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their coun-

gether, boxed separately as far as possible, and placed in this enduring monument. How many a father has stood before it, and wondered if the hope of his declining years, the son who so gaily bade adieu to home and friends, lay there. The papers briefly announced him "missing," even before his last cheery letter on the eve of battle was read, and all the frenzied searching never revealed one iota more.

Very near this sarcophagus is a beautiful structure called the Tem-



The Confederate Dead.

try, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

It is the tomb of twenty-one hundred and eleven "Unknown" dead, whose bones were gathered from the battle-fields within a radius of forty miles of Washington. There were no means of identification—a skull here, an arm there, sometimes a whole skeleton in a thicket where a poor wounded "boy" had crept out of the melee, or dragged himself from the scorching sun to die alone. All were gathered to-

ple of Fame. The marble pillars that uphold the dome are inscribed with deathless names, and in the cornice are four—greatest of the great, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut. A little farther along, on the same terrace, stands a sort of arbor, its latticed, vine-covered roof supported by a number of stone pillars, and forming a cover for a platform of masonry upon which is a reading desk of white marble. The opening is toward an amphitheatre in which perhaps two thousand people can be seated. Here Memorial



Day exercises are held. Naturally, this is "the" day of the year, and every effort is made to keep up the high character of the addresses delivered each anniversary. The country is scoured for famous orators, and many are the masterpieces of pathos and eloquence that have moved the great audience to tears. One cannot keep them back in even reading Mr. Ingersoll's, where it hangs framed by several others in

the long, south room of the mansion that is open to visitors. The whole weight of those four awful years, the sighs and groans, the anguish of spirit and torture of body, the desolation, the horror of the unnatural strife, all come upon one in a perfect flood, and he is glad to escape from a place, beautiful as only Arlington can be, where even the winds as they rustle the tree-tops whisper—Death.



The Lincoln Monument in Springfield

---

## REINCARNATION

---

BY C. F. MONTGOMERY

The sands of time fall fast, and man aghast presumes  
 His day will close when grains of life descend  
 Unto the lower vault; unthinking he  
     Was in reverse before,  
     And mayhap turn  
         Again.  
     In vain?  
     Within the urn  
     Eternal, there is store  
     Beyond a man's capacity  
 To judge. He dies; returns; old forces blend,  
 And once again the miracle of life resumes.



## THE BECTHEL MANSION MURDER

BY FRANK WALKER WINCH



THE clipping from the "San Francisco Press" fell from the hands of Neal Dawson, who twirled his fingers and gazed unseeingly at a photograph on his desk. Chief of Police Proctor had handed Dawson the piece detailing him on the case.

The sun shone through a grated window and its light slanted across the young detective's face. His features were an index to his character, one in which stern justice merged with honesty of purpose; a kindly thought for the fallen ones with whom he came in contact. A tenacious determination enlightened with a keen intellect stood forth like an open book on the shrewd and thoughtful face.

Dawson was a thinker. He weighed and analyzed, he could connect minor details with facts of importance and above all he was an adept in the art of deduction. His calling demanded quick action, nerves of steel and a courageous heart. Experience with men and their ways had taught him to read a character in a glance, to see through the foibles, the deceit and treachery of the criminal.

Beneath the surface of gentility he saw the motive that prompted crime, behind the robe of scarlet he perceived the hidden dagger, he detected from apparently innocent lips the words that would condemn the speaker. Dawson was a man who was feared and respected.

Without turning his head Neal spoke, "Come in Mac, I was just thinking of you.

"How the dickens did you know that it was me," MacManus replied, "I suppose that you knew at one minute to twelve I would—,"

"Nonsense. There is only one story that would get a newspaper man out at this early hour, and there is only one newspaper man that has the enterprise—I mean audacity—to disturb me and that is Foster MacManus," said Dawson handing MacManus a cigar.

"I only just heard about the Lagunitas case and wanted to get in a little early work on it, Neal," and MacManus drew up a chair. "What has been done? Have you asked the daughters and this man Rodriguez to call?" These questions all came in a breath.

"Yes and they are expected here every minute. I have seen Rodriguez; in fact, he just left to get the young ladies. He seems to be very much distressed over the affair and is ready to augment the reward he has offered."

A knock on the door and two young ladies entered the room, closely followed by an athletic looking man.

"Mr. Dawson, I have brought the ladies as you requested," Rodriguez said, introducing the missing man's daughters. "I fear that our conference will throw but little light on the subject as we know nothing further than the story related in the papers."

Dawson asked the customary questions which were readily answered. Meanwhile MacManus was busy making note of the three visitors. "Well, what do you think, Neal?" Mac asked as the door closed.

"Likely to prove an interesting case," was Dawson's laconic reply, and beyond that he would not commit himself.

That afternoon Dawson and the



reporter were seen leaving the City Prison together, and when the former returned several hours later he was surprised to find Rodriguez awaiting him.

"Ah, Mr. Dawson, I wanted a few minutes with you alone. I have something to say that I did not feel at liberty to state when we were here a few hours ago. You are aware that I am the prospective son-in-law of Lagunitas, and as such it behooves me to leave no stone unturned to aid you in finding the missing man. You are also conversant with the fact that the estate of Lagunitas is a rich one, and consequently it would be an object for any one to get it in such shape that it could be realized upon. Do you catch my point?"

"No, not clearly."

"In plain words, then, this could be done in only one way. To marry one of the girls, which would open a way for the acquiring of the wealth——"

"And this has to do with the case?"

"It creates the motive, Mr. Dawson, for a crime. Miss Juanita has been receiving the attentions of a young man by the name of Frank Morgan. He is a cigar clerk in the employ of a firm on Kearny street. His suit met with strong objection on the part of the old gentleman; in fact, I am told that the two men had a serious quarrel three nights ago, and Mr. Lagunitas bade him never to return to the house."

"And what would you infer from this?"

"That I leave to you, Mr. Dawson. I have merely stated the facts and you must draw your own conclusions. I would not wish to accuse any one without something more substantial than a faint surmise, but I deem it only proper that I render you all the service in my power."

"Quite right."

Dawson and MacManus dined together that evening at Tortoni's, on

Broadway street, just above Montgomery avenue.

"Morgan! Impossible!" exclaimed MacManus, after the detective had related the foregoing conversation. "Frank and I were classmates, and a better fellow never lived. He is a peculiar chap, in some things erratic, but believe me a man that would never sully his good name with a crime."

"Morgan is under surveillance now, merely as a precautionary measure," Dawson said. "For a day or so nothing can be done; so let us go to the Orpheum to-night."

"Orpheum! and a \$10,000 reward staring you in the face!" MacManus gasped. "You are worse to understand than a Dutch riddle."

But no argument would change the determined detective, so to the theatre they went. Once there MacManus recalled the fact that it was Monday night and a thought flashed through his mind. Morgan was in the habit of reserving seats at the vaudeville house every Monday. He would call Frank over and introduce him to Dawson.

"You seem to be anxious about some one in that tenth row, MacManus. I should say some one that is not there!" Dawson said quietly.

"You divine my thoughts as you would read a book. It is true I was looking for a friend, but he is not there. I expected to see Morgan; he has those two front seats every Monday." MacManus' voice was lowered. "You don't think that his absence has anything to do with the mystery?"

"We shall hope not."

The matter was dropped with Dawson's reply. Both men were thinking, and thinking hard. When the curtain rang down the two friends separated.

MacManus stepped into a nearby cafe, and tried to get Morgan over the 'phone. Premonitions of evil beset the newspaper man's mind. He could not disentangle his friend from the bit of circumstantial evi-

dence that had gathered around the unfortunate young chap. When the reporter entered Dawson's office the next morning he was greeted with news that nearly staggered him.

"Mac., the body of Lagunitas has been discovered in the old Beethel mansion on Pacific avenue. The mystery grows deeper every hour."

"The Beethel mansion!" Mac exclaimed. "Why, we had a sensation there about five years ago at the time Beethel was murdered. That property belongs to Rodriguez, who is a step-son of Beethel. Neal," he said with a pause, "I think I see through this thing now. I will wager that the Spaniard is at the bottom of it all!"

"Inexperience, Mac.," Dawson said in a quizzical manner, "prompts you to jump at conclusions. I think that the man we have in custody can enlighten us on the matter."

"Then you have arrested Rodriguez?"

"No," Dawson replied slowly, "we have locked up Frank Morgan."

"Morgan!" gasped MacManus as if stunned; "for heaven's sake, Neal, there is some terrible mistake here. Everything points to Rodriguez."

"What would be his motive?" Dawson asked. "He is rich, an accepted suitor, and an interested party in seeing the culprit punished. On the other hand, Morgan is a clerk, infatuated with one of the girls, and a man in love might use a desperate means to gain an end. These are things to be considered, Mac."

"I understand, Neal, but this is all conjecture, and it is an outrage to incarcerate a man on such unsubstantiated reasoning. It is most unlike you to base a conclusion on such a flimsy theory."

"Nor did I," responded Dawson. "Read this," handing MacManus the report of the arresting officer, which read:

"Headquarters Police Department.  
San Francisco, Nov. 11, 1903.  
Detective Neal Dawson—

Sir: Pursuant to your instructions I submit the following report in the matter of Jose Lagunitas. On Monday afternoon, Officer Thompson and myself called at the office of Frank Morgan. We were told that he would not return for the day, as he was home ill. On going to his residence we found that he had not been there since Saturday evening. About 5 p. m. we picked up the trail at Turk and Eddy streets just as he was leaving Clawson's pool rooms. I kept him in sight whilst Thompson made inquiries at the poolrooms. He stopped in a telegraph office and then jumped in a closed hack which was waiting. After making a long detour the carriage drew up at the corner of Pacific and Broderick streets and Morgan alighted. Glancing around to see that he was not being followed he walked rapidly until he approached the Beethel mansion and entered the yard. I entered the house by a rear window, and creeping along the hallway, found a door open, and in the dim light I could see the body of a man lying on the floor. Just then the gate closed, and I made a hasty exit and found Morgan leaving the premises. I accosted him, and upon refusing to give an explanation of his presence there I placed him under arrest. After handcuffing him, we went back to the house and we were admitted by the watchman, who is an old man and very lame. We went into the room, and the watchman stood on guard near the mantle-piece. I sealed the apartment with a silk thread. As we were leaving the premises I picked up the enclosed pocketbook which had been thrown in the grass. Across the flap of the purse was printed in gold letters, 'Jose Lagunitas.'

Respectfully,  
EDWIN STAFFORD, Corporal of Police."

"and here is another one from Thompson:

"Sir—I find that a man by the



name of Frank Morgan visited Clawson's poolrooms and made a wager of \$1,000 this afternoon.

Respectfully,

HOWARD THOMPSON."

MacManus read the reports carefully and then handed them back.

"Well?" asked Neal.

"Looks bad. But Morgan is not guilty. I feel it with a conviction that cannot err."

"It is the conviction born of friendship, and it is prone to be prejudiced. I just rang for Rodriguez to meet us at the house, and we'll take a run up to the prison to see Morgan before we go out."

Morgan declined to be interviewed but asked to be excused from seeing either of them.

When Dawson and the reporter arrived at the mansion they found a stranger seated on the front steps. A few minutes later Rodriguez arrived.

"Gentlemen, you will wait for me here a few minutes," Dawson said, motioning for the stranger to follow him.

The silk thread had not been broken. Dawson made a quick mental note of the room and its contents and the stranger made his exit by a rear door. The others of the party soon joined the detective.

"I would trouble you, Mr. Rodriguez, to stand there at the mantle and hold one of these candles, and if you, MacManus, will give me a hand we will lift the body to the couch."

As they did so, Dawson noticed a card lying on the floor beneath the body. It bore the name and address of Frank Morgan. Unobserved, he slipped the pasteboard in his pocket and glanced at MacManus in time to see the latter start. He was stooping over the body of the dead man and had made some discovery.

"What do you think of the case, Mr. Dawson?" Rodriguez asked.

"I am not decided yet," the detective replied, eyeing an abrazure in

the wall just over the mantle-piece.

"What was your idea in leaving me alone with the Spaniard?" MacManus asked when they were alone in Dawson's office.

"I wanted to give you an opportunity to study the man."

"As I thought, and I tell you frankly, Neal, that chap is sincere. Until to-day, I suspected that he was responsible for this mystery, but I am as convinced now that he is absolutely innocent. Did you find any clew in the house?"

"Yes, and a damaging one, too. Look at this," and Dawson handed the reporter a card.

"My God! Morgan's business card. What on earth does it mean?"

"First, what did you find by examining the eyes of the dead man?"

"A point that adds to the mystery, inasmuch as Rodriguez told me that there was no gas in the house. It is a fact that Lagunitas was killed by inhaling the deadly fumes of carbon monoxide. A pinkish coloring around the eyelids exposed the means of death. It looks very bad for Frank; don't you think so, Neal?"

"Decidedly. It is more than likely that he will be held over to answer for the crime of murder."

MacManus dined alone that night. His heart was heavy for his friend. Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. To think was to act, and he hurriedly left the restaurant.

The evening was heavily laden with a pall of mist, the fog horns and warning bells re-echoed ominously through the haze-hung atmosphere.

A close observer in the vicinity of the Beethel mansion would have noticed a roughly-attired figure bound lightly over the grass, pry open a window and cautiously enter.

It crept through the dark passages with the stealth of a cat. Every few feet the figure would pause and listen, but no sound save the heavy thumping of his heart broke the deathly silence. Edging nearer and

nearer to the watchman's door, the figure drew close to the floor and enfolded itself in a massive portierre.

It was MacManus, who was bent on doing a little detective work on his own account.

"Bah!" he muttered under his breath. "My theories are nothing but child's prattle. My only chance to save Morgan's life was to prove——"

MacManus bent his ear to the wall and listened. Every nerve was on edge, every ounce of blood in his body seemed aflame. He could faintly distinguish footsteps.

Crouching closer to the floor, he folded the heavy curtain about him and clutched the butt of his revolver with grim determination.

As he clicked the hammer of his gun the footsteps ceased. Evil forebodings were enhanced by the ghastly silence and terrible darkness. Suddenly a blinding flash of light burst from the other side of the hall. MacManus raised his gun and was about to fire.

"Hold on there. I have heard that you are a pretty good shot, but you need not prove it."

"The devil!"

"No; it's only me, bent on ferreting out a devil's work."

Dawson stepped from his place of concealment. "Come, Mac.; nothing more can be done here. I have secured the evidence that I desired, and have forged the connecting link about the man who committed the crime. I have an appointment with Rodriguez at 11 o'clock, and want you to be there. No doubt he will be gratified with the result of tonight's work."

An hour afterward and MacManus was seated beside Morgan in the latter's cell.

"Come, Mac., old man, don't worry about me," Morgan said; "there must be some mistake in all this. I am innocent; let the memory of our schoolboy days stand sponsor for me at this hour, and if I am convicted I will have nothing

to say; in fact, I cannot say anything."

"For God's sake, man, do you realize that you are charged with murder, and that the evidence is strong enough to convince any jury?"

The two men parted, and as MacManus was standing at the foot of the elevator he met Rodriguez.

"Mr. MacManus," began the latter, "I understand that you and Mr. Morgan have been friends. I sincerely trust that any feeling of sympathy you bear towards the accused will in no wise influence you to do or say anything that might make the investigation less rigorous."

"Certainly not, Mr. Rodriguez. What is the matter with your hand?"

"Merely a slight burn, but I feared the night air might aggravate it." As the huge clock in the tower struck eleven, Rodriguez and the reporter entered the detective's office. MacManus lit a cigar and threw himself into a large chair there to await developments.

"Gentlemen," Dawson slowly began, "the chances are that before we get through with our meeting tonight we will arrive at a solution of the mysterious disappearance and death of Jose Lagunitas. We no doubt will even listen to a confession from the guilty man. Mac., touch that button and send for Morgan."

A few minutes later the manacled and accused man shuffled into the room.

"Mr. Morgan," the detective began, "I have enough evidence to hang the murderer of Jose Lagunitas, but for the sake of leaving nothing in doubt, I deemed it wise to have you make a few explanations. Denial will avail you nothing, as everything is known. My advice would be to tell a straightforward story. What have you to say?"

"Nothing!"

"You are maintaining a damning silence my friend; think a moment and follow my suggestion."



"Mr. Dawson, I was not aware that the police could constitute itself tribunal and judge. This farcical attempt to induce me to vindicate myself of a charge of which I am innocent, is an indecent overstepping of your authority. Permit me to retire to my cell."

An anxious look spread over the features of MacManus. Rodriguez smilingly petted his injured hand.

"Mr. Morgan," Dawson exclaimed, rising from his chair, "you will regret that——"

Just then something crashed to the floor and the office was plunged in total darkness. A slight noise as if a chair had overturned and Rodriguez shouted:

"Here! Let go of me! Help, Mr. Dawson, help me!"

The lights came back as suddenly as they had disappeared. Morgan and MacManus gaped in surprise at the strange sight that met their eyes. Rodriguez was shackled to his chair, and both hands were securely clasped in a pair of steel handcuffs. Dawson stood near, holding a shining revolver to the Spaniard's head, while with his other hand he clutched the bandaged wrist of the handcuffed man.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" the Spaniard exclaimed.

"Mac., call the officers," Dawson replied, coolly ignoring the other's demand. When the patrolmen entered, the detective spoke in his usual nonchalant manner.

"Remove the bracelets from that man," pointing to Morgan, "and then take off this bandage. Our friend here has a bad hand, but it is not as dangerous as the revolver he has concealed beneath these bits of rag."

"I demand an explanation of this outrage!" frantically yelled Rodriguez.

"A minute more and then all will come right," Dawson responded.

"Ah, there it is," and the detective daintily lifted a loaded pistol from

the now unbandaged hand of the Spaniard.

"Now," said the sleuth, "we are nearly at the end of your black page of crime, Salvador Rodriguez. I charge you with the wanton murder of your friend and benefactor, Jose Lagunitas. If your miserable life could answer for two crimes you would also hang for the murder of Joseph Beethel, your foster-father, and the subsequent forging of his will."

"You are mad!" Rodriguez shouted, derisively. "What you say is absurd. I scorn your accusation and defy you to prove your ranting assertion that I am guilty of murder."

\* \* \* \*

"Why, really, there is nothing to explain," Dawson said, answering a query of MacManus.

"That's just it, Dawson; nothing seems difficult to you."

"In this case it was merely focusing one's mind to the matter in hand, and then applying the rudiments of deduction, and the result was sure to come. Poor Morgan was the means to the end in this case. It was necessary to hold him under suspicion in order to divert the suspicion of the guilty one and throw him off his guard. Any student of human nature would have regarded Rodriguez as an undesirable acquaintance. I saw at a glance that he was a shrewd, crafty fellow, and one who would employ all his cunning intelligence against discovery."

"With the finding of the body there was opened a channel of thought that eventually developed the criminal. We were told that there was no gas in the house except that used in the basement by the watchman. Further than this, the watchman was lame, but on investigation he could not be found. I noted the footsteps of the watchman in a fine powdered chalk that had fallen at the mantle-piece. The impression could not have been made by a lame man, for both the sole and

heel were firmly implanted on the dust-marked carpet.

"Searching in the basement revealed the slippers that were worn, because they, too, were marked with the tell-tale dust. These slippers were worn by the watchman that admitted my Corporal of Police.

"Under a false flooring in the room I also found a wig bearing the maker's name. From him I secured an excellent description of Rodriguez."

"Then the watchman and the Spaniard were the same?"

"Certainly."

"But he was rich?"

"No; at the end of his rope, with all his property mortgaged. This was shown by the records at the City Hall."

"And the money that Morgan wagered?"

"Was simply a commission from a friend that did not desire his name divulged."

"And the gas?"

"A bill from a plumber showed that a portion of the plaster in the wall had been removed, and a fine set of tubes inserted connecting with the key in the basement."

"But why did Morgan go to the house?"

"Because he was led there on a forged note purporting to be from his sweetheart, and for that reason he would not make a statement, fearing that the young lady would be drawn into the vortex of publicity. Now, Mac., let's go to dinner. I'm tired."

## SLEEP

Sleep forsakes me—

A thronging crowd of evil forms

Press round me—Voiceless storms

Break, blazing, on my sight. I fall

Through space unmeasured and I call

With bursting lungs, and none do hear,

While crouching, oh! so close, sits awful Fear,

When sleep forsakes me.

Sleep bends o'er me,

Her fingers, satin-smooth, press down

My tired limbs; her hair is thrown

Across my lips; her languor-heavy eyes

Gaze into mine and mine go dreaming, soft sighs

Her breath above my brow, then deep and even

Comes my own and smiling, so I enter Heaven

When sleep bends o'er me.



# EARLY CALIFORNIA JOURNALISM

Shasta Courier

BY DAVID E. GORDON

**I**T is fifty-two years the present month since the *Shasta Courier* was given to the world. That is a vivid reminder that the writer used to peruse the *Courier* columns in the fourth year of its existence. The muster roll of California journals then was an insignificant one compared with that of to-day. Sam Brannan's *California Star* was a pioneer, but while it was typically Californian, it was not reckoned to be of the new order—a representative of Greater California about to be ushered in—for the State had not yet been admitted to the sisterhood. The *Alta California*, of blanket proportions, would have been the senior member in the family of California journals if it had tarried. But it went untimely to fill a reserved nook in the journalistic graveyard many years ago. Now the hoary *Calaveras Chronicle* occupies that place of honor. Yet it has only a trifling advantage in the matter of age, for it had barely thrown off swaddling clothes when the *Shasta Courier* appeared upon the scene. The "exchange list" was not an overgrown one in "the days of old," for so far as the Golden State was concerned, the total could be reached in multiplying nine by two as late as 1855. They were newspapers full of life and nerve, usually with aggressive tendencies. Mail facilities were freakish, readers of English more rare than now, and the newspapers were of necessity marvels of fervor and originality.

The first issue of the *Shasta Courier* was dated March 13, 1852, though my greatly esteemed pioneer friend, Dr. Benj. Shurtleff of Napa, who has been a subscriber thereto 52 consecutive years, reminds me that "it appeared on the 12th," and that its advent was a revelation to

the then bustling *Shasta* community and the sparsely populated region north and south of it. It was virtually the representative of all State territory north of Marysville. Skillman, Dosh and Hinckley were the publishers, and General Sam H. Dosh was editor. Subscription, \$10 per annum; advertising rates, \$4 per square (10 lines) first insertion, \$2 each subsequent insertion. From Dr. Shurtleff I also learn that Gen. Dosh first went to *Shasta* (then *Reading Springs*) in 1851, and after studying the eligibility of the location and the natural advantages it offered, resolved to start a paper—an undertaking of more than usual moment, for printers' warehouses were rare at that early date. Returning to San Francisco, General Dosh took immediate steps towards securing a newspaper outfit, returning to *Shasta* early in the following year. A little later the *Courier* appeared as the sole journalistic representative of Northern California. It was in excellent hands, and was a favorite in every mining camp in *Shasta*, *Trinity*, *Siskiyou* and *Klamath* Counties, and it was the official organ of them all, and of *Humboldt's* present territory as well, for that county had not as yet been segregated from *Trinity*. During the first two or three years of existence the income of the paper was phenomenal; in fact, enormous. I well remember an occasion in 1856 on which Mr. Skillman, the business manager, imparted to me the secret of the first year's earnings, but the sum is so seemingly fabulous in connection with a country newspaper that I refrain from telling it in print. It put to shame diggings that yielded "an ounce a day to the man," doubled. This much may grate harshly on the sensibili-

ties of country newspaper publishers in California to-day.

General Dosh was a native of Virginia, a most affable gentleman of rare personality and splendid physique; a social favorite in the companionship of his peers and a man of unimpeachable integrity. In the editorial position his wont was to be generous, but always just, whatever might depend. Yet assailants in any form were not long delayed in learning when the limit to endurance was reached. A staunch and consistent Democrat, he yet faltered when believing that the course of his party was invading the sanctuary of the common weal. Though a Southerner by birth and a Democrat, he opposed President Buchanan's Kansas policy, particularly in relation to the Leecompton Constitution, and supported Stephen A. Douglas for President in 1860. After an exciting contest in the election of 1858, General Dosh was elected to the State Senate from his district by a majority of 13 votes. He was commissioned to be General of the 4th Brigade, California Militia, by Governor John Bigler, and filled that position several years. Death came ultimately to the noble-hearted pioneer editor, occurring at Shasta on the 12th of June, 1861, at the age of 35 years. Those who remember the funeral occasion at the Union Church in Shasta have not forgotten that it was attended by a greater concourse of people than had ever before assembled in that mountain town. A good and true citizen had been called, and all the people mourned with the stricken family.

Judge Hinckley, also a popular and exemplary citizen, retired from the firm early in the Courier's history, but whether before or after his election as County Judge, is forgotten. Years afterwards he established the Shasta Republican, which did gallant party service during the brief years of its life.

Archibald Skillman was a New

York printer and had learned his lesson well. He remained with the Courier until it was sold to John J. Conmy in the early sixties, about which time Mr. Skillman was elected Sheriff and Tax Collector of the county. He was one of Shasta's most popular citizens and his name was a familiar one in all North California. After the expiration of his term of office Mr. Skillman removed to San Francisco, and some years later went to Eureka, Nevada, where he published the Sentinel for a long term of years, and until his death, which occurred in San Francisco a few years ago. The paper is still being published by E. A. Skillman, son of the founder.

John J. Conmy continued the publication of the Courier until its sale to W. L. Carter in 1869, Mr. Carter having been editor of the paper during the last two years of Conmy's ownership. The latter removed to San Jose, where he engaged in the job printing business for many years.

William Lloyd Carter was a born newspaper man and editor. Before coming to California he was connected with several journals in the West, though he had barely passed his majority. When John Rollin Ridge established the Trinity National at Weaverville in 1863, Carter, who was a skilled practical printer, took charge of the mechanical department. The National was short-lived. After a brief term of service with the Gazette at Douglas City, Trinity County, Mr. Carter went to Shasta and soon after started the Pioneer at the then new town of Copper City. After a year of vigorous service, the Pioneer was discontinued, but not through any fault or inattention on the part of the publisher. In 1869 he succeeded Conmy in the ownership of the Shasta Courier, and for nearly thirty years held it in the front rank of Republican journals in North California. In 1889 he founded the McCloud River Pioneer in the great





Gen. Sam H. Dosh, founder of the Shasta Courier

pine timber region of Shasta County. Failure in the materialization of a projected railroad to the Pioneer's mountain headquarters caused a suspension of its publication. During all the years of his California newspaper work Mr. Carter was a conspicuous figure in Republican politics. Death claimed him on the last day of July, 1901, the end being hastened as the result of a road accident years before. His taking off was universally deplored

in the community whose interests he had so vigorously championed during nearly a third of a century. The Courier is still "published by W. L. Carter & Son." The latter, Lloyd L. Carter, who is receiver of the Shasta Land Office, assumes the duties of editor, and holds the Courier as nearly in the front rank of mountain journalism as present conditions in the old town of Shasta will permit.

# THE EVOLUTION OF A WINDOW

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

**I**T was John La Farge who created opalescent glass; it was Tiffany who made it commercial. To the genius and foresight of the one, to the wealth and enthusiasm of the other, we owe the possibility of putting pictures into our homes which respond to every change of the sun.

Of course, the first step in creating a window is the design. The artist makes a small water-color sketch showing his plan and general color scheme. From this, he makes a full-sized charcoal drawing, which must be exact in every measurement with the proposed window. From the drawing, an artisan makes three tracings upon heavy manilla paper. One of these he saves to show the "lead lines." The other two are cut into their component parts, which are carefully numbered.

The scissors used for this purpose are hand-made, and have a triplet, rather than a pair, of blades. A transverse section of the lead, used later for binding the glass together, looks like a capital letter "H," and the space between the parallel blades of the scissors is to allow in the pattern for the cross bar in the lead.

Two easels, one of wood, and one of plate glass, are put side by side. Then the craftsman begins to sort the numbered pieces, and patiently fit them together. He tacks the bits upon the wood; upon the glass he places corresponding bits, and secures them with wax. The spaces between he blackens to give the effect of leads. When the design is complete, the workmen set the

glass easel with its back to a window, and the wooden one near, to the left.

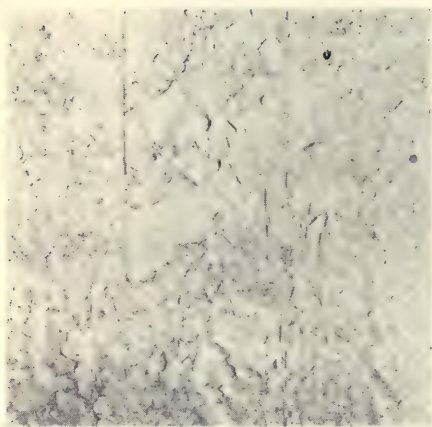
Next comes the wizard. He begins, perhaps, with the tip of an angel's wing. From the glass he lifts a fragment of the pattern, with a knife designed for the purpose. In a sheet of rippled amber, he finds a bit which appeals to him. He deftly cuts it with his sharp steel wheel, and lo, in his hand lies a feather. This he fits to the angel's wing, where the wax holds it fast. The piece of the pattern he has used is tacked over its counterpart on the wooden easel.

From another sheet he cuts a pool of water, translucent, shimmering in light and shade. In another he finds only the crimson petal of a lily. It is the accidents in opalescent glass, the uneven mixings of metal oxides which, taken advantage of, makes the creation of the artist a thing of life. Bit by bit the picture is fitted together. When it is complete, the pieces are again transferred, this time to the "leading drawing," which lies on a huge table. The leads are twisted and bent; they are soldered at the joints and made secure.

Once more the window is raised with its back to the light, and the "toning" begins. This is a process of softening some parts and intensifying others. It is done by experiment, by building one piece of glass upon another until the desired tint or tone is obtained. Sometimes as many as six or seven layers of glass are sandwiched together, and the back of the window becomes moun-  
tainous, before the artist is content.







Paper tracing of a window design, ready to be replaced by glass

So flexible is opalescent glass, so wonderfully suggestive in its coloring, that only the face and hands of a figure window need the help of a brush. For them, La Farge himself was baffled in finding a substitute for paint. There was a theory that a sheet of blue glass, backed by sheets of red and yellow, thus forming a spectrum, might have muriatic acid applied to the separate colors which would reduce them to flesh tints. The theory was tried and found impracticable.



Charcoal drawing and original plan and color scheme

One of our artists has invented a way of putting up a window without the transverse bars of iron, formerly used for holding it in place. This gives the picture to the street at night, in all the beauty with which the sun gives it to the house in the day.



Same design before it has been toned and leaded, for home of Mrs. Maurice Casey



Photo of finished window showing the lead lines

Window designed by Joseph Evan MacKay for Mrs. Maurice Casey, San Francisco

San Francisco homes are beginning to do what San Francisco churches have neglected. They are putting the best work of our best window artists where they can have



them for daily inspiration. From the hallway of Mr. Horace Hill's home, you look through a tangle of purple and white wisteria. You see an iris-bordered bank, and a stream with lilies on its breast.

Mr. Hill came into the studio one morning with a question: "Was the dew on my orchid intentional or did it happen?" he asked.

The artist smiled: "It happened by forethought and a diligent search through my material," he said.

Mrs. Maurice Casey owns a pas-

toral poem in glass. Both her window and Mr. Hill's are the work of Joseph Evan MacKay.

Harry Ford Ingerson has designed and placed two home windows of which the city is proud.

Gordon Ross is filling his first orders here, and the work shows the strength of the man. Arthur Johnson is another designer who is making a name.

The West has a trick of always coming to the front. Her collection of opalescent gems is but begun.

## DAWN

BY M. ELIZABETH BURNS HOWELL

A gleam of gold in the azure cold,  
And a crescent moon a-swing;  
An amber star in the dome a-far,  
And a lilting bird a-wing.

A babe at rest on its mother's breast,  
A bird by the casement old;  
The babe awakes as the morning breaks  
And the rose-bud leaves unfold.

The moon wanes pale and the star-beams fail,  
And the glow of the gold grows wide;  
The bird mounts high in the gilding sky,  
As he sings to the rising tide.

To the tide of Day on its upward way,  
And the tide of the year, new-born;  
For Life is true when the year is new,  
And Love lifts a hymn at morn.

O the night must go with its weight of woe,  
And its bitter blight of sin,  
For the day-star brings on his healing wings,  
A kindlier era in.

The laboring Earth travails in birth,  
The birth of a better creed;  
The old globe groans and the world-heart moans  
In a wild soul-cry of need.

But the Son of Man shall come again,  
And utter His peace, be still:  
Prove the larger good of Brotherhood  
And the boon of God's good will.

Now the shadows rift, the storm-clouds lift.  
The end of the Age a-nears;  
Yon East burns white with a holy light,  
Lo! the Prince of Peace appears!

# JACK LONDON

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

**J**ACK LONDON has, perhaps as no other American author, put his own life into his books. He has lived his art. It is this feature of London's work that makes one ready to prophesy that his sojourn as war correspondent at the seat of the great conflict between Russia and Japan will result in, unless the drudgery of newspaper hack-work interferes, at least one new volume of powerful delineation of life.

London's first series of personal adventure was aboard a whaler on the seas northeast of Japan. Perhaps his return to Japan means an Oriental sea-story. London has already in mind a striking title, which the writer of this article is sworn not to reveal, but which, it is permitted to say, indicates a tale of the deep.

At any rate, we may rest assured that the author of "The Call of the Wild" is now building a new and important epoch in the long list of his startling experiences. That these experiences mean another book is merely the logic of London's life. It is this relation between his own active life and his literary art that makes his biography intensely fascinating.

\* Jack London is a native son of California. His father and mother have resided in California for more than thirty years. Mr. London, senior, was a Civil War veteran, and while in the service contracted diseases, which, after entailing much expense and hardship on the entire

family, ultimately carried him to his grave.

Livermore, Oakland, Alameda and San Francisco have at various times been the family residence. Jack was born twenty-eight years ago on the twelfth of last January.

The mother of the boy aided in bread-getting by giving music lessons; and it may, very probably, be that her keen sense of musical rhythm contributed largely to form in her son that instinct for the harmonious which often appears in his prose.

The boy was a great reader, and often said in a childish way: "When I am a man I'm going to have a whole house full of books." This love of reading is a first step in the development of literary genius. He attended the public school and completed its work. The increasing age and illness of his father, however, made it necessary for a time after he left the common schools to contribute in earnest to the family living, and he was initiated into a life of toil.

It was at this time that his thirst for adventure showed itself. He chose work which took him on San Francisco Bay. He was employed to patrol the oyster beds in search of oyster pirates. This work seems to have been eminently to his liking, although he was but fourteen years old, and the work carried with it much hardship.

A year or more later, he was sent to sea by his parents, who wished to satisfy his longing for adventure,



as well as to get him out of what they feared were evil influences.

He went with a whaling crew on the seas to the North and North-east of Japan. In this Pacific cruise he touched the Orient at Yokohama. His stay on the islands at this time was but three weeks, when he put to sea again on the whaler. While on the broad seas the crew mutinied. The captain of the whaler attempted to pay the sailors in foreign coin. The men rebelled, as the foreign money was at a discount, and to accept it would involve a loss. All the men, even the youngster Jack, took part against the captain, who was brought to terms.

In such experiences as these London was gaining an insight into human nature and thus laying a foundation to his life work.

On his return to California, new and more startling adventures were in store for him. His love for literary work had lead him to join a debating society, "The Henry Clay," which afterwards proved to be an important element in his education. "The Henry Clay" had planned an open debate, and in this London was to take a prominent part. When the day before the debate was to occur came, Jack could nowhere be found. He had followed Coxey's army of the unemployed off to Washington. A strong instinctive sympathy with humanity had wakened in him a vital interest in the unfortunate men who composed the army, many of whom were union men out of employment. After Coxey had been gone several days from Oakland, London suddenly concluded to follow. Allying himself with an ordinary tramp, the two riding brake-beams and roaming after the manner of ordinary wanderers, found themselves with a few of "army's" stragglers at Buffalo, New York.

Here arrested for vagrancy with a bunch of twenty-four tramps, rounded up by the Buffalo police, he was railroaded into jail with but

the shadow of a trial. His sentence was for three months. The whole proceeding was a rude shock to London's ideas of American justice. He was, however, made a trusty by the prison authorities, so that his term in jail was not an exceedingly hard one. He succeeded in hiding thirty dollars which he had in his pocket when arrested. With this to go on after his release he continued his strange tour of the East, visiting all the large cities, sometimes sojourning with relatives, at other times wholly adrift among strangers; but all the time gathering up the fund of experience which was afterwards woven into his books. He returned to California, by way of the Canadian Pacific, still riding the brake-beam most of the way.

The passion for literary expression grew rapidly in him during this stay in the East, and once again home he began to write. Many short stories were produced with the net result that the author only had good practice in composing them.

During the Eastern trip the motive, an intense interest in the wrongs and sufferings of humanity, which has since most largely swayed his destinies, took permanent hold of him. He felt the need of a better education, and when once again in Oakland, he laid plans to secure a formal scholastic training. He entered the Oakland High School. Here he wrote a number of times for the school paper, the "Aegis."

His aim was now firmly fixed on preparation for college, but he was in a hurry to get through the preliminary work. He decided that the high school was too slow. Leaving it to gain time, he entered Anderson's academy, and studied there three months. The private school was too expensive, besides being tedious. He therefore determined to prepare himself by private study for the university.



Jack London in 1895

He was still a moving spirit in the "Henry Clay" debating society. The membership of this society at one time reached twenty-five, and its debaters without doubt did much to strengthen London's power of expression.

His self-preparation for the university was rapidly progressing, and after three months of incessant toil, in which he covered more than a year of ordinary work, he readily passed the entrance examinations to the college at Berkeley.

London's course in the university lasted but a short time. The most conspicuous influence upon him came in his reading of Carlyle's "French Revolution." He studied the Scotch philosopher with an increasing interest and rejoiced in the vigorous portrayals of the scenes of the Revolution. In his study of history he became confirmed in his already growing belief in socialism. The conservative economic views current at the university were very unsatisfactory to him, and the young thinker was often in open war against the college

propaganda. Nor did London get in his English studies at the University what he said he afterward sorely needed in the production of his books.

During all the time he was working for an education, scarcity of money necessitated constant toil outside the lines of study for a livelihood.

He undertook anything at hand to do, even if the wages in payment were small. When the inspiration seized him to write, though, he threw everything aside and buried himself in his manuscript. Sorrow and suffering at this time were the lot of the London family, as the father's life had slowly ebbed away as a result of the illness contracted during the war, and he now lay at death's door.

When the Klondike gold fever broke out, London went with the crowd to the North. On this trip he got inspiration for the best books he has written. As far as money-making went, the Klondike adventure was a failure. He spent most



Jack London at the time of his marriage



of his time reading the scant literature obtainable in the new land, and prospected but little. Yet all of the time he was filling his brain with the life pictures which he afterwards put into his stories of the Northland.

On his way from the Klondike back to civilization he drifted with three other men down the Yukon on a raft. After many perilous escapes among the river rapids all were finally taken from the raft by a steamer and conveyed to St. Michael's. In order that he might save the small sum of money that he had left over from his expense account in the North when he was ready to return to California he shipped as coal-heaver and worked his passage home.

The passion to write on his return fell upon him, and every spare moment he was busy with his pen. He was slowly and by dogged persistence winning his way in his art.

He was now close to the door of fame. One after another, in rapid succession, he sent the products of his pen to various publications; but he made no great strike until "The White Silence" was mailed to the Overland Monthly, which had already published one of his short stories, "To the Man on the Trail."

When "The White Silence" arrived at the Overland office the editor-in-chief, James Bridge, was in the East. The assistant editor, Charles S. Greene, had in his chief's absence, accepted the manuscript and the tale appeared in print. Mr. Bridge saw the story while on the train on his way home, having purchased a number of his own magazine from the newsboy. He read the story and declared it "great." On the editor's return to San Francisco negotiations were entered upon with the author, who agreed to contribute a serial to the magazine. This duly appeared in the following Overland numbers, and the tales thus published have been collected with others into one volume, "The

Son of the Wolf." London was thus for the first time launched on his career as an author.

Miss Elizabeth Maddern in the spring of nineteen hundred became the novelist's wife and since their marriage two children, both girls, have been borne to them. It was about this time that a number of visits were made to the "sun-kissed" valley of the Santa Clara; and the beautiful groves around College Park seemed to have formed the environment which gave a strong impetus to the contemplative thought which is so marked in "The Call of the Wild." These were sunny times in the author's life.

Mr. London's close friend, Mr. Louis Bond, son of Judge Bond, who was the original of "Judge Miller" in "The Call of the Wild," lives in the town of Santa Clara near College Park. London's acquaintance with Mr. Louis Bond began in the Klondike, and the prototype of the genial Louis without doubt appears in "The Son of the Wolf" in the character of Stanley Prince. The original of Buck, the dog hero of "The Call of the Wild," belonged to Louis Bond. Buck was a beautiful long-haired animal with a Scotch collie and Saint Bernard ancestry behind him. Any one who has strolled in the picturesque grounds around Judge Bond's home will appreciate London's description of Buck's home, and will certainly take more delight in the opening chapters of "The Call of the Wild."

During the Boer troubles in South Africa Mr. London received a call from the American Press Association to interview the Boer commanders. But on his way to the Transvaal, when in New York, he was informed of the censorship at that time established over war news from the Cape, and was obliged to change his plans.

Instead of returning home he went to England, and after a short rest in London, during which he saw the coronation ceremonies of



The house of Judge Bond, Judge Miller of the "Call of the Wild"

Edward VII, he began a study of the London slums. The product of this work he had previously agreed to furnish to a new socialistic magazine of New York. He was, according to his contract with the magazine, to tell the whole truth about what he saw among the poor of the great city.

He was to tell the truth even if it did make those in high places cringe at the knowledge of the awful conditions which might be brought to light, and for which they might be held responsible.

When the manuscript of this study was finished the magazine which was to publish it failed. The work was then published in book form with the title, "The People of the Abyss."

Of the books London has written, "The Son of the Wolf," "The God of his Fathers," "A Daughter of the Snows," and "The Children of the Frost," all grow out of his experiences in the North. "The Cruise

of the Dazzler," a boys' story, recites in the main the story of his own adventures as a boy on San Francisco bay.

"The Call of the Wild" is a story of Northern gold-fields—an animal story; and a story of wonderful effect it is. Its very first reading in manuscript brought tears to the eyes of the usually imperturbable reader of Macmillan & Company, to whom it had been assigned to determine its worthiness for publication. Its success was assured from the time Manager Brett received the report of this reading.

For the manuscript of this book the author received but seven hundred dollars. The publishers have sold over two hundred thousand copies of "The Call." This is a conservative estimate of the sales. It is said that the publishers are paying this gifted writer a royalty in addition to the mere pittance first received for the manuscript. In all London has received about five



thousand dollars for "The Call of the Wild."

The volume known as "A Daughter of the Snows" was written at the request of the Macmillan Company, who advanced the author one hundred and fifty dollars per month, in order that he might write continuously on the story. This was London's first successful novel.

In personal appearance London is not especially striking. He has light curly hair, blue eyes, square face, firm-set chin, and rather prominent cheek bones. He is of medium height, and now weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds. He is agile and strong, his training on the seas having strongly developed the athletic in him. In dress he is not fastidious, and is very averse to social functions. He cannot be coaxed into a dress suit. His favorite costume is the bicycle suit with sweater or negligé shirt.

There are two striking features of Jack London's career. The one is the tenacity with which, even in the most adverse circumstances, he worked his ideal as a literary artist. The other is his wonderful success in putting a romantic and checkered experience into books so acceptable to the reading public.

Throughout his works are to be found unmistakable traces of the motive of his work. There is a growing sympathy with humanity. There is hatred of sham and pretense, of meanness and selfishness.

While he consciously portrays the horrible, and uses it as a means of arousing the interest of his readers, yet, in his extended novels, the good and the true find ultimately a setting of peace and happiness. While the selfish as Mercedes, Hal, and Charles in "The Call of the Wild," or Carter Wetherbee and Percy Cuthbert in "The Son of a Wolf" go down to the miserable deaths which their meanness had prepared for them, yet London always has a noble touch for the strong, rough, good-hearted characters of the Northland. One feels that it is a righteous will that permits Buck of "The Call of the Wild" to earn the life of bliss which finally came to him as leader of the wild wolf-pack of the Northland.

There is a deep spiritual significance in the mysterious voice that beckoned the great, shaggy Buck back to the land of primordial life. In this call do we not ourselves hear a voice from out the illimitable deep, a voice for those who possess the "restless, unsatisfied longing," who have the eternal aspiration for the life that now lives for us only in shadowy dreams, the life that is to be?

Jack London himself has this infinite aspiration, this longing for the unattainable. It is this which marks him as a strong writer in the new school of literature which is the product of the twentieth century.



# LOVE

## Nightwatchman Stories

BY M. ELAIR COAN

“**L**OVE,” said the nightwatchman, as he took an extra-large chew of tobacco, “is an unlimited quantity. Some falls in love easily and others falls out with just as much grace. It will make a rich man poor and a poor man rich—mostly poor. It will make a man a tyrant or a lamb, a philosopher or a fool—mostly fool. It comes without bid or price, but when it goes you’ll agree it’s full-paid and non-assessable.

“I had an experience,” continued the nightwatchman as he rubbed his sunburst nose, “with this magnetic influence right here on the waterfront. I don’t think I’ll ever forget it, because the girl won’t let me. At any rate I got the experience and—well, I won’t tell you who got the money. I’ll let you judge for yourself. I married the girl.

“There is a variety of loves. There’s the kind you see and the kind you don’t see, and the kind you see and hope that no one else does. There is some people what’s got it so bad that they’ll let you tell them they’s love sick, and there’s others what’ll do 100 yards in ten flat if you mention it.

“As me friend O’Connell says, ‘the course of true love was never well planed,’ and he’s a philosopher as well as a carpenter, and I think he hit the nail on the hammer when he said this.

“I saw a pair coming down the street the other day in opposite directions. They met head on. ‘Why, I’m so glad to see you,’ sez he, as he raised his cap. ‘You’re the last person I thought of meetin,’ sez she, as she smiles like a well-boiled lobster. Then they walks up the street together just as if they

was each afraid to let the other one know that they knew they was to meet on that corner, although they had made the engagement beforehand.

“Then she goes home and sez: ‘Mamma, I met Mr. So-and-So on the street just now and he walked home with me; and, you know, I had to ask him to come in.’ Then mamma sez: ‘Don’t let it happen again,’ and the deal is all fixed. But it does happen again and again until something else happens, and then she won’t let him leave the house. And when he goes out and stays an hour too long mamma comes right to him and sez once more: ‘Don’t let it happen again! But it does happen again and again until something else happens. Then the judge sez he has to pay so much every week whether he’s got it or not.

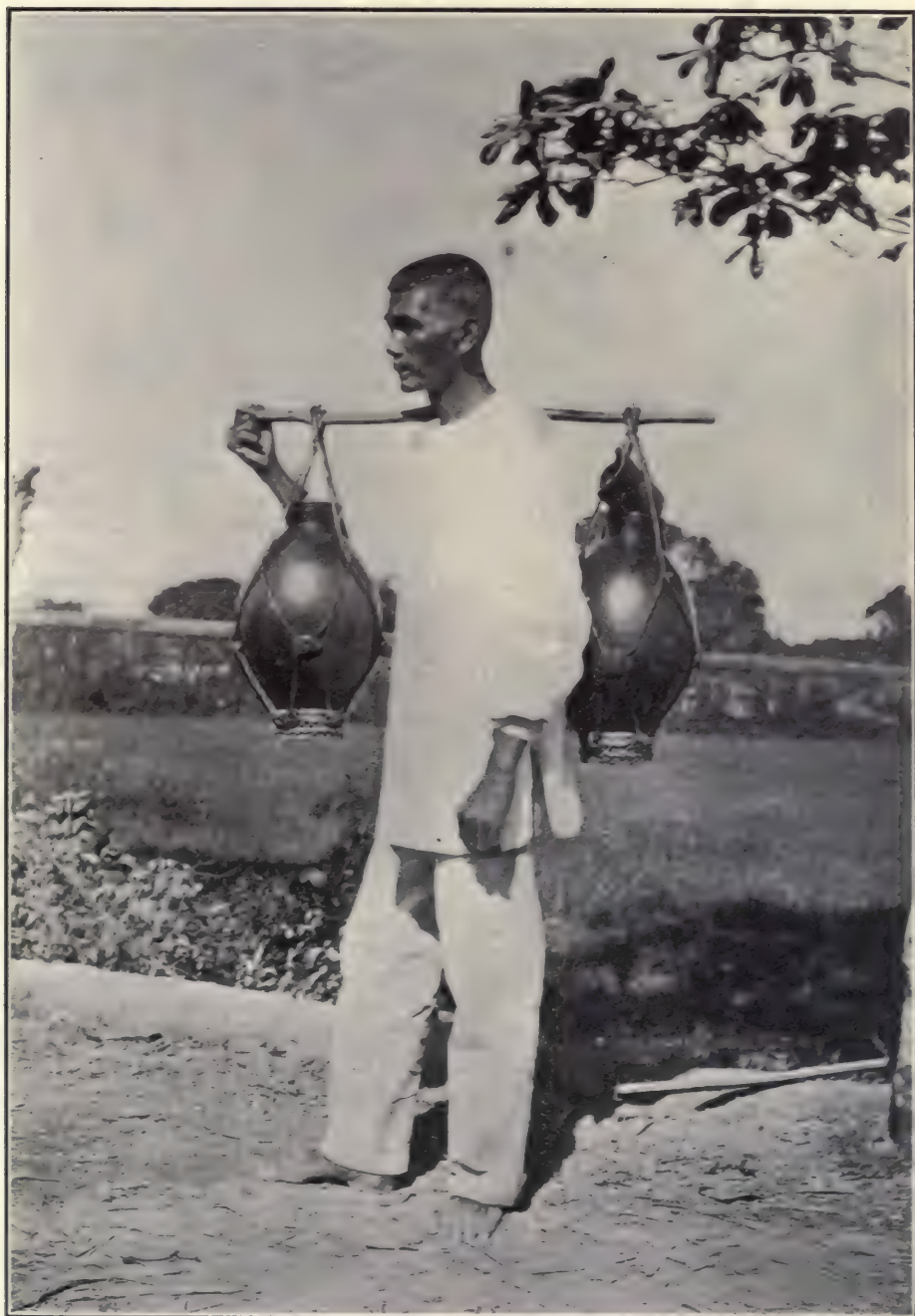
“You think this would be a good lesson, but he does it over again and meets another girl on the corner and the first thing he knows he’s keeping a half a dozen families and as many mother-in-laws. I’ll tell you the great trouble with us in this respect is we don’t know when we’ve got enough.

“Clothes don’t cut any figure with love until they grow despondent and get married. Then she sez she won’t darn his socks and he says ‘darn it’ she will. Then he goes out and buys a new pair and she goes out and gets a hat, and when the bill comes in he don’t draw any salary for two months. Then he sez he can’t live on millinery birds, and she sez he’s a bird and she can’t live on him. Then she takes about a hundred yards of dresses and a piece of charcoal and a box of powder and puts them in a trunk and

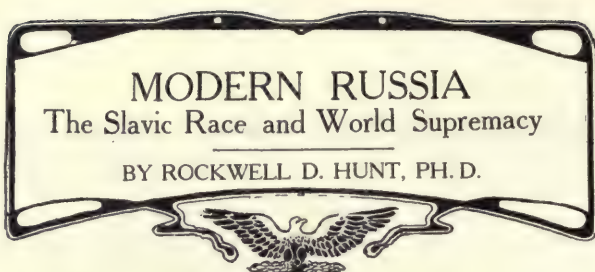


runs home to mamma. And mamma comes over and sezs what a good girl she is, and how she's worth six times what he cost and

he has to pay the expressman four bits to have the trunk brought back and THAT'S LOVE."



A milkman in Manila.



**H**ISTORY is concerned alone with the vital facts of human development: hence its adequate conception can be reached only by viewing it as a great unit.

How does it happen that Russia is in these last decades obtruding herself with such irresistible insistence upon the attention of the world, and disquieting the nations to the ends of the earth?

The interest and the gravity of the present situation are being constantly suggested by such current expressions as "The Russianization of Asia," "Saxon or Slav," and "Russia's Struggle for World Supremacy." Nervous despatches in a thousand metropolitan dailies disseminate and accentuate this interest.

The keyword of modern Russia, as truly as of the United States, is expansion. From one-fifth of her present European possessions alone she has come to have a frontier of 5,000 miles. In order to understand her real position and the subtle and multifarious forces at work it is necessary briefly to give present-day Russia a historical setting.

The beginnings of Russia spring from the land known as Scythia, north of the Black Sea and south of Moscow. Here we find a race of pure Slavs, first mentioned in the Arabic writings of the ninth century. By the end of the tenth century they had worked their way south to the Caspian and east to the Urals.

During the tenth and eleventh centuries, the work of Christianiza-

tion went forward by forces from Constantinople, and thus the Greek form of Christianity was finally implanted in the incipient nation. The period of decentralization, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, may be compared in broad outline to the period of the Heptarchic nations in English history.

The great overmastering Mongol invasion under Genghiz Khan in the thirteenth century blighted the prospects of an early Russian state while it prepared the way for ultimate national unity, and in some respects is comparable to the fierce on-coming of the Huns under the terrible Attila, the Scourge of God.

Yet in spite of the Mongolian sway, in spite of the excessive tribute exacted and the compulsory military service, the lasting influence of the rude Asiatics seemed comparatively slight. The Mongol power, so complete and apparently permanent, was gradually weakened by internal dissension, by fierce rivalry, and by base intrigue, began to lose ascendancy with the rise of the principality of Moscow; and in 1480 it came definitely to its end, leaving the Princes of Moscow free to proceed toward the consolidation of the State and the foundation of the autocracy. It is to the Tartars, observes a writer, "that we must ultimately trace the habits of servitude and baseness, the notions of autocracy, and the craft, the dishonesty, and dissimulation which have left their mark upon the character of the Russian people."

By virtue of the work of consoli-



dation wrought by Ivan the Great, Russia assumed a place, by no means a foremost place as yet, among the nations of Europe. The days of Ivan the Terrible seem full of inhuman barbarities and horrible butcheries, and "society sank to the lowest depths to which thralldom can degrade it"; yet Russian power was advanced and the conquest of Siberia was well begun.

Passing by a period of contending factions and wildest confusion, we come to the time when the States-General settled upon Michael Romanoff, the first representative of the present dynasty. The autocracy was firmly established, and Russia, following the straight path of despotism, self-excluded from Western Europe and advancing civilization, was fast becoming crystalized if not fossilized.

Then arose Peter the Great, "one of the few men of history of whom the power was given to turn with a single arm the whole current of a nation's life." It must be presumed that the unprecedented activity and the stupendous reforms of the hero of Poltava are somewhat familiar. He beheld a vision that has been a guiding star to all subsequent czars; by dint of sheer energy and personal capacity he aroused in his benighted empire a well-nigh universal spirit of something like modern activity; and whereas in Europe the Renaissance "was like embers glowing under the ashes of the Middle Ages: to revive them was enough; in Russia an entirely new fire was required. This was lighted by Peter the Great." (Wolkonsky.) In the words of Poushkin, he "opened a window into Europe." Sweden is humbled by a man who is willing to learn from his enemies.

There is an old Russian proverb which runs: "Novelty brings calamity." We are told by the historian that: "His life was a struggle with the forces of the past, with the ignorant nobles, with the fanat-

ical clergy, with the people who plumed themselves on their barbarism and national isolation." But no man, no nation, can wholly overcome the past in a moment or in a day. Paradoxical as it may seem, Peter employed a barbarous method in civilizing Russia: in the introduction of liberal Government he acted the despot: in following the leadings of his own tremendous and restless energy he cut off the fountain head of Russian originality. In the words of a distinguished scholar: "This union, in a single person, of so many qualities and defects, of so many traits scattered through a nation, formed a man, wild, strange, almost a monster, but at the same time one of the most vigorous and enterprising men, one of the best-endowed for life and action which the world has ever seen. . . . A people who are like such a man are sure of a great future; if they seem to lack some of the highest and finest qualities which adorn humanity, they possess those which confer power and political greatness." (Leroy-Beaulieu.)

In the history of Russian expansion no sovereign since Ivan the Terrible had extended the frontiers by such vast conquests as those of Catherine II. She pushed the boundaries of Russia outward to the Nieman and the Dniester, and annexed the Crimea, and, on the map of Europe, Poland was no more. Her liberal ideas, her proposed emancipation of the serfs, and her progressive philosophy suffered a complete and sudden reversal by virtue of the outbreak of the French Revolution; thenceforward repression and despotism received new impetus from this great woman, whose brilliancy was equaled only by her unprincipled life.

We must now boldly neglect the subsequent details of the story and expansion of the Czar's dominion and grapple with the main problem of nineteenth century Russia in order to form some conception

of the still more stupendous problems of the twentieth. Yet in truth the conscious problems of modern Russia of international interest are almost reducible to one; namely, the securing of adequate outlets.

Turn to the map of the great land. European Russia, possessing a land surface far greater than that of all Western Europe, has only one-third the coast line, and of this nearly one-half is on the Arctic Ocean and the White Sea, available for navigation only from June till September, while the Baltic is ice-bound for a shorter season. Such isolation is naturally deemed intolerable.

According to a recognized law of political science a national State developing itself on any part of a great geographical unit tends to spread out to the natural limits of this territory. Such has been the manner of the expansion of the United States, of Spain, of China and of Russia. Not only so, but a people comes to have a profound conviction of its manifest destiny, and generations are born and bred to the notion that they were fore-ordained to carry forward this work as the work of Providence. Such a people, born to such a conviction, proves well-nigh irresistible.

The logical outlet for European Russia was through the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. During the early nineteenth century the powers began to suspect a Russian desire to extend her frontier southward, ultimately to gain Constantinople and the Bosphorus. It was even reported that Peter the Great had left in his will an injunction to his successors "to turn all the efforts of their policy toward that object."

The Eastern Question rapidly assumed first magnitude in European affairs: the Question itself was what shall be done with Eastern Europe—more specifically European Turkey? In January, 1853, occurred the famous meeting of the Czar and the English minister, Sey-

mour. Nicholas, with an outspoken manner that has since been religiously eliminated from Russian diplomacy, made the memorable remark: "We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man; it will be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made." Seymour's ears were open; his mouth was sealed.

Turkey herself interposed no serious obstacle to Russian aggressions; but Palmerston declared the integrity of the Ottoman empire indispensable to English interests; it was to him "a dogma which was not to be discussed." What, then, was to happen? McCarthy represents the situation by saying: "It was certain that things could not remain as they were, and nothing else was certain."

The story of the Crimean war cannot be re-told. It opened a series of struggles and territorial changes which in less than two decades resulted in the complete political readjustment of Europe. Yet the outcome of the Crimean war was not wholly satisfactory to either England or Russia. Nicholas, that stern bigot whose motto was "Aristocracy, orthodoxy, nationality," died at last broken-hearted, conscious of his failure to establish the nationality of which he had so long dreamed; while Palmerston, in England, saw clearly that the snake was "scotched, not killed."

The Peace of Paris of 1856 ended the war, but failed to settle the question. It is a piece of grim humor, resting upon fiction and unreality, in which the great powers gravely recognize the high value of the Sultan's "constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects," and his three pages of promises—more worthless than the paper on which they were written. This precious piece of mockery left England the official devotee of the Sultan, while the English people secretly entertained a deep-seated hatred of the



despised Turks. Yet the British Empire was, by this bolstering up of the Sick Man, saved, at least for a time, from the threatening aggressions of the Czar and permitted to go on with her marvelous expansion.

Turkish atrocities have been committed in Armenia and in Bulgaria in earlier, and in these later days; the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 has been fought; the treaty of San Stephano has been revised by the Congress of Berlin; peace reigns to-day in Europe—"but it is an armed peace, peace within the burdens of war, and without security."

And meanwhile the Eastern Question is still with us; but new and vaster storm centers have arisen. From the Russian standpoint the situation may fairly be expressed by the double statement that the Czar deems it an absolute necessity to secure a proper outlet to the sea; but Western Europe deems it equally essential to keep Russia shut in from the sea. Her outlet in the Baltic is wholly inadequate because of location and its frozen winters; her outlet in the north Euxine gives limited control of but an inland sea; with these she can never be content.

Glance again at the map and mark how events have been marching. The chief centers of Russian activity are about Macedonia and the Balkan peninsula, Afghanistan and the Persian empire, and Manchuria and the Far East. It will be observed that while the average national state has boundary questions with but one or two—or at most three—other states, Russia enjoys the doubtful distinction of having questions with Sweden, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Hindustan, China and Corea, while her relations to England and just now to Japan are more delicate and critical than to any of these. Now the interests of all of these, except Persia, are distinctly antagonistic to

Russia; and it is not remarkable that they seek to keep her shut in.

If Russia succeeds in her quest for the sea she must break somewhere through these boundaries. The greatest international question that confronts the world to-day is this attempt of the Russian bear to tear down the opposing walls thrown up by the bulls of England and of Europe.

Never was a game of diplomacy or of war played for such an imperial stake. **It is nothing less than the supremacy of the world.** In the words of Colquhoun: "The onward march of Russia cannot be stopped even by her own rulers unless it encounters a solid barrier, while the unchecked advance of that power seems certain to confer on her the mastery of the world."

Behold the marvelous resources of this giant land. By its first scientific census, that of 1897, it showed a population of nearly 130,000,000, the density of Siberia being less than one-fortieth that of European Russia; while the immense wealth of mineral, of soil, of forest and of commerce has only begun to be exploited even in Europe.

But more wonderful than the wonderful land or mere numbers of population are the character and promise of the Slavic peoples. "They are the latest grown of the Aryan children." Hitherto they have been an unknown quantity, but they have at length stepped forth into the arena of the world, and the world is already convinced that they are capable of "prodigious but slow expansion." As the Greek with all his culture yielded to the more virile Roman; as the Roman, with the most majestic Government to his time yielded to the rude Teuton and uncouth Anglo-Saxon; so is it not at least in the range of possibility that the now proud Saxon may yet yield the palm to the stalwart Slav? The situation may not be altogether pleasing to contemplate; but surely the part of wisdom is to face it

The Slav has made for himself a place—not yet widely recognized—in literature. The brilliancy of Poushkin, the warmth and dramatic power of Gogol, the unique philosophy of Tolstoi are demanding a place in the universal mind. In the fine arts and music the Slav is proving a revelation to the world.

But it is in the military and commercial activities that Russia is performing miracles of valor and expansion. The vastness of her undertakings and the superb manner of accomplishment compel the admiration of all beholders. Note the typical unit of the mighty hosts of her advancing armies. Clarigny thus characterizes him: "Docile, as well as brave, supporting without complaint all fatigues and privations, and ready for everything, the Russian soldier constructs roads, clears canals, and re-establishes the ancient aqueducts. He makes the brick with which he builds the forts and the barracks which he inhabits; he fabricates his own cartridges and projectiles; he is a mason, a metal founder, or a carpenter, according to the need of the hour, and the day after he is dismissed he contentedly follows the plow." Senator Beveridge has described the common soldier as "an elementary vital creature—with knotted muscles and strong legs and hairy breast, and dog-like obedience, and child-like faith in his military fathers (his officers), with a religious feeling so profound that it has no questioning." It is said he never goes backward.

How many such soldiers can Russia boast? Her peace strength in 1900 was 36,000 officers and 860,000 men, compared to fewer than 12,000 officers, and 250,000 men for Great Britain; while her war strength may be set down at upwards of 3,500,000, as against some 500,000 for Great Britain. What does it cost to maintain such a soldier? One enlisted man in Russia costs the Government \$120 a year, as against

\$219 in France and \$278 in Germany; while the cost of the entire army in Russia per capita of the population is 77 cents as against \$3.34 in France and \$2.98 in Germany.

Even more marvelous than the development of her army must be pronounced her works of engineering, which are among the most stupendous in the history of man. The conception of the Trans-Siberian Railroad is among the boldest of modern times, and must be accorded full justice from a world point of view; for it is certainly destined not only to revolutionize industrial Siberia, but unless some effectual check be interposed right speedily, also to secure to Russia the dictation of the affairs of the west Pacific Ocean.

In her army, in her navy, in her railroads, in her education itself, it is the statesmanship of Russian autocracy that points the way, and it is the quiet boast that Russian statesmanship always looks at least a century ahead.

What, then, is the situation today? Russia is still seeking an adequate outlet. Peter the Great secured the Baltic, but even he recognized that to be inadequate and cast longing glances toward Constantinople. The Sick Man has been bolstered up by England and Germany, and Russia still covets the Bosphorus. In west-central Asia the Kaiser has thrust himself athwart the path of the Czar, and will brook no interference with his right of way from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf. Finally, the greatest of all, the Russian advance by cossack, by railway, by hamlet and by banking establishment into the mineral-laden mountains and fertile valleys of Manchuria bids fair to result in the permanent incorporation of that rich land and the only outlet adequate to the great demands of Eastern Russia.

Manchuria has been for many months the storm center of the Far



**Eastern Question.** This great Chinese province is larger than France and Germany combined; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and all New England are not half so large, and no richer in resources. With a climate the most favorable in Asia, with great river valleys like the Ohio, with its mountains rich in coal, iron and gold, it is an empire capable of sustaining 50,000,000 people, and possessing military and commercial strategic value second only to that of Japan.

Will this fair land fall permanently into the lap of Russia? Why should such a thing be doubted? For it must be remembered that Russia "has absorbed more territory, assimilated a greater number of different peoples, and fought more borders wars than any modern nation." And while there have always been and are now strong reasons against territorial advances, the command has ever been Forward, yet Forward!

Manchuria is already in the hands of Russia, and has been for a generation; its destiny is fixed; where the Slav advances the Mongolian falls back. The great Russian railroad penetrates to the heart of the land and intercepts its leading artery, the Sungari river; the modern Russian town springs up besides the unsanitary village of the Chinese; the intelligent Russian overseer employs Chinese laborers and treats them so well and pays them so liberally that they are not displeased with the change of authority. Shall Russia evacuate Manchuria? All at once, or by degrees, or after a period of six years? Never! Unless at the point of the bayonet. Such has not been the course of Russian history. When it was proposed to retreat from the mouth of the Amur Nicholas is said to have declared: "Where the Russian flag is planted once, there it shall remain forever." Six years more will afford ample time for Russia so strongly to intrench herself socially, economically

and commercially, and to carry her astute work of benevolent assimilation so far, that the Russian influence will predominate in the very face of adverse treaties and farcical paper evacuations.

Manchuria gone, Korea is seriously threatened; Korea taken, Russia is at the goal of her wildest ambitions, reaching forth her hand to grasp the scepter of world-supremacy.

But meanwhile, there is a lion at the gates. Korea, the Sick Man of the far East, will not soon fall to Russia. Japan opposes such an aggression to the knife. Since the Chinese war of some eight years ago, the Japanese hate the Russians with a bitter hatred for despoiling them of their brilliant victory. Their soldiers are little men—about one-half the size, let us say, of the Russians—but they possess admirable courage and superior discipline, and they will complacently remark that their muskets shoot as hard as the best, while the burly Russian is an easy target for their perfect marksmanship.

And if Japan cannot keep back the Northern Bear, the Lion's roar will be heard in the land. Japan has declared for war: already overtures have been made at the court of England. And in the stupendous contest between Slav and Saxon, which many regard as inevitable, be assured America will be more than an interested spectator so long as such men as Roosevelt and Hay are at the helm.

What then shall we say? Is all this incessant and increasing agitation about the race of the giants for the supreme prize but idle and vain talk? and shall we supinely permit past achievement to lull us into the sleep of indifference? Ah, no: the situation is indeed grave, and events hasten to a crisis. The Russian dominion will continue to advance for a time, but the world supremacy of the Slavic race can never be. The autocracy is already threatened by

foes within and enemies without that will never yield.

On the West and the South and the East, Russia is surrounded by an array of antagonistic nations that on occasion may leap into a veritable wall of flame, while on the North she faces the eternal ice. If China fails, if Turkey succumbs, if Japan is overwhelmed, still never will England and America and Germany submit to a universal domination of Slavic civilization. Let us assume that Russian civilization is superior to Chinese; so was the Mohammedan religion superior to Arabian superstitions. But as Islam confronted Christianity and proved its deadliest enemy, so Russian civilization must face not static China but the enlightenment of the Saxon or Teuton, and is in danger of being its dearest foe. The priceless tokens of liberty have been too dearly bought in the lands of Luther, of Hampden, and of Washington to be placed in jeopardy by the only great world-power whose history has been pronounced by a writer as "wholly barren in the great intellectual and spiritual struggles of mankind."

Greater even than these gigantic enemies to Russian supremacy that are watching from without are the foes within the gates. Judged by the standards of the West, Russia is a land whose people have never truly arrived at manhood.

The industrious outlook is indeed ominous. During the last few years labor difficulties have assumed amazing proportions, and the Government has utterly failed to suppress the serious disturbances. When great assemblies of striking workmen cry "Down with autocracy!" concessions become necessary in spite of the stern policy of repression. Dangers of increasing magnitude will continue to come, for the industrial revolution must be fought through.

Again, whatever the disturbances of university students may origin-

ally have been due to, they have now come to indicate a grave situation of affairs. When the repressionist ministers undertake to use force to repel the invasion of ideas, do they not remember the results of such a policy under Prince Metternich of Austria, that arch-reactionist of the first half of the nineteenth century? Knowledge is everywhere a menace to tyranny, and there can be no exception in Russia.

We speak of the absolutism of the Czar's Government; if to-day Nicholas II actually enjoyed absolute power, it would perhaps be better for his faithful subjects. But the absolutism—or more properly the autocracy—is rather that of the great ministers like Witte and Plehve than of the benevolent Czar himself. The vast Governmental machine, which treats all subjects as children, is being put to a strain that it cannot much longer withstand. These millions of sons of the Czar, by virtue of that expansion with which Russia has been infatuated, are coming to a realization that they are no longer children, but men. The days of absolutism are numbered, for absolutism has become an anachronism in the modern world. Russia must give heed to these ominous growlings or she in turn must suffer the upheaval of a belated French Revolution with its Reign of Terror, when she will have scant opportunity to grasp the scepter of the world. The clouds of revolution are lowering darkly to-day; but let us hope that the Petitions of Right will be granted and that by a glorious bloodless revolution Russia may enter upon her newer era of rational representative government and liberal institutions.

Such a revolution will bring in its train the blessings of religious liberty. Whereas to-day unquestioned obedience to the Czar's will is the chief part of every Russian's religion, to-morrow we may perceive growing in that virgin soil the noble doctrine of our Puritan fathers



—the worship of God according to the dictates of their own hearts. The spiritual chains must be broken; then will liberty of action follow liberty of thought.

The marvelous autocracy which to-day boasts its control of the body, soul and spirit of Russia's millions, and through whose perfect machinery Russia is reaching for world mastery is little more than a shell and cannot survive long contact with twentieth century enlightenment and consecration. Russia's

boasted strength is already becoming her greatest weakness. Her high mission is to lift her own millions of striving people to the realms of truth and modernism. In this noble work America and England and Germany can well afford to be gracious and lend a helping hand. For in the end are we not all brothers and God our common Father? Let us be not deceived; there is yet room enough for all, and humanity has need of all.

---

## THE HERMIT OF THE DESERT

---

BY BEATRICE PARTRIDGE WILMANS

I wonder why—

With all this sweep of earth and sky,  
And wind-swept stretch of gleaming sand,  
Horizon-held, as if a band,  
All sapphire-studded, girt the chaste  
And virgin circle of its waist,  
With a desert silence wrapping me,  
As I lie at eve 'neath the iron-wood tree;  
With God so near, and man so far,  
My only comrade you, bright star;  
With all the mem-ry swept aback,  
Of deeds which now seem foul and black;  
With here a chance to rid my breast  
Of all its load, and then to rest;  
With none to tempt, and naught to fear—  
O, why! Dear God, must I still hear  
Echoes of voices calling me,  
Visions of faces I may not see,  
Longing for friends I could not hold,  
Madness of passion and place and gold?

Strive as I may, they haunt me still,  
Against my reason, against my will.  
The very thought of the stress and the strife,  
And all the trappings of that vain life,  
Quickens my blood, and it dims my eye,  
And I wonder, God knows, I wonder why!



## Feathered Californians

BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

### The Ruby Crowned Kinglet

THE dominant characteristic of the Ruby-Crown is subtlety. He conceals his nest, and even his nest building region, so successfully that few there are who know where he breeds, or who ever finds his nest, hidden in the shaggy end of a high, swinging branch of spruce or pine, deep in the California mountain recesses.

Inside his four-inch body is a power of song big and resonant enough to belong to a thrush, yet he has a way of dropping from this high rapture of song into a thin, metallic "tsip," as if he had at once become very shy or wanted to pretend any other bird but he had been singing.

But his prettiest trick of concealment is the way he alternately hides and reveals the bright red feathers in his crown. You may watch him a long time, seeing only a wee bit of an olive-green bird, toned with dull yellow underneath, marked on wings and about the eyes with white; but suddenly, sometime a more festive mood comes upon him. The bird is transformed. A jaunty dash of brilliant red upcrests itself on his head, lighting up his quiet dress, making the greenish yellow of his undercoloring brighter, the white bars on his wings clearer in relief, and giving to his round body a more slender, graceful outline. For several moments this flame of color quivers, then it burns into a mere thread of red and is gone.

Or, some afternoon, when the setting sun glances aslant on the quick turning, busy little head, just a hint of color comes and goes in the sunlight, like a thing apart from his anatomy, suggesting more the

gleam of a jewel than sun-touched feathers, a pretty, elusive charm which he seems to know quite well is fascinating.

During the breeding season his red crest is often raised in tender salute to his admiring mate, who lacks this ornament, but I have yet to know him in his love making time.

I have only known him intimately now for three winter months, as he has flitted about my garden in this mountain town. Sometimes with three or four others, oftener alone, he gleans diligently over every sprig and spray, lisping amiably to himself the while. As he drops lightly from branch to branch, snipping here and there as he goes, clings to the bark while his probing bill darts into crack and crevice, flutters humming-bird-like in air as he seeks under a leaf, the startling twitching lift of his tiny wings never ceases. A twinkling mote of a bird, whose almost recklessly unconcerned manner as he hunts for his food, takes the attention at once; but whose acute keenness to his environment, one is sure to discover sooner or later.

One day I watched him preen his feathers on a low rose branch near the ground, actually stationary for the time; grasping the twig firmly with his feet as he pulled this way and that; stretching out his plump body into slighter dimensions; straightening up his red crown; plucking out a loose feather and watching it float off, head on one side; oiling down his plumage; and all in such an abstracted, absorbed kind of a way I felt called upon to stand guard over him lest



some danger might catch him unaware. But he is well alert, for all his absent-minded air, and many times, I believe, feigns this manner for reasons of his own.

He is the only bird the English sparrows have not chased from my garden. Many a large bird shows the white feather to these bothersome tyrants, but this small king seems to hold his domain against them. While he is busy pulling the woolly-aphis from a gnarled tree, a crowd of sparrows discover him, and prepare to oust him. Five birds alight boisterously near him on his twig, nearly overbalancing themselves in their rough and tumble flight and violently shaking the perch he is on. He does not see them, flitting, as he is always flitting, a little lower down, as if nothing had happened, he reaches up while suspended in the air to a spot near the toes of one bird. Exasperated, the sparrows stretch up and down, hop and chatter and threaten. He disdains to notice them. His wings never cease their flit-flitting; with no hurry he slips over and under and past them, never seeing them, quite as if they were wind-disturbed leaves, or sticks or stones. The sparrows feel foolish in the face of this indifference and simmer down. Again, I have seen a flock of sparrows swoop past the kinglet's head, the wind of their flying stirring his feathers. Where another bird would start down affrighted, and fly, he does nothing at all; and no matter how many times this onslaught is repeated, it seems to make no impression upon him. So he manages these bullies; they learn to let him alone; for a sunbeam is as easy to dispossess as he.

He is well worth loving, this happy little mite, sometimes gay in his red crest, sometimes dull-colored and quiet; in some moods singing with all the inspiration of a thrush; at other seasons ticking one little lisp or scolding a harsh chat-

ter. Little known, hiding his nest for years, so that the most ardent naturalist knew not the color of the eggs; flitting up and down the coast from Alaska to Guatemala; adapting himself to conditions and things; keeping his own counsel with much aplomb.

Cheery little bird, he has gone from my garden now, for the spring is here, faintly calling, coaxing one day, repelling the next, making restless, stirring, prompting all that life which shall burst into full blossom and song later; and the Ruby Crown has been disturbed with the rest at his prosaic winter work. Somewhere he has gone, on some sly errand, it may be to seek a mate, or perhaps with one already found, looking for some more secure fastness higher in the mountains, there to rear his young.

Just once before I missed him I heard his song, two or three long-drawn, bell-like notes, then a rippling, tumbling warble. I listened in vain for a repetition, but none came; it was evidently a farewell strain before he sought some other region and entered the more exciting life of the love season.

Baird and Ridgway write of him: "The song of this bird is the most remarkable of its many specific peculiarities. Considering the small size of the Ruby Crown its song is one of the most marvelous vocal performances among birds."

I have studied this dainty kinglet now almost daily for four months. In that time he has had no song to trill, sought no mate, reared no young; yet has he been full of interest outside of the performance of courtship or domestic life. Just about the business of his winter life he has been an animated, happy little character, inspiring my admiration and respect. What will he have to give when I follow him into his summer haunts; watching his courting, his nest building, his home life, his parental discipline,

hearing the rapturous cadences of his song? Much more, I warrant, than many human folk have to give; for these wild wings touch nearer that One Heart of All than we in all our flights.

### The Western Meadowlark.

Who is this singing at our gates, loud and sweet, bold and clear? A minstrel every Californian should protectingly cherish, the Western Meadowlark.

Although he is a bird of the whole extent of the Western States, he is more fitly typical of California. In Oregon and Washington his note is not so full or sweet, absorbing, I fancy, some of the dampness of those States. I heard his song once near Seattle as he was winging his way over a soaked meadow in the spring. Something was gone, lacking; his aria closed without being roundly finished, as it never would have done in California at that season. On the arid plains of Lower California his infrequent note is a trifle thin and dry.

But how he sings in California on our rolling slopes and meadows; so startling, clear, so compellingly sweet, the heart beats faster in listening, and the very air is vibrant after his note has ceased. If you are quite near him, it may be lying flat on the warm stubble close to his nest, so near that you breathe softly lest he be disturbed, you may hear his other, tenderer song, a song he has made for the ear of his mate alone, a whispered roulade, infinitely loving and as equally perfect in phrasing as the wilder clarion call he gives to the world.

If you could take the blue California sky, the warmth of color, the wonderful exhilaration of space, and put it all into a rippling, triplet, nine-note measure of sound, the meadowlark's song would be exactly reproduced.

Who feels or knows better than he the rare uplifting ozone of the

far-stretching mesas? The mountain gorges or forest depths cannot restrain him. He must have space, space wide and sunny, where he can hear the reverberations of his song strike the air mellowly and echo far up and down the valley.

He has gathered the yellow sunlight on his ample breast, and in his song is the spirit of California. Can you not hear it, brimful of careless, golden sound, voicing at the same time the country's undertone of indomitable richness and power.

And how genial he is with his music; there is no fear in his song. He trills it out to ring as far as it may, flying before one along a country road for miles sometimes, to light and sing for you just ahead.

As you come up to him he turns a quick wing overhead, flying back, carolling as he goes, but a few rods on there he is again on the fence, waiting with his good-will message of exquisite song.

Besides being a marvelous musician (it has been said that "no other bird sings in such correct rhythm,") he is an eminently beneficial bird, destroying vast hordes of locusts and devastating black crickets. It seems strange that such a bird should go unprotected, the black crescent on his yellow breast a target for those ruthless beings who shoot at anything.

He builds his nest on the ground, in the midst of a meadow or on the edge of a grain field, in some spot the harvester is not likely to reach, where the long grasses close over his home. He usually ties them together above the grass-woven nest. You may stand looking at the exact spot and see only the waving grain, the loose-woven tufts of grass, the brown lumpy ground beneath, and never know his pretty abode is hidden there. Sometimes the nest is sunk near a patch of buttercups or brodiaea; you may look right in on the brown and purple-flecked eggs and see only three or five points of light and the brown and purple



shadows the flowers seem to cast.

When in the late fall and winter he forages in flocks, his dress is much paler, more buffy in shade; his song rings out as loud and clear as ever but less often nearly always followed by the immature song of a younger bird, practicing against the opening joy of spring. Sometimes as many as fifty flock together, hunting the fields over for insects or eggs, trying early notes, teaching the young, walking with their pretty, characteristic way of lifting their head high in the air as they walk daintily over the ground.

Dear and useful meadowlark, the bird of the people, his heavenly

song given to high and low alike, and his busy bill ever helping the farmer. A songster and a worker, the country should protect, else he may lose his beautiful confidence in man and become as he has become in some of the older States, timid in song and weaker in his usefulness.

Perhaps he is the same lark that whistles blithely in sunny, hedged-about Eastern meadows, and like many others coming to the West, becomes subtly changed, deepened, mellowed. I like to think he is alone, apart, springing from the primitive prairies, the voice our wonderful wildernesses send up, a bird expression of the untrammelled West.

---

## GRACE

BY ADA PHELPS

---

Would you drink of the Fountain of Youth, my love,  
Of the wonderful Fountain of Youth,  
And live forever and ever, my love  
In a world of beauty and truth?

You've read of the travels of men, my love,  
The wonderful waters to drink,  
They've traveled and searched since the world began,  
Nor found them as yet, I think.

But I know when they do, why, then, my love,  
The world's chronic doubts will have flown;  
And I'm sure, very sure, at the bottom, my love,  
They'll find the Philosopher's stone.

But I have a thought of my own, my love,  
And if you'll come sit by me here,  
And lean to me close, my dove, my love,  
I'll whisper it into your ear.



E. O. McCormick, born April 3, 1858, at Lafayette, Ind. Educated at the Lafayette High School. Entered railway service 1879 as time keeper of the construction department of the Lake Erie & Western Railroad, since which he has been consecutively in freight department of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway, at Lafayette, Ind., general agent Great Eastern Freight Line, at Louisville, Ky.; city passenger and ticket agent Monon route at Louisville, Ky., and Chi-

cago; general passenger and ticket agent of the same at Chicago, May, 1889, to September 1, 1893; general passenger and ticket agent Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, September, 1893, to May 1, 1899; passenger traffic manager Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway; Passenger Traffic Manager Southern Pacific Co. Mr. McCormick has recently been appointed Assistant Traffic Director of the Southern Pacific Co., with headquarters at Chicago.

Rear.- Admiral  
**Rear Admiral Sotokichi Uriu.** who commanded one squadron of the Japanese fleet in the brilliant operations at the opening of the war with Russia, is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, of the class of 1881.

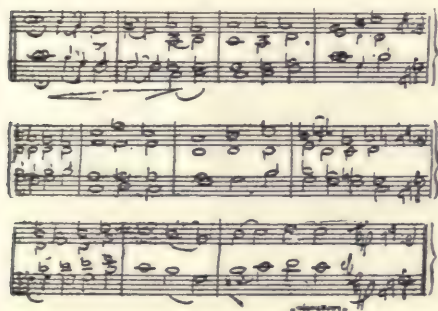
There were two Japanese in Uriu's class beside himself, the others being Tasuker Serata and Yenoske Inouye. Serata graduated number 14 and Uriu number 26 in the class which graduated 72 men. Inouye did not graduate. Uriu was 19 years of age when he entered the academy in 1877, which would make him only 46 years old now.





George T. Nicholson, born July 1, 1856, at Belvedere, N. C. He was educated at the Kansas State University. Entered railway service 1882 as clerk in general passenger and ticket office, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, since which he has been consecutively rate clerk,

chief rate clerk, chief clerk, assistant general passenger and ticket agent, and from February 1, 1897 to May 1, 1898, general passenger agent St. Louis and San Francisco Railway; May 1, 1898, to date, passenger traffic manager Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway System.



The hymn that is being sung all over Japan. It is indicative of the patriotism of the people of the island Empire.

It is very short. The words, roughly translated from the Japanese, are as follows: "The reign of our emperor . . . will last thousands of years . . . just as long, indeed, as a tiny stone . . . which is growing into a big rock . . . gathers its moss." These words are repeated three times to the same music.



## SEA LIFE

---

BY CAPTAIN C. M. SCANMON

The evening glow gilds sky and waves,  
With dazzling changing phantom,  
Till twilight spreads its canopy  
And all is lulled to rest.

But listen!  
I hear the distant thunder, loud,  
The lightning's flash from cloud to cloud,  
And now rolls up from far astern,  
The blackest signs of a coming storm!  
"Call all hands!"



Here comes a gale!  
And to it we must "shorten sail."  
Now, my "hearties," bear a hand.  
Reef the top-sails, with "taught band."  
Then all the rest the sails we'll "stow"  
From jib to royal:—"Aloft a'low."

The ship, from sail, though nearly freed,  
Still dashes on, like a foaming steed,  
And "broaching to"! "Hard up!"  
A blithe young tar, with might and main,  
To steer the ship, he tries in vain—  
"Call Old Bill!"

Now comes Bill: with sailor reel,  
And at his station takes the wheel,  
Straight as a line, the ship flies on,  
With the matchless speed of a frightened fawn.  
For at the wheel is one's who's been,  
Through many a gale and tempest din.  
Then said Old Bill, in muttering low,  
"It's the d—I's hole to catch a blow."  
"I thought the way the weather'd been  
That we would get four hours in.  
Instead of that, oh, hang the luck!  
Wet through and through, from heel to truck.  
And then as soon as there's a lull,  
All hands make sail—well, let her mull."

Night wanes,  
And in the East a golden ray,  
Swift comes the sun, to greet the day.  
The angry gale has passed us by—  
Again appears a cloudless sky.  
The elements, as if to please,  
Breathe forth a gently blowing breeze.  
The ship is a cloud of sail again,  
Bounding over the sparkling main.





The Japanese—The ceaseless labor of men and women, loading coal into transports



The Japanese —Types of patriotic citizens of the poorer class



# The King of the Flower Painters in His California Home

BY LOUIS N. RICHARDS

**W**ITHIN half an hour's ride from Los Angeles there lies, half-hidden among the orange and lemon groves of the picturesque valley, the aristocratic little suburb of Hollywood. It is not only one of the most attractive and romantic places in Southern California, but it is rapidly becoming one of the most noted as well; noted because it is in this favored village that there may be seen the beautiful gardens and the artistic home of Paul de Longpre, the king of flower painters.

To the tourist who inquires in Los Angeles what is to be seen outside the city, the invariable answer is: "Go to Hollywood and see the home of Paul de Longpre; it is the most beautiful home in Southern California." All the year round and especially during the tourist season, there is a perpetual stream of visitors crowding the cars, going not only to see the artist's home, but also to visit the art gallery which he most kindly keeps open to all visitors, for here may be seen a collection of flower paintings which is unquestionably the most unique and magnificent in America and probably in the world.

On entering the gates of the celebrated painter's home you see everywhere exemplified in the picture which lies before you evidences of Paul de Longpre's genius. One glance at the beautiful scene and you say: "This is the home of an artist." One is impressed with the simple, natural manner in which the grounds have been laid out and embellished. There is no studied arrangement, no well defined scheme or plan; but the flowers, shrubs and trees grow just where they may have been planted by nature herself. There is to be found in the garden

almost every plant and flower known to the botanist. Some idea of the extent of the gardens may be gained when it is stated that, in the rose garden alone, there are three thousand bushes, which include, of course, all the known varieties, and almost as far as the eye can reach one sees a vast field of flowers of every color and description. The grounds are enclosed by an ever-green hedge, but that is almost entirely concealed by climbing roses, bright-colored geraniums and beautiful vines. The gentle sea breezes as they pass become laden with fragrance from the banks of heliotrope, carnations, nicotina and lantana, and sweet birds sing their merry songs in this earthly paradise all the year round.

Shrubs and trees of almost every clime and country adorn the grounds. Tall and stately eucalyptus trees cast their long shadows on the velvet lawn; golden acacias mingle their graceful branches with the delicate, drooping foliage of the pepper trees; and majestic palms lend additional beauty to this enchanted garden.

To the north, and forming a background to the artist's home, there rise, in all their sublime grandeur, the purple crests of the Sierra Madre mountains, and in the distance can be seen the deep blue waters of the Pacific.

The residence is designed after the Moorish-Mission style of architecture which is always artistic and eminently appropriate for a California home. The massive structure, with its broad Spanish windows, arabesque arches and columns, and tall, graceful towers, is a revelation of artistic beauty in which simplicity and uniqueness of



The De Longpre Home.

design are the most impressive features.

In addition to the main building, there are five garden houses which harmonize with it in architecture and design; there is, however, in their dainty construction, a variety that is pleasing. The "retreat" is a circular arbor built in an ideal spot under the shade of the acacias; it is probably into this secluded nook that the artist retires when he desires not to be at home to too frequent callers. The "kiosk" in tennis court is an Oriental looking building, quite elaborate in design and half glass-enclosed. The fountain house is a gem of art in itself. It has several rooms in which are grown orchids and other rare and beautiful plants. The "guest house," as its name would suggest, is intended for the use of the artist in the entertainment of his friends. "It is here," says Mr. de Longpre, "that I expect to entertain my friends at Bohemian suppers."

The interior of the de Longpre home is in keeping with the exterior. And here again the artist's

exquisite taste has found expression in the beautiful decorations and elegant furnishings. In each room there is a collection of art which a king might envy; but of course the room in which every one is the most interested is the picture gallery. This is reached from the reception hall by descending three or four broad, terraced steps. The walls of the gallery are literally banked with flowers and foliage, and one wanders about studying the exquisite floral reproductions as if he were in some rare and beautiful garden. There is pictured here almost every flower known to the florist, from the common daisies of the field to the rare exotics of the conservatory. "You pause enraptured before a mass of American Beauty roses among whose leaves the sunshine plays hide and seek, and the delicate petals seem fresh with dew. Further on is a bank of wild flowers growing just as you have seen them grow in sunny fields and shaded woods. Among the blossoms the bees are gathering honey, while here and there a gor-



geous butterfly is dancing in the sunshine. And then you come to great clusters of purple lilac, and your thoughts are carried back to the old garden at home, and you long to bury your face in the blossoms and inhale the perfume which seems hidden there.

Paul de Longpre, like every truly great artist, possesses the sentiment of a poet, and this sentiment pervades everything that he paints. He is a lover of flowers, and his knowledge of their form and structure, coupled with his marvelous skill in drawing and coloring, has enabled him to reproduce them in so perfect a manner that they rival nature itself.

It is always a pleasure to study de Longpre's paintings, but when the artist himself is present the pleasure is greater; there is connected with almost every picture a bit of romantic history or some

charming little story. Mr. de Longpre's favorite picture in this collection is a superb painting in oil of Shasta daisies, white lilac, roses and syringa; it won the first prize at the Paris exposition, and is valued at five thousand dollars.

Another interesting picture is a bunch of large, white California poppies done in water color. The models for this painting were gathered by Madame Modjeska's niece in the canyons at the actress's home near El Toro, and brought to the artist to paint.

There was published in the "Inter-Collegian" some time ago, a collection of de Longpre's maxims. They will prove instructive to every art student and artist, too, perhaps, and they may be interesting to the laity as well. They read as follows:

"If you love art with all your soul; if you are ready to spend,



Detail of the facade of the De Longpre House.

maybe, half of your life before getting (perhaps) recognition; if you are willing to suffer all kinds of privations, surely for many years—then start to become an artist; start with enthusiasm to the pursuit of your ideal—let it be your religion.

"Bear always in mind that the highest type of beauty is the highest art.

"The principle of all my life has been: better paint nothing than paint something ugly or uninteresting.

When asked if he ever had an instructor the great artist replied that nature was his only teacher. "I do not even know the first principles of drawing," he added, and you smile when he says this.

Thirty-four years ago, the man who to-day is recognized as the greatest flower painter in the world was a poor boy attending the public schools in Paris. He did not, however, take kindly to his books, and whenever an opportunity offered itself he stole away to the country, where he spent his time in the



The Studio.

"You must live with your creations.

"Consider money as a help in art, never as a guide.

"Never be so narrow minded as to think that your school is the only one—admire talent in whatever school it belongs.

"A last word: never forget that the most contemptible vice is jealousy in art."

fields and woods sketching and painting from nature. Among his classmates at school there were children of wealthy parents, and to these, who usually had pin money the enterprising young artist sold his pictures. The death of the father left the mother with the care of a large family. It became necessary that Paul should take up some line of work in order to help provide for the needs of the family, and at



the age of twelve his school days were ended.

His two older brothers were painting fans for several large establishments in Paris, and Paul decided to take up that line of work also. The three brothers worked early and late, but the profits derived from the orders were small and often there were long periods when there was no work to do. There came a time, however, when the value of their work was recognized and happier and brighter days dawned for their mother and

year he lived in the country near Paris, where he spent the happy summer days painting pictures from nature. At the age of twenty-one he realized one of his boyhood dreams, for it was at this time that he had his first picture accepted and hung in the Paris salon. Then came orders for several important paintings, and his success as an artist was assured. During the years that followed he continued to paint pictures which were now everywhere in demand. But there came a day when de Longpre ex-



Miss De Longpre and Pauline De Longpre in the garden.

sisters. At the age of eighteen Paul de Longpre had established for himself a national reputation as a painter of fans, and his work was sold almost everywhere in France.

About this time he met and fell in love with a beautiful girl of his own age, and at nineteen they were married. Six months of the year he passed in Paris, where he devoted all of his time to painting fans; during the remainder of the

perienced one of the greatest misfortunes of his life. The failure of the "Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris" swept away the artist's fortune, for it was in that bank that he had deposited the savings of fifteen years' hard work. It was at this time that he decided to leave France and go to America. He managed to recover a few hundred dollars from the wrecked bank, and with his family he crossed the ocean.



The King of the Flower Painters.

Eleven years ago, Paul de Longpre landed in New York. He was at that time almost unknown on this side of the water, and it was no easy matter to find a market for his pictures. The few hundred dollars that he brought from France soon dwindled down to such an extent that he realized that some action had to be taken or the wolf would soon be prowling around the door.

In 1895 de Longpre decided to give an exhibition of his paintings. An exhibition of flower paintings exclusively was a thing unheard of, and his friends endeavored to convince him that such an undertaking could never be successful; that his plans, if ever carried out, meant inevitable ruin. The exhibition was given, nevertheless, and its success was greater than the artist himself had ever dreamed of. The galleries were crowded every day and his pictures brought enormous prices. The critics were unanimous in their praise of the artist's work and the name of Paul de Longpre was on

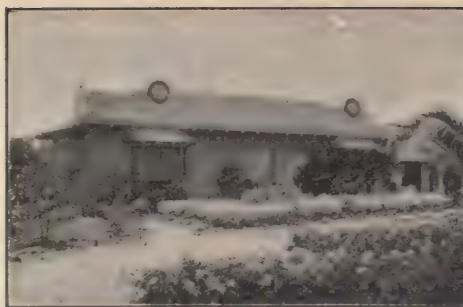
the lips of everyone interested in art. Since that time de Longpre's success has been almost marvelous, and to-day his pictures are to be found in the art galleries and homes of all the large cities of the civilized world.

After long years of patient toil, mingled with much suffering and privation, his life's work is at last rewarded and all his early dreams of fame and fortune are realized. Four times within twenty years he was at death's door from illness brought on by overwork. Mr. de Longpre says that at those times when the clouds were the darkest, and when fortune seemed to desert him, he found consolation and much encouragement in reviewing the trials that marked the lives of the world's greatest artists.

He remembered how Francois Millet struggled with poverty through a lifetime of sorrow and disappointment, and died with a broken heart, not knowing that his name was to be immortal and that the pictures which he sold for a few pounds to buy bread for his family would some day be worth small fortunes. But fate has dealt more kindly with de Longpre; he is still young and surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that come with fame and wealth; he lives a life of perfect happiness; but it is not to be inferred, however, that Paul de Longpre leads an existence of ease and idleness, but on the contrary he is an indefatigable worker. He rises early, and while the dew is still fresh upon the flowers he gathers his models in the garden and goes to the studio for his day's work.

The noted artist has been greatly aided in his life's work by his wife, a lady of marked culture and refinement. Upon being presented to Madame de Longpre she tells you, in her gracious, charming way, that she does not speak English; but it is such a rare pleasure to listen to her elegant French that one has no





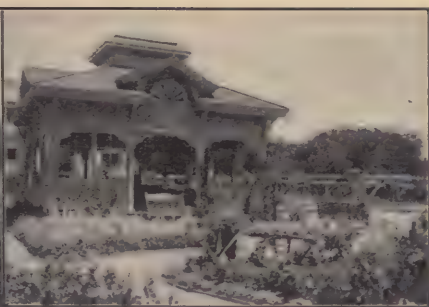
The Guest House

desire to hear her speak anything else.

Madame de Longpre is assisted in her social duties by her daughter, a charming and highly accomplished young lady. But the pet of this happy home is Paul de Longpre's youngest daughter, a bright little miss about eight years old. If you ask her to tell you her name she will say it is Pauline; but the only name she is ever called at home is "Joujou," the French word for toy or plaything. She is idolized by her famous father, and when he walks in the garden she is always by his side.

It is a great pleasure to meet Paul de Longpre; genial, good natured, sparkling with wit, he is certainly the most entertaining company imaginable. He does not care very much for society, but chooses to entertain his friends in his own home, and he is happy always when he has some friends to join him with his family at dinner. The de Longpres are Parisians, and needless to say their dinner is always a delightful affair. French servants serve the courses in the conventional Parisian style, and each course is accompanied with good old French wine and brightened by Paul de Longpre's witty stories.

It is not generally known that the artist is not only a musician but a composer of music as well. One of his latest compositions is a descriptive waltz with beautiful melodies and rich harmonies; it is being played by Sousa and is destined to become popular.



The Kiosk facing the Tennis Court.

The celebrated painter counts among his friends people who are noted in all the walks of life; statesmen, artists, musicians, singers; all are welcome to the de Longpre home.

When President Roosevelt was in Southern California during his recent tour, the artist presented him with a beautiful painting of California poppies, the official flower of the Golden State. While the President was in Los Angeles the painting adorned his apartments at the Westminster, where it created much favorable comment. It has since been hung in the art gal-



Madame de Longpre.

lery at the White House, and it doubtless will prove an interesting addition to the collection of art in the executive mansion.

Mr. de Longpre has lived in California only three years, but he never tires of praising the natural beauties and advantages of this favored State. It seems eminently fitting that the great flower painter should

have chosen this land of sunshine, fruit and flowers for his home, where he might gain inspiration from his poetic environment.

It is to be earnestly hoped that Paul de Longpre may continue for many years to delight the world with his exquisite portrayals of California's beautiful flowers. Vive le Roi des Fleurs!

---

## OF THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

---

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

"How big's a modern novel, pa,  
That critics call it great?  
Is it in length a thousand miles  
In weight a hundredweight,  
In area nine acres broad  
In height six stories high,  
Or is it great because of Literary  
Quality?"

"My child, your question is absurd,  
For to be quite precise,  
This Literary Quality's  
A thing that cuts no ice.  
But when the volumes, end to end,  
Would stretch ten thousand miles,  
And when they weigh a dozen tons,  
The massy tow'ring piles,

When many-storied clothing stores,  
Whose tops do scrape the sky,  
Whose bottoms cover acres twelve,  
The book by car-loads buy;  
(Though wrothy readers call it rot,  
And gentle readers, bad,)  
It is the greatest romance writ,  
For figures see the Ad."



# THE FREIGHT OF NUMBER SEVEN

BY JOHN ROBERTS

“COME, crawl out of there!” There was no answer.

Angrily the conductor fell on his knees and swung the lantern high. Out of the darkness peered two sullen eyes, blinking and blinded by the flash. But the body lying flat and extended along the brake-beam made no movement.

The freight was about to pull out of Barstow, when Stewart discovered a lank form running and crouching alternately in shadow of the inside track. When it disappeared, he knew what coigne of vantage had been gained.

“Crawl out, and quick,” he commanded.

The body dropped easily, and a gaunt man stood before Stewart on the platform. He looked at the bright light streaming out of the telegraph office, and then away at the grim phalanx on its way southward.

“Well, nothing to say?” asked the conductor. “It’s the hard luck story I suppose. Nothing under the jacket for days, feet too sore to walk! Do you think the Santa Fe was built to carry you beats?”

With hands thrust deep in empty pockets, the tramp stood as though listening to the persistent click of the instrument inside.

“I ain’t a beat,” he said in sulky defiance. “I never done this thing before.” He regarded the ragged shoe of his left foot, and then looked up at the employee in forced indifference. “I ain’t goin’ to die in public hospitals, and they said I might get better down there.” He nodded

to the Southland, where respite for torn lungs and ebbing life lay in orange groves, free spaces and warm earth.

He turned and walked down the deserted platform, the convulsive racking cough coming back distinctly to Stewart, who hesitated for one moment, and then ran after the figure moving aimlessly away. There was a shrill whistle.

“Hold on,” cried the conductor, roughly. “Swing into number seven, first car, and lie low.”

Out of the sixty-nine cars bound for Los Angeles, forty-nine were loaded, and number seven happened to be empty and next the second engine.

The tramp had visions of slumber undisturbed by the urge of muscles sore and stiff with the effort to follow the swaying motion, and remain on the narrow beam unbroken by horrid dreams of crunching wheels and crushed limbs.

He sank on a heap of green hides, warm from the shambles.

There is a smooth stretch on the north side of the San Bernardino Mountains, and the long caravan glided noiselessly over the rails. It was almost midnight when the train passed Summit, on the top of the elevation, and began the steep drop of the Cajon grade.

The train had hardly begun when the train shuddered through all its length and came to a stand-still.

Engine 773, the one in front had slipped a tire.

“Uncouple her,” shouted Stewart to fireman Sandy of No. 773. “Take

her to Kenbrook siding, and wait until we pass with the freight. When you get there whistle hard and we'll come down."

Fireman Sandy leaned out of the cab, his good-natured Irish face turned toward the waiting crew. "Boys, I'll whistle like the very devil when I'm sided," he called.

No signal could escape being heard in the narrow pass, so the men waited without apprehension. The wind had died down, and clean and high above the darkness shone the stars. Minutes passed. The dial showed the hand at the half hour. Night murmurs from the mountain side and the occasional bumping of the cars were the only sounds. The silence grew to ominous forebodings. The anxiety of Stewart increased with the lengthening moments. Forty minutes had elapsed.

"773's been stalled somewhere. I'm going to see," he confided to Engineer Brooks. We'll leave the freight and run down the road a bit."

The conductor swung himself on to the first car and thrusting his head through the door of number seven called to the only passenger.

"Say, Bill, I'm off for a trip. See to yourself. If the others catch you—there's something doing."

The tramp came to his feet with a bound. Stewart laughed.

"Well, you needn't hurry so, old man; there's no one on yet."

He banged the door and leaped upon the departing engine.

The tramp shook himself, huddled down, his back against the side of the car, and prepared to finish his sleep.

A little tremor ran through the train, which, with air-brakes set on the steep grade, should have remained still.

Danger, soft-shod, was stealing through the watches of the night. But to trained ears her footsteps were not inaudible. The relief engine had been gone ten minutes. The elemental forces behind the slipping

of the cog; the minimum leakage, the maximum ocean; the escaping energy of severed wires; the knowledge of the inexorable powers behind, around the frail creations of man, blanched the faces of the crew with comprehensive terror.

The motion was hardly perceptible, yet three men sprang to the air brakes.

"God!" panted one of the crew, "the air brakes have collapsed."

With one accord they turned to the hand brakes, the glistening knuckles of the powerful fingers almost bursting from the skin as they clutched, twisted and held in vain. Stealthily the huge mass crept downward. Impotent, the superhuman efforts of the three men—atoms battling with the awful forces of nature.

The velocity was increasing, as the merciless wheels, conscious of a new-born energy, turned faster and ever faster.

The gaunt figure reared itself suddenly. The speed was slight as yet but at every inch of ground gained increased two-fold. With one jump the vagrant could have reached the ground—and safety. He did not move. With his long dirty fingers curled around the iron rail he peered ahead, his torpid brain keenly alive to the destruction in front. With a rush he caught up a white light fixed on a hook inside, and hung it up on the bumper of the car.

Faintly outlined trees whizzed by in a strong current of air. The train no longer a thing to be controlled, bold, masterful, was plunging down grade, gaining fearful momentum at each revolution of the wheels. Horrible, titanic the monster went down the incline, to the engine waiting in the darkness.

The engineer of 824 paused, his hand on the throttle valve. The rumble of distant thunder was in the air. The two men in the cab understood in a flash. Stewart faced engineer Brooks.

The primitive man, the instinct of



self-preservation, played in the breast of one; agony, a woman's iace, duty, scorched in the brain of the other. And then before the sternness of an indomitable will, the engineer's glance fell.

"Let her go, and make a flying coupling," ordered Stewart.

Louder the roar; the tremble of the earth grew. The white light flared and flashed as the runaway screamed over the rails.

The engine quivered, the piston dropped in its cylinder, and then came the fearful impact; a shock, the cessation of thought, a new realization. But in face of the tremendous impetus gained, the safety brakes were useless. Gripping its victim, on rushed the crazed demon to where the stalled engine blocked the way.

In the cab of the disabled engine stood Sandy, valiantly blowing the whistle. He saw the advancing headlight bearing down upon him, a cyclops helplessly propelled by the sixty-nine cars. In one awful moment he, too, grasped the inevitable. And yet the signal of distress went shrieking "like the very devil," as he had promised.

And as the crash came, above the noise of smashing timbers and escaping steam, one long shrill whistle told how fireman Sandy had died at his post.

Bruised and shaken, Stewart, lying thrown thirty feet away, crawled over to the train hands gathered around the wreck. Upon the ground had fallen the appalling silence of a great disaster; the hush after the tumult of devastating elements. Death, and perhaps fighting tortured life, lay under the debris of splintered wood and shivered steel.

Two men dragged out the contorted body of engineer Brooks. The mangled form emitted a groan and then became motionless.

"Who lighted the freight?" asked one of the crew in a whisper. No one knew.

Lying near, one hand grasping the ring of the shattered white light, was a thing of barely human semblance. Stewart caught a lantern and knelt down beside it. He turned up to the light the drawn face with its unkempt hair and beard. A cry strangled in his throat.

"Good God! It's the tramp."

## DAWN

BY F. J. FOSTER

Aurora from her golden car  
Sweeps slope and valley with her magic wand,  
Conjures away the clinging mists of Night;  
Crowns the awakening hills with crimson wreaths  
New dipped in perfume by the dews distilled;  
And wooes King Forest with her love-born smile.

He bids his tuneful multitudes to make  
The fragrant air vibrate with amorous song  
Unto the blushing Goddess of the Morn.

# THE TIN BOX

BY SARA ANDREWS

I HAD met and married Dorothy while I was holding the post of physician on a Transatlantic liner. We had a little home in Hoboken. I continued my trips for a few months, but Dorothy's grief at every departure, added to her constant longing for her early California home, influenced me to make a change. Accordingly I resigned my position and brought my wife to her native State, to settle in the Southern town where she was born.

It was a serious matter for a young doctor, with a small capital, to attempt to establish a practice in a country town. Dorothy and I had given it long and deep consideration. She was a woman of resources and economical ingenuity, and we worked out our plans and achieved success—in theory. My first practical effort was to secure a suitable house at a reasonable rent. With this object in view I started out on the day of our arrival, leaving my wife at the hotel. She was lying down when I returned two hours later.

"Did you find a house?" she asked eagerly, as I entered.

"I have found one that may suit us. If you are not too tired I would like to take you to see it," I answered.

Dorothy's keen interest in our home making would not allow her to think of fatigue, and she was soon ready to start. The house was situated on one of the older streets about ten minutes' walk from the hotel. It was an old house bearing evidence of continued years of neglect. As I held the garden gate open for Dorothy I saw a look of disgust settle on her face.

"Why, Edward, what a dirty, dilapidated old place."

"No, dear, not dilapidated, only

dirty and neglected."

"Edward, this place will never do for a doctor's residence."

"Don't pass a hasty judgment, my dear. Wait until you have seen it, and I tell you what the owner will do in repairing and cleaning."

I unlocked the front door and we entered a spacious hall with large rooms on both sides. A wide staircase led to the upper rooms. The look of disgust never left Dorothy's face, as, with her skirts gathered up, she stepped lightly over the dusty floors.

"It has been a fine house," she commented, with a strong accent on the "has been."

"When cleaned, painted and furnished it will be pleasant and home-like," I answered. Then I proceeded to give her a detailed account of the repairs that the owner had promised to make. I reminded her that the house was large enough for office and residence and the rent unusually cheap.

"That makes me suspicious," she said in an argumentative tone. "Why has this house remained so long without a tenant, and why is the owner willing to make such extensive repairs and rent at so low a figure?"

"He will rent it at that price only upon condition that we take it for two years at least."

"Edward, there is something about this house that puzzles me. I fancy that I have seen it before to-day. The staircase and the little conservatory off the dining room and the wide veranda running around the house—all these seem dimly familiar."

For some moments she stood silent, her eyes wandering restlessly. The look of perplexity suddenly changed to one of horror, as, with a



little cry, she dropped her skirts and grasped my arm.

"Now I know, Edward. You remember what I told you about Fred Langton, who was cashier in father's bank? Well, this was where he lived. Father brought me here once when I was a little girl, but I had almost forgotten the place. At the time of the robbery all the coin was taken from the bank. Father suspected Mr. Langton, but he hadn't sufficient proof to substantiate a charge. After father died from overwork and worry, Mr. Langton committed suicide in one of the upper rooms. The peculiar circumstances surrounding the bank robbery, and his tragic death created a sensation. Shortly after the tragedy the report spread that Mr. Langton's ghost haunted the scene of his death. That is why the house has been vacant so long."

I smiled at her as she cast an apprehensive glance up the stairs, and drew closer to me.

"Do you think he is up there now?" I asked her in a bantering tone, yet more disturbed by her revelations than I cared to show. The fact that the house might have an undesirable reputation was not a pleasant thought to me. As we had been through all the house I suggested returning to the hotel.

We continued our search for a house for several days, but found nothing that was satisfactory. As time passed and our disappointments increased, my repugnance to the unpleasant tradition of the Langton house grew less. I had liked the house from the first, the size and arrangement of the rooms as well as the location suited me. But when I spoke to Dorothy about waiving foolish notions and taking the house, she refused positively with a shudder.

One week from the day that we had looked at the old house, Dorothy and I had retired, feeling very weary and discouraged. I particularly, for I felt provoked at Doro-

thy for her persistent objection to the only house that was available to us. Weariness dispelled the worry from my mind and I was soon asleep, only to be awakened by Dorothy speaking to me in an agitated voice.

"What is it?" I asked sleepily, with a hazy notion of burglars.

Dorothy was clinging to me and trembling with excitement.

"Oh, Edward, I have had such a strange experience. I saw father."

"You saw him?" I exclaimed incredulously, "you mean that you dreamt that you did."

"No, Edward," she protested, "I was not asleep. I was lying in a quiet state, just bordering on active consciousness, thoughts, altogether foreign to my situation were flitting through my mind. I heard my father's voice calling me, and at the same moment I saw him emerging from between the portieres. In a perfectly natural manner he said: 'Take Fred Langton's old house, Dorothy. It will prove profitable to you.'"

I attempted to discuss the improbability of the whole matter, declaring it to be nothing more than a dream. But Dorothy insisted on regarding it as a visitation from her father, and the influence of this belief upon her was such that, much as she was opposed to taking the house before, she was now as much in favor of it. As this was in perfect accord with my own wishes, and while I was skeptical as to the true nature of her experience, its effect upon her was so satisfactory to me that I refrained from further argument. We discussed the matter during half the night, with the result that in the morning I went to see the owner of the house, and signed the lease for two years. The owner fulfilled all of his promises with regard to repairs, and we furnished the lower rooms according to our means. For a few weeks Dorothy seemed contented, although

she never lost her aversion to the upper rooms. Fortunately we had no need of them.

One evening I was studying in the sitting room, while Dorothy sat in a low rocker working on a sofa cushion. Her chair rocked violently, and she sprang to her feet, scattering her working materials far and near. She stood in the center of the room and looked aghast at the still moving chair.

"What is the matter, Dorothy?" I asked.

"Edward, some one rocked my chair," she gasped.

"You rocked it yourself."

"No, Edward, I didn't. Don't you see, it is rocking yet?" she said with a nervous shudder.

"The force with which you jumped out of it would cause it to rock," I said to her reassuringly.

"Edward, it rocked while I was sitting in it. I was intent on matching my silks when it seemed as though some one grasped my chair and pulled it back with a jerk."

"Now, my dear," I said, soothingly, "as a physician I pronounce this a case of nerves and recommend you to go to bed. A night's rest will restore you."

Dorothy received my suggestion with a look of indignation and commenced to gather up her scattered work.

Frequent occurrences of a like nature followed this, our first experience, Dorothy always being the recipient of the uncanny attentions. At such times she declared that she could feel the touch of an unseen hand and catch the vibration of an unheard voice. As Dorothy was a brave, sensible little woman, not given to foolish fancies, I finally gave credence to her statements and regretted having taken the house. When alone, we spent our evenings in the sitting room, and it was here that most of these perplexing incidents took place.

When we had been in the house

six months, we both sat reading one Sunday afternoon, Dorothy in her favorite rocker, I at my reading table. The sound of Dorothy's book falling to the floor caused me to turn. I was surprised to see her standing facing the door, with one arm raised. Her face was pale, her lips were parted and her eyes set.

With her gaze fixed, she passed through the door and down the hall. I followed. As she walked, she talked in a low even tone, describing her actions before they were committed, as though one grade of consciousness was transmitting intelligence to another grade.

I crept after her noiselessly. She descended the small flight of stairs leading to the summer kitchen. Passing through this she entered a small square space that had been dug out from under the forward part of the house. Here she paused, saying: "Dig, dig here." She stood still for a moment, when the rigor of her frame relaxed and she became aware of her surroundings. She clung fearfully to me for a few minutes, but soon regained her composure.

"O, Edward," she exclaimed, "I know all now. It was Mr. Langton who robbed father's bank, and the money is buried here. I saw him, and he told me. Get a pick and shovel and dig right here," indicating the spot with her foot.

I never thought of doubting the truth of her statement, and securing the implements set to work, at what proved to be an arduous task.

"There is a large tin box about two feet down. I saw it as in a passing picture," said Dorothy.

My work verified her statements, as the tin box was soon exposed to view. I succeeded in raising it, although the weight was almost beyond my strength. With Dorothy's assistance, I brought it up into the sitting room. It was an ordinary cash box of large size and bore the name of Dorothy's father. Lacking a key, I pried it open. Some old



papers covered the contents, which proved to be rolls and rolls of money. Dorothy and I spent considerable time in counting it, and found that it contained \$75,364 in gold and U. S. notes.

When our excitement had somewhat subsided, Dorothy related the incident, as she had experienced it, which had resulted in the finding of the tin box.

"As I sat reading," she said, "I felt a peculiar sensation. It was not drowsiness, for my mind was alert, but I was sensible of a change of conditions, and a slow transference of consciousness. Just within the door appeared a faint cloud or shadow, which gradually assumed the well-defined appearance of a man. He spoke, but in a voice to which no physical ear is responsive. He said that he was Fred Langton who had robbed my father's bank for revenge, after he had been discharged from his position as cashier. He had lost heavily through speculation, and he wished to retrieve his own fortunes, and at the same time ruin my father, whom he believed to be responsible for his discharge from the bank. He feared to draw suspicion upon himself by the free use of much money at a time when it was known that he was almost bankrupt, so he buried it, as you see, trusting to the future for a favorable opportunity to use it.

"Father was so affected by the loss of the money, and all the consequent trouble that he suffered a stroke of paralysis, from which he died.

"Mr. Langton found that his act of vengeance did not bring any sat-

isfaction. Father's death added to his sense of guilt, as he instinctively felt that it was the result of his crime. He knew, also, that the Bank Directors suspected him, and they were conducting investigations that might lead to his conviction. The existing conditions and the possibilities of the future were so appalling to him that he tried to escape from the results of his wickedness by committing suicide. This culminating act of folly left him hopelessly haunting the vicinity of the buried treasure, the discovery of which was the dominating fear of his last days. During all these years he had been a bound soul. In the hope of freeing himself, he has been striving to make known his presence to me and reveal the buried treasure. After he had guided me down the stairs, and shown me where the treasure was concealed, he vanished as mysteriously and suddenly as he had appeared."

It would be useless for me to try to describe the effect that Dorothy's strange, uncanny, but profitable experience had produced upon both of us. However, our fears and repugnance to the haunted house was gone forever.

The old lawyer who had settled the affairs of Dorothy's father, assured us that there were no claims against the estate, and consequently the money was rightly hers.

We subsequently bought the old house, adding to it, and beautifying it, until it was one of the finest residences in the town. Two of our grandchildren are romping in the big hall as I write, but our mysterious visitor has never troubled us since the day we found the tin box.





## A California Eve

BY LUCIA E. LORING

"And set your square with Genesis."  
—Browning.

**R**ALPH DUNHAM stumbled down the dark chute-like opening in the snow-shed to the hotel at Cisco. As he stood on the plank walk outside his room door, looking across the valley in the fast-falling dusk, he gloried in the expected familiarity of the surroundings. The unchanged outline of blunt mountains. The ready fire-train puffing on the track at an open space beyond which crawled away in opposite directions black caterpillar-like miles of snowsheds.

As he upraised his eyes to a nearer peak, he saw sharply dark against the remembered glory of the sunset sky a figure, erect, motionless, upon a bronze horse. It was too far for him to distinguish the costume, but he felt sure that the rider was a woman. He sighed, relieved, when she disappeared, removing from his sight the one blot on the landscape.

Ralph Dunham, bachelor, had come to his twenty-seventh year escaping whooping-cough, measles and affairs of love. To him, women like stiff collars, were occasionally a necessity, but there were times when one could be happy without either. This beloved resort of his in the high Sierras was one place where, to his thinking, women had no right to intrude. The wood creatures' shrill tones, birds' fluty warbles, pricking shrieks of field-mouse or chatter of jay, harmonized with nature's rustle, and the moan of the pines, but woman's sentimental quaver or childish enthusiasm was torturing even in conjecture.

The next morning found him in a boat on the west end of a lake, alone

except for the gossiping blue-jays. A clear sky was overhead, a breeze urged on the ripples of the lake's south side in contrast to the north side's glassy smoothness. The sunlight dazzled across the water in straight, then broken, path of brightness.

He sat statue-like, patiently holding his fishing-rod, and his gaze wandered. Huge boulders, deeply seamed, were overlooked by ranks of mountains purpling to a hazy distance. Great fallen trees projected into the water, bleached skeleton brothers of the stately giants whose zigzag shadows darkened the nearer shore.

Back of the bushes, yellow and green, that brightened in the sunshine on the opposite bank, something living stirred. He forgot to watch the trout glimmering in the transparent water for a short-skirted figure with brown leggins and a big hat came to the rippling edge. She drew in a pole securely fastened in a rock-cleft, took off some trout and threw out the line again with a soft swish and widening circles on the surface.

Chagrined at not having even a bite, annoyed at the feminine blot again, he reeled in his line and rowed ashore.

Fish basket swinging at his back, trim-cased rods shoulder-slung, his gun in hand, he trod the slippery path toward Red Mountain whose reflection tinted the east end of the lake. Up along the crackling trail, spongy with leafy deposit, crisp with pine needles, to the ridge he climbed. Sometimes he pushed through gnarled branches to make his own path for the pleasure of discovering untrod beauties,



for the joy of the untouched wilderness.

By a pond overgrown with tangles of lilies, he saw the recent tracks of a deer. Here he ate his lunch in solitary enjoyment, satisfied. A shot cracked the quiet, the echoes faintly tossed back from the granite walls around him. Then all was still, but his Eden had been invaded. He pushed through the brush; it was an Eve he saw.

She beckoned to him. Reluctantly he went toward her. She was standing, gun resting on her arm, a shapely heap at her feet.

"I got him," she called excitedly, "but I can't carry him away alone. What had I better do?"

He saw the branching horns and recognized the game.

"I can stay here until you get a horse," she ventured, "or you can stay here and I'll go." She pushed back her overshadowing hat and showed a sun-browned young face.

"There's old Tony," she continued as he did not reply; "I might get him to help," biting her lip in perplexity, after a swift scrutiny of the trim-attired, helpless city man.

"Would you be willing to stay here till I return? It's my first deer," she said proudly, but with a feminine quiver of the mouth as she looked down. "I'd hate to have anything get him."

She stalked quickly away, her short skirts flapping not ungracefully in her haste. The slouchy shirt-waist did not conceal the figure, and a thick braid of brown hair had slipped from the coil beneath her hat and hung to the belt strapped tightly about the lithe waist.

"Ve can tak him to de cabine, n'est ce pas?" said the grimy Tony, looking down at the game with admiration. Eet vas a verra goot shot, Mees Della, oh, oui."

"All right. Bring up the horse and let's load him on," she said, briskly.

Ralph felt himself ignored, so he braced his broad shoulders; he was

no mean athlete, and assisted to load in a way that won a condescending nod from the brown girl.

Slowly they made their way to a tumble-down cabin beside the shore of a transparent green lake. Della, as she talked with Tony, pulled about the carcass heedless of blood-stained hands and dirt-encrusted skirt.

As Ralph turned homeward, he paused on a ledge to look back. She was standing by the gray cabin, backed by dark firs, her gun in hand, watching him intently.

"She must be the sheepherder's daughter," was his conclusion; "that was his cabin last year. By Jove! I believe she looks familiar; maybe she's the ever-present blot on the landscape." On the lonely mountain trails one gives vent to one's feelings aloud.

\* \* \* \*

On the lake's smooth bosom floated fleece-white clouds amid quivering, long-stretched shadows of stately trees. Two persons, a tall young man in soiled brown hunting coat with fish basket and rods shoulder-slung, and a girl in short skirt and leggings, were earnestly talking. She was looking away, her face screened by the torn brim of her hat.

"It is absurd," she said, softly. "It would be a great mistake."

"But I want you just as you are," he persisted. "You are different from any woman that I have met; that is why you are the one woman for me."

"I read in a book which some one loaned me last summer that 'a woman am like a dishrag—monstrous convenient in her place, but if she get out of it, she ain't nuffin to nobody.'" There was pathos in her voice in spite of the laughter in her eyes.

"But when the heart of a man turns to one woman out of all that he has seen in the world, she may be sure that she will be something to somebody," he pleaded.



"On a 7000 foot elevation two boulders poised."



"A lingering beam tipped the corner of the roof . . ."

"Men have made tangles of their lives for one woman; it would be better to be 'nuffin to nobody!" she answered. "Imagine me in your city home." She fingered her stained skirt. "At a dance, perhaps." She tilted back her hat and fanned herself airily with a huge lily leaf, mocking him with her big brown eyes. "Or you might prefer me at a play, in a fleecy opera cloak, do they call it? Sheep's skin would suit me better." She burst into a ringing laugh at sight of his protesting face.

"You could learn," he faltered.

"What is that about teaching a dog new tricks? I am twenty, and have all my tricks learned, sir," with a grotesque curtesy. "Besides there is my father."

"Your father——" The man's eyes fell, a flush showed through the sunburn on his cheeks. She knew that he was picturing the sullen, unkempt shepherd in an impossible situation. "Is he really your father?" with a wistful look. "It is hard to believe."

"Many things that you have told me are hard to believe," she answered evasively. "Listen." She laid her hand lightly on his arm. "I will tell you a story. It came to me in bits thrown out here and there on the trail.

"There was once a man who

found his paradise on the heavenly heights. Into this garden spot came a woman—I suppose God sent her. There was a tree in this paradise whose fruit was rarer than the snow-plant of the summits; sweeter than the fragrance of the flower-swept breeze from the lower meadows; more elusive than the silver trout of Lock Levern to the fisherman's hook. If one eats of this fruit, one's eyes are blinded, veiled in rosy, tender mists, but a bitter taste that never passes away is left on the tongue. That tree is the tree of love—I am the Eve. I will profit by my first mother's experience and cast it from me. I forbid you to eat."

"But some one, it was a woman, I believe, has said 'that if Eve had had a spade in paradise and known what to do with it, we should not have had all that sad business of the apple.'"

"I am surprised to hear you quote a woman," she said, "after that marked passage in your book referring to women as 'no better than monkeys with parrots' heads.'"

He blushed, but went on sturdily: "That was before I knew you."

"Is the world changed because it reads books and washes? Lo, the customs of the fathers bind the children," she replied. "It is the glamour of these glorious mountains, these lofty trees, the freedom of



these solitary heights that have changed your nature for the time that now is, but when you shall have gone from them with one sharp heartbreak, you will feel differently." She broke from his detaining grasp. "Forget the shepherd's daughter! Adieu!" He heard her ululating call coming back ever fainter, "adieu—adieu!"

\* \* \* \*

He had never noticed before how desolately grand was this lake with cleft granite borders and bleached skeleton trees standing white-boned, gaunt, on its margin. He stepped over an opened rotting log and climbed the rocky trail following a dry water course.

At 7,000 feet elevation, two boulders had poised on a brink. For centuries they had threatened to crash to the forest below. Ralph stood on the edge saying farewell to his Eden and his Eve; he had been on the heights, now he must descend. Oh, those grand High Sierras! They close about and over one; they fill one so full that to leave them rends the heart.

It was nearly dusk when Ralph passed the shepherd's cabin. The gray door was closed, the lake and trees were blackening in the shade. A lingering beam of light brightened

a bark-ridden stump and tipped the corner of the roof and the rude ladder leaning weakly against the cabin's log side. All was still as the surface of the lake; all was darkly colorless as his hopeless mood.

He walked home without a backward glance, turning aside on the rolling stretches, hoof-beaten and bare, to avoid the white huddling sheep and their silent guardian.

\* \* \* \*

In the cold, dim hours of early morning the train came thundering into the snowshed. Ralph, belated, made his hasty way to the yellow light of the brakeman's guiding lantern. He saw the dapper station agent assisting a young lady on board the train.

"Be sure and remind Tony to pack my cabin treasures well, and take care of my tumble-down store-house through the winter's snows."

"I will, Miss Della," he called cheerfully. "Come back next year."

In the dim, close car, sleepy forms stirred uneasily as the open door admitted a cold draught, but they toppled over again, not hearing in their dreams the man's eager question:

"Della, who are you?" grasping her arm as she swayed in the aisle.

"Only an ordinary city girl." She



"Bleached skeleton trees standing white-boned and gaunt on the margin."



"Red Mountain, whose reflection had tinted the east end of the lake."

laughed tremblingly. "Once Eve in a mountain Eden." She sank into a seat.

He dropped beside her.

"Always Eve to me," he said masterfully. Then in a pleading tone, "Behold your Adam."

"Apples, nice mountain apples," called the train boy. He stopped expectantly as the two young people laughed, but glided out grumbling. They were looking into each other's eyes and heeded him not.





# THE THING HE FEARED

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

"I'M afraid," began Moore, tossing aside the note he had just read, "I'm seriously afraid—"

"Somebody written you a threatening letter?" suggested Bright, with languid interest.

"A threatening letter! That's just what; only it threatens instant matrimony instead of death."

"Been proposed to!" commented Bright, stuffing down the tobacco in his pipe. "Fascinating creature! Gets proposals viva voce, and through the mails. You needn't look so scared—you don't have to accept, you know."

"No," rejoined Moore, thoughtfully, "I don't have to accept; but I want to—not the matrimonial part," laughing as he caught sight of the other's astonished face, "but it's the tender of a position, a good one, and one that would suit me. I've been out since the failure of Wright & Sims, you know. I've always lived up to my income, too, and to give you the facts in the case, I'm extremely hard up."

Bright took the letter, which was pushed toward him, and read:

"Moosagunk Point, April 27, '97.  
My Dear Mr. Moore:

"You will remember me as the wife of the late Mr. Havermeyer, for whom you kept books in the winter of 1880-81.

"Since Mr. Havermeyer's death, I have continued most of his business plans. I am now needing a manager for the mill here. I observe—from the firm you were last with—that you have continued in the lumber business, and I think it possible you might suit the place, and the place suit you. Would you like to try it?

"Sincerely yours,

"CORDELIA HAVERMEYER."

"What's the matter with that?" inquired Bright.

"The matter with it," replied Moore, concisely, "is that, although the battery is a masked one, it is, as you at first supposed, an offer of marriage.

Bright grunted, incredulously.

"Eighteen years ago," began Moore, "I was just eighteen. I kept books, as the document states, for old Havermeyer, of Moosagunk—Hang-dog Havermeyer, we used to call him in private."

Bright nodded. "Quite in the manner of the 'idle apprentice,' he commented.

"Old Havermeyer," continued Moore, "beside having a saw mill in that lumbrous region, being pretty rich for the time and place, and in a fair way to being richer, had a young wife."

Bright nodded sapiently. "Enter Mephistopheles," he whispered.

"No," replied Moore, "there wasn't any Mephistopheles business about it. She was just my age; (our combined years made the total, by the way, of mine now), a pretty little thing, too, one of those pink and white flower-like women who fade young. I would be willing to wager that, with the life she's led with old Havermeyer up there at Moosagunk, she looks sixty to-day."

"While you," interrupted Bright, and paused as though ecstasy forbade further speech.

Moore looked with some complacency in the chimney glass. "I've taken good care of myself," he said. "I've had no responsibilities that I could shirk, and I've not been the fool to try 'going the pace.' I'm reasonably satisfied, and I mean to stick by the theories of life I've hammered out for myself. Well, to return to our mutton—or our little lamb, as it was in this case. Havermeyer was an outrageous old brute when he drank, and nobody had ever seen

him really sober long enough to know how he'd be au naturel.

"Jealousy is hardly the word to describe his attitude toward the poor girl—he was maniacal. Used to take her about with him, as some men take a dog. In that way he brought her to the office, and as she was a bright little thing, and didn't relish sitting around catching flies like the animal aforementioned when it waits for its master, she set to work on his correspondence, and such matters—and I taught her bookkeeping."

"And more than bookkeeping," supplied Bright, cynically.

"Of course," said Moore, "we were wildly in love with each other inside of a fortnight. There was no mortal harm in it—poor, innocent babes that we were—and scarcely a word said of the understanding which grew up between us. It was not likely there would be, with old Havermeyer glowering about like a burlesque Bluebeard without the blue. But she knew I would have cheerfully died to make her hard lot any easier, and I knew that every drop of blood in her small frame set out for her fluttering heart when I drew near, for her little hands were like ice whenever they touched mine."

"Lord, Lord! When such an early romance is dead and in its grave, it ought to be allowed to rest. No resurrecting of its ghost eighteen years after its demise, and writing of veiled offers to 'him that was' should be possible. When it ends it ought to end."

"How and when, if one may ask, did it end in this case?"

"Oh, yes. Well, it wasn't as you would think. I don't believe old Havermeyer ever for one moment suspected the state of my feelings. He got in a rage at me about something else; a log tally which he swore I'd falsified, and discharged me."

"She was in the office when he came in roaring and raging; and she charged him like a little tigress. I

saw then, for once, the mettle that was in her. She wouldn't fight him for herself; but for me—— He appeared astonished, so I knew it was the first time. And she had him combed down and speaking civilly in about six minutes.

"He swore he wouldn't pay me what he owed me—said I'd robbed him systematically, but she made him do it."

"And then she sent me away." A choke came in Moore's insouciant voice.

"I hadn't thought of it for years," he said.

"Poor little soul! She brought me the check for such salary as was due me the next day. 'Mr. Havermeyer was not quite himself yesterday,' she said. 'He is sorry to-day for what he intimated. He would have sent you a letter of recommendation.'"

"Well, for about a minute I could not speak for fear of sobbing right out; then I said something about her sending for me if she needed a friend—though God knows why she should ever need one worse than she did at that minute."

"She replied that she could never hold any communication with me as things were; she thought it better not; but if she were ever free she might write. And then—and then—you know what a fool a boy of eighteen can be! She let me kiss her—she kissed me. It was the first, the last, and the only time that anything like a caress passed between us, but even when I think of it now—I——"

"To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill, I'd give—but who can live youth over," quoted Bright, laughing.

"No, I wouldn't," averred Moore, stoutly. "I don't want to live it over. I feel well rid of its hot fits and cold fits. What I want is for the pretty little dream to remain a dream."

"Well, then, saying that's so," counseled Bright, "why don't you



go out to Moosagunk and work the thing for what's in it—on the surface, I mean."

Moore's chin dropped in his hands and he eyed the fire thoughtfully. "I would if I were a married man," he said. "In that case, you see, I shouldn't have the goods to deliver, and nobody could blame me; but being not only a bachelor, but a determined one; being sure that I don't want poor Mrs. H., though she were Semiramis and Venus rolled into one, I feel a delicacy."

"One would think to hear you," growled Bright, "that you still believe the gift of speech was given us, above the other animals, that we might be yet more naïf—more hopelessly transparent—than they! Simply tell the old lady that your wife is something of an invalid and can't at present stand the damp—or dry—or whatever it is—air of Moosagunk. Get along! I'm ashamed of you, to lack a simple bit of invention like that."

Moore nursed his knee and glowered yet more earnestly at the fire. "I'll do it," he announced finally, "I am pretty badly in debt here. I'll stay there until I'm square with the world anyhow; and then, if the wife fiction—which I shall only just hint at—falls through and the widow 'makes love to me werry fierce,' as Sam Weller says, I can cut and run."

When Moore got to Moosagunk Point he was astonished as an Eastern man always is, when after a considerable absence he returns to a Western town.

They had rows of Queen Anne and Colonial villas now in a sort of suburb—a suburb to Moosagunk Point! People wearing the latest cut of handsome clothing were driving about the streets in traps with pneumatic tires, and you could see, in Moosagunk's tiny "Square," as good horseflesh as in Central Park.

On the height above the town, overlooking the winding river down which the logs came, was a big colonial house of red brick, with a

hipped roof and wide, white-pillared porches. The spacious grounds were in perfect order. Simpson, a man whom Moore remembered as having been in partnership with Havermeyer in the upper mills, and who met and installed him in his new office, informed him that Mrs. Havermeyer spent most of her summers in this place which was built on the site of the old Havermeyer house.

"She's been to Europe five or six times," said Simpson. "She went once before Havermeyer died." And Moore was a little surprised to learn that Mrs. Havermeyer had been a widow for more than ten years. Evidently she had made haste slowly in recognizing the old compact.

He was astonished, too, at the extent of the estate. "Her husband left her very rich," he remarked to Simpson.

"Well, yes," replied the quondam partner, who was now an employee. "Havermeyer had things in train, as you might say, but Mrs. H. is a fine business woman. She attends to her affairs herself, though she's away so much. I've heard a great many men complain of working under the generalship of a woman; but nobody needs a better boss than the little Madam makes. She knows good work, and she appreciates it, and she keeps up with every detail of her immense business, as she keeps up with the latest wrinkles from Paris."

So Moore was somewhat prepared when Mrs. Havermeyer came to Moosagunk the following week to find her, as he did, a slight, elegant little woman, looking a possible six and twenty of her thirty-six years, perfectly gowned, with the fine poise travel and responsibility give an actually superior character; a woman who was intelligently making the most of herself and of her life.

Moore fancied a shade of some feeling more than ordinary in her greeting, but that again was merely to be expected. The sight of him

must, if she remembered at all, bring back some distressing as well as pleasant memories.

If she remembered at all: That was the point which, as one quiet week followed another, came to vex him. She was kind, pleasant—affable, he had almost said—to him as to all her employees. But if her letter were, as he had told Bright, merely a masked battery, she showed no haste about unmasking it.

He had well nigh ceased to have the "on guard" feeling which he had brought to Moosagunk with him when one morning she fairly made the advance for which he had been looking.

They were alone in the office, she sitting at a desk beyond his, looking over some papers. For nearly a week he had been having a slight, uncomfortable sensation of being under espionage; but reassured himself by attributing it to his being a new man. He sat gnawing his pen, looking at the graceful outline of her shoulders, the shining braids of her fair hair, half realizing that she was a woman infinitely more to be desired than the untied girl to whom he had given his first love.

"Mr. Moore," she began, without preface or preamble, "you know there is a house here which my superintendent always occupied. When do you think of bringing your wife up?"

"Well, not at present, thank you," replied Moore glibly; and heaved a mighty sigh of relief to think that he had come prepared for this, and that his answer was both non-committal and effective. Mrs. Havermeyer turned and looked at him. There was both surprise and disappointment in her face; and to his credit be it said that Moore flinched a bit under the look. The sting of swift self-reproach made him forget that he had always intended any allusion he made to a wife to be so non-committal that it could, if desired, be later explained as a jest.

The clear gaze turned upon him hurt him so that it hurried him into saying:

"She isn't well, you know. A sort of invalid, indeed, and I think the air here wouldn't suit her. She's with her mother," and then he felt unspeakably small and mean as his employer rejoined:

"Very well. The house I speak of is one of the perquisites of the position; you may occupy it at any time you wish. I am sorry to hear that your wife's health is not good."

There was silence in the office after that. Moore sat, again gnawing his pen, admitting, now that he had put an insuperable barrier between himself and her, that she was wholly charming and endearing.

After the work in hand was dispatched, however, Mrs. Havermeyer turned in her chair and talked to him as she had not seen fit to do before. She spoke frankly of the past and put him, for the first time, on the footing of an old friend.

He was, after this, invited once or twice up to the big colonial house, and it must be said that these visits were, in some sort, a revelation to him. To receive Cordelia Havermeyer's hospitality was to see her at her best. The atmosphere of her charming home suited her, and the strong, sweet personality of the woman was reflected upon her surroundings.

Moore met frequently at her house a tall, well-favored Englishman, whose least claim to notice was that he had a title.

Mrs. Havermeyer was as energetic and successful in her charities as in business. Sir Edwin Stanhope had attracted attention in London, for some time by his extremely practical work in the University Settlements; and it was upon this unselfish basis that a friendship had sprung up between the two.

"I guess she's going to marry him at last," commented Simpson one day, as the Englishman and Mrs. Havermeyer drove past.



"At last?" queried Moore.

"Well, he's been wanting her any time these three years," rejoined Simpson; "but she said to me the other day, in speaking of the sale of the upper mills, that she had arranged a matter in her private affairs lately which almost decided her to take a few years' trip abroad—I don't know what that means, but matrimony.."

An odd, cool little feeling, like a vacancy in Moore's heart greeted this information. He did not doubt for an instant that his statements about his hypothetical wife were the "affairs" which had been "arranged." He suppressed the bitterness of being denied and set outside her caring. A dozen times since he made that blundering speech about a wife he had been on the point of repudiating it all. Now it was too late for any profit from such acknowledgment, and yet he felt it would be an inexpressible relief to tell her, that, though he could not claim to have held, through all these eighteen years, to that far-off, boyish passion, at least no other woman had crowded her image out—none, indeed, had ever been to him as much as she. Moore's repentances were apt to be thorough. He intended to add to this confession the statement that he loved her now and believed he should always love her, with a strength and devotion which pervaded all his life.

The first time he was alone with her he began desperately, "You remember, Mrs. Havermeyer, when you spoke to me in regard to occupying the superintendent's house? I made a silly, jesting reply. I have not——"

"Mr. Moore," interrupted his employer, with a smile which was cold, in spite of being so very kind, "there has been an odd little mistake. It need cause you no uneasiness now, for you fill your position to my entire satisfaction; but when I wrote you I thought I was addressing a Mr. Moore who kept books for Mr.

Havermeyer the year after you left him. I remember that we spoke then of the coincidence of the names—and even the initials—being the same, though his name was Henry, and yours, I believe, is——"

"Hubert," supplied Moore in a choking voice.

"Yes. Well, he married Lonnie Adams, a girl I was always fond of, and when I wrote I thought as much of having Lonnie to live here in this place, where I pass half my time, as I did of finding a suitable superintendent for my mill."

Moore stood by the window looking out at the moving water below the mill, stricken dumb. He reviewed his egotistic folly in detail. She had forgotten his name, it seemed. She had been looking up a girl friend. Even the sight of her, so youthful, so lovely, so successful, had not shown him the absurdity of supposing that she remembered their boy and girl love affair, or that she thought of it except with amused contempt. He had made himself a masculine version of Miss Bettie Baxter, who, as the rhyme runs, "refused a man before he axed her."

Most men would have left it there, but to Moore there was an actual pleasure in the humiliation which he felt he deserved.

"Will you listen, please," he said, "to a fool's recital of his folly? I guess you will have to listen to me," as she shook her head. "My case opens with something that is not a compliment to you. But dearest—wait—don't turn away! It closes with the biggest compliment I can pay you." And he told her the story from beginning to end, sparing himself nowhere.

When he had finished, she sat silent so long, turned away from him, that he concluded he was to have no answer. He took the hand which hung by her side. "I am going away, you know, Cordelia. I could not stay here, of course, after this. But I wanted you to know. I want

you to know always that there's one man in the world to whom you represent all that's good and lovely, who feels that he is a better man for having known you."

"Why do you go?" inquired Mrs. Havermeyer, her face still turned away. "I am not making any complaint of my superintendent, am I? I had a letter from Lonnie a few days ago; she wrote me from California. She says her husband has been dead two years. There's no one else with whom I would wish to be filling your position."

Moore's heart broke at the cool, practical tone. He felt a sudden, overwhelming sense of kinship with the Moore who was dead—who had been dead two years. Yet there was the making of a man in him, even if a selfish bachelor existence had somewhat warped the timber. Kneeling beside her, he laid the hand

which he had retained over his heart that she might feel its wild plunging. "That's why I must go, dearest," he whispered. "You don't believe in me one whit—and I don't blame you. But, love, I feel as though this were a matter of life and death to me."

Here was the end of her poor little fiction. The man who feared, was now to be told the truth, that the dream of her first love had haunted her heart always. That it stood armored in the immortal beauty and sweetness, which our unkissed kisses and songs unsung take upon themselves, between her and the actualities of her life, till, resolute that the thing, if a ghost, should be laid, she had sent for him.

"A matter of life and death," she murmured between laughter and tears. "Oh, my dear, my dear! I think it is a matter of life!"

---

## MAID AND WOMAN

BY E. R. WYNNE

On Love's bright shore a maiden stands;  
 (The sun glows warm on the shimm'ring sands.)  
 "Look into mine eyes, O thou sun so fair,  
 Shining afar through the golden air,  
 Look into mine eyes; what seest thou pray?"  
 "Youth's glad hope and the dawn of day."

On Love's fierce tide, a woman drifts by.  
 (The ocean is wide and the moon's in the sky).  
 "Look into mine eyes, O thou moon so pale,  
 Shrouding the world in thy silver veil.  
 Look into mine eyes; what seest thou there?"  
 "Sorrow and sin and the night's despair."



# A Point of Great Historic Interest

BY J. MAYNE BALTIMORE

**R**ISING abruptly nearly 400 feet above the ever-restless waters of the Pacific Ocean stands Cape Disappointment. It is a high, bold promontory frowning its silent scoff down on the glittering Balboa Sea.

Not only is it the most southwestern point of the State of Washington, but it is one of the most famous historic geographical spots to be found on the entire Pacific Coast.

Just opposite Cape Disappointment—across the mouth of the Columbia, some seven miles away—is located Cape (or Point) Adams. The latter cape also has its great historical interest and significance. It was near Cape Adams that Lewis and Clark first established their famous winter quarters—Fort Clatsop—on Clatsop Beach in 1805.

A few miles above stands the now bustling fishing town of Astoria, also so prominently associated with the Lewis and Clark expedition, and which has been immortalized by the pen of Washington Irving. All the region on both sides of the mighty Columbia River near its mouth will always be associated with the early pioneer records of the Northwest.

In and around Cape Disappointment centers most of the interest, for that was the great towering landmark that first pointed out to the earlier navigators the existence of the Columbia, that Achilles of American streams, and led to the actual discovery of that grand river.

The earliest explorations of the Pacific Coast, beginning early in the sixteenth century with Balboa and Magellan, were led by the Spaniards. In time the sea rovers came from many other nations, and the theatre of explorations extended from Cape Horn to Bering's Sea.

The coast, from the Mar de Cortes (sea of Fernando Cortes) or Mar Vermejo (Vermillion Sea), or, as we know it, the Gulf of California, northward was the favorite region, as it was believed there existed in those latitudes a passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, commonly known as the Strait of Anian. In 1578-9 the noted Sir Francis Drake visited the Coast, and in 1778 Captain Cook spent much time in exploring the coast of the Far Northwest.

The putative discovery of the great Columbia River was made on May 11, 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, of Boston. Captain Gray in his ship *Columbia*, had in 1791 observed the estuarian mouth of the great stream, and concluded that it was such, and in 1792 returned to make further investigations. He sailed across the Columbia River bar and up the stream some fifteen miles, thus making the supposition absolute certainty and—discovery.

Other navigators had seen this opening before Captain Gray, but concluded that it was simply an inlet of the sea. Heceta, a Spaniard, in 1775 saw the broad bay, and it was afterward shown on the Spanish maps as *Entrada de Heceta* and *Rio San Roque*. Heceta called the bold promontory now known as Cape Disappointment, *Cape San Roque*; but he made no attempt to cross the bar or explore the river above.

Another navigator, Captain Meares, an Englishman, in 1778 approached the wide entrance, sailed over the bay and anchored his vessel in what is now known as Baker's Bay. Meares was disappointed in several respects. He was strongly impressed with the idea that the entrance was the opening to a very

large bay or inlet of the sea. He did not, however, discover that it was the mouth of a great river. He saw that it was very limited in extent, and was not a large bay.

He called the bold headland Cape Disappointment, and the place where he came to anchor Deception Bay, in respect to his disappointment. It may be mentioned in this connection that the promontory has always borne the name Disappointment. Some years ago, by order of the War Department, it was changed to Cape Hancock. But this name has never been adopted by public or the press.

Captain Gray seems to have intuitively felt that the river was there; so when he had successfully navigated the huge breakers on the bar, he sailed away up the broad estuary until he found he was right. Gray became the real discoverer of this mighty river, and in honor of his storm-beaten vessel—Columbia—named the river after the ship.

Captain Jonathan Carver, of Connecticut, in 1776, explored the north-

west by way of the lakes. In his account he frequently makes mention of the river Oregon, and lays it down approximately correct from a geographical standpoint as applied to the Columbia.

Carver gave no explanation of the word, its derivation, meaning, etc., and the presumption that it was an Indian word cannot be substantiated. Carver maintained that it could not have come from the Spanish *Oregano*, or *Oregon*, and that it was probably an invention of Carver's.

Historians are generally ignorant of the actual derivation of the word "Oregon"—except as used by Captain Carver—and the name "Columbia" easily supplanted Oregon as the name of the river. The Columbia river is some 1,400 miles long, and drains a basin or basins aggregating nearly 500,000 square miles. Oregon, Washington, British Columbia (it finds its source in the last named province), Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada, all



Cape Disappointment Light.



contribute to swell its great whirling floods.

Opposite Cape Disappointment the river is fully seven miles wide; above Astoria and opposite, it is even wider. Aside from its famous historic and geographic interest, Cape Disappointment is a very conspicuous landmark; it may be seen from far out at sea as well as inland. On the very crest is placed a light station, whose piercing beams are

cast far out over the watery wastes—a guide and warning to all vessels, inward or outward bound.

The Cape is long and narrow. It is composed almost entirely of rock—covered with a thin layer of soil. Much of it is clad with heavy timber and brush. From the summit a magnificent view of the ocean, the bar and the vast stretch of the river may be obtained.

---

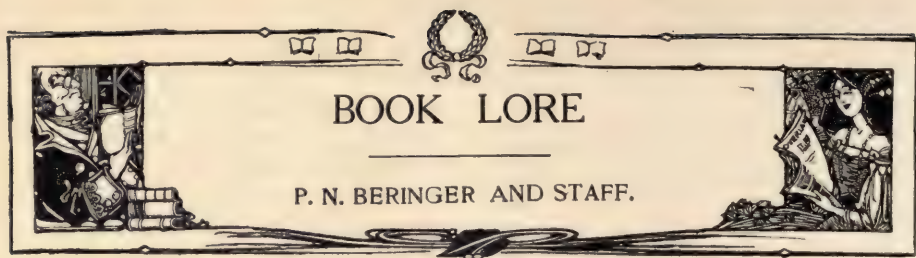
## THE BELL-BUOY

---

BY FOSTER GILROY

Ring, ring out thy warning,  
Brave and loud,  
Guard well those sailor souls  
Upon the wave;  
For doleful though thy sound may be,  
The mariner puts faith in thee;  
Thy song is music to his ear  
List to the tolling, sweet and clear,  
Tolling for spirits abroad on the deep  
Keeping in bondage the reefs that would reap  
For the ocean a prince's reward.

Ring, ring out thy warning,  
Swaying bell,  
Heaved upon the billows,  
Tossed on high;  
Stout hearts await thy ceaseless call,  
Reigning over their lives, their all;  
Keep well thy trust, and let thy tone  
Give mockery to the sad sea's moan,  
Moaning for souls to embrace in the deep,  
Reaching and grasping, timing each leap,  
That the sailor might fall in its grasp.



## BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER AND STAFF.

### The Imperialist.

One says candidly when this novel, by Mr. Edward Cotes has been read: "Not much of a novel, but a good deal of a book." The study of Colonial, Canadian, sentiment with regard to the new fiscal ideas which are running rampant in England under the strenuous leadership of Mr. Jos. Chamberlain is complete, and reflects much credit on the perspicacity and perseverance of the writer. In my estimation this book is the cleverest and most thorough monograph on a political situation written by any woman, at least in English. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's political characters appear unreal and unsubstantial, mere washes compared with the strong, vigorous delineation of the young Canadian and the various other people of the small Ontario country town, with their personal and local prejudices against imperialism and a forward policy. The influence of Mr. Chamberlain's personality upon young men is well set out. As a political study, the book is well worthy of reading, as a novel it is by no means so alluring. As a literary effort it is chiefly notable for the change in style of a writer who, beginning as a lightly humorous story teller, has developed into a strong and serious student of men and affairs.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

### Confessions of Marguerite.

This is published anonymously, and it were better if

it had never been published at all, for it is one of the most glaring examples of imbecile drivel which has

found its way into the hands of the reviewer amid all the inconsequential and idiotic stupidity into which the literary output of to-day is twice cursed. It is neither a story nor a study. It is ostensibly the account of the adventures of an unmarried young woman in Chicago. She is a nasty-minded prig, and the book would have an infinitely worse effect upon the mind of the all-important young person than nineteen-twentieths of the stuff usually called prurient.

Published by Rand, McNally & Co., New York.

**The Psychological Year Book** is a pretty pamphlet or calendar with an appropriate motto for every day in the year. Suitable for those who are interested in mental and spiritual advancement. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"**Our Children in Peril**" is a small book by Elizabeth Strong Worthington. It is devoted to two objects, the pointing out that children are overworked in the public schools, and that there is a great danger of the spread of immorality among children. The first of these arguments will stand, with certain qualifications; the second is no more true of to-day and the modern school than it has always been. The book is amateurish, possesses very little actual value as a contribution to the study of conditions among children and is vitiated by self-consciousness. Published by the Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

"**Famous Legends**," stories which are imperishable possessions of the



race, have been adapted for children by Emeline G. Crommelin, teacher of elementary English in the Collegiate School. The legends embrace those of Robin Hood, King Arthur, and national legends of France, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Italy and Germany. They are agreeably written and in such style as should be found acceptable to the juvenile readers, for whom they are intended. The illustrations are excellent and the general make-up all that could be desired. The Century Company, New York.

"**Twentieth Century Fables**" is a flat and stupid imitation of a form of writing which could at the very most have only enjoyed a very temporary vogue. The work is, as in all such cases, miles below that of the originators of this style of writing as regards merit, but rather surpasses it in vulgarity. The publishers have done their part well. The book is well bound and the illustrations are fair. The matter is unworthy of its dress. The author is Lamar Strickland Payne, and the publisher the Broadway Publishing Company, of Montreal, New York and London.

Dallas Lore Sharp, in "A Watcher in the Woods," repeats the success of "Wild Life Near Home," the first of his published works. The illustrations are as good as the text, and that is saying a great deal. These latter are done by Bruce Horsfall, and are, for the most part, noticeable for an unusual refinement and delicacy. Birds, muskrats, rabbits and such creatures are the subjects of the half-stories, half-essays, and any healthy-minded child should esteem the book a delight. The Century Company, New York.

Albertos Santos - Dumont, author of "My Air-Ships," was born in Brazil in 1873. "I can scarcely imagine a

more suggestive environment for a boy dreaming over mechanical inventions," M. Santos-Dumont says in his book. At the age of seven he drove the steam traction engines of the field; at twelve he was in the cabs of the Baldwin locomotive engines, hauling trainloads of green coffee over the sixty miles of the elder Santos-Dumont's plantation railway. Always he was dreaming of flying machines, and investigating the machinery around him. The lad's first trip to Paris in 1891 was the beginning of his active interest in ballooning. Most of the time since that first visit has been spent in and near Paris in perfecting airship construction and in aerial navigation. And Paris is the city the young Brazilian now considers home and the scene of his future labors.

Alberto Santos-Dumont's "My Air-Ships" stands out unique among the publications of the spring. It is the simple, direct account of a rarely earnest, brave, gifted man's struggle with the problem of aerial navigation. The book is scientific but not abstruse. The conqueror of the air chronicles in a bright, entertaining way his many daring ascents into the blue ether, and his even more terrifying descents to earth. A striking feature of this remarkable book is that, somehow, in describing his various air-ships and their peculiarities they take on almost human attributes. One proves to be a loyal, steady friend, a supporter in times of storm and stress; another is vicious and faithless in emergency. There are seventy-five reproductions from photographs and diagrams to add to the interest, the frontispiece being a photogravure from an exceedingly satisfactory portrait of the young Brazilian. Century Co., New York. \$1.40.

"**The Rainbow Chasers**" is the apt title of a novel which treats of the elemental West. The story hinges around the great fever of

speculation in land and the prairies and forests of the West are made the scenes of powerful and interesting word painting. The illustrations are by Arthur E. Becher, and they are better than the average. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

**Funk & Wagnalls Company** announce the publication of two additions to their Hour-Glass series of dainty booklets. The first is "Parsifal," an intimate and appreciative description and consideration of Wagner's great opera, by H. R. Haweis, the musical critic. It is illustrated with a portrait of the composer and with scenes from the opera. The second book is "The Trouble Woman," by Clara Morris, a story which, when published in a popular magazine, elicited from readers who had been comforted by it so many requests for its publication in a handier and more permanent form that the author consented and chose the Hour-Glass series as the medium of its reappearance. The little story, which is drawn from Miss Morris's own experience, is an "o'er tragic" tale, yet it carries the most cheering of messages. Its unobtrusive moral is that the way to find consolation for one's own trouble is to consider those of others, and to lend a helping hand. "Praise and criticism seemed dumb; we rather walked and spoke of what we had just witnessed like men convinced of judgment, and righteousness and sin. It was a strange mood in which to come out of a theatre after witnessing what would commonly be called an 'Opera.' I felt more than ever the impossibility of producing the 'Parsifal' in London at Drury Lane or Covent Garden before a well-dressed company of loungers, who had dined well, and were on their way to balls and suppers afterward. I would as soon see the Oberammergau play at a music hall. No; in 'Parsifal' all is solemn, or all is irreverent. At Baireuth we came on

a pilgrimage; it cost us time and trouble and money; we were in earnest—so were the actors; the spirit of the great master who had planned every detail seemed still to preside over all; the actors lived in their parts; not a thought of self remained; no one accepted applause or recall; no one aimed at producing a personal effect; the actors were lost in the drama, and it was the drama and not the actors which has impressed and solemnized us. When I came out they asked me who was Amfortis. I did not know. I said, 'the wounded king.'

From "Parsifal," by H. R. Haweis. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

It is impossible in a brief review of "A Bachelor in Arcady" to give an idea of the subtle merriment which pervades it. From the time when the goats work havoc in the pansy-bed, and the bantam hen hatches out a strange brood, until certain good news is brought to Stylesey, there is one ripple of mirth after another to keep the reader on the qui vive. These things cannot be told about in set phrase. They must be enjoyed for themselves; and we feel sure that any who reads the book upon our recommendation will be grateful for the suggestion. It is a book for one to enjoy heartily by oneself, and afterwards to read aloud to a friend. We cannot compare it to other present-day books, for the reason that it seems to stand apart, and have a flavor of its own. However, it is a book which Charles Lamb would have liked, and, later, Robert Louis Stevenson and our own "Ik Marvel."

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. \$1.50.

**Dr. Charles S. Mack** has written a pamphlet bearing the rather long title of "Are We to Have a United Medical Profession." In this little pamphlet the author discusses the differences between the regular



school of Medicine and the homeopathic practice, and pleads for a union of the two. Whatever his medical readers may think of his arguments, he certainly puts them in sensible, readable style. Dr. Mack is forcible and logical, but the time is still far away when the "regulars" will admit that there is any balm in homoeopathy. They have been using the "simila" theory in practice for years, and never admit it, and they give a howl of holy horror when the principle of infinitessimals is mentioned. Rationalism does not exist in any school of medicine or religion. The law of one doctor is the fake of another, and it makes no difference if it is a compounder of pale pink pellets or a sky pilot. They are all experimenting, and as a rule the public is subject and victim.

Published by the author, Laporte, Indiana. 25 cents.

**The Peril of the Sword.** "The Peril of the Sword," a novel of the siege and relief of Lucknow at the time of the Indian Mutiny, by Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt, is announced for spring publication by H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston. There is a vraisemblance in the narrative which indicates that a great deal of the history of the hero and heroine is founded on fact. If the romance is fiction, however, there can be no question about the story of the siege and relief being strictly accurate, and the chief acts and actors are recorded in a manner which brings the actual scene before the reader's very eyes. The book is dedicated by permission to Lord Earl Roberts, the former Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and as a matter of fact he appears frequently as a character in the novel itself. Colonel Harcourt, the author, is himself an old Indian officer, and was present during the Mutiny, so the local coloring is

strictly accurate, and his descriptions of the native characters are admirable. Every indication points to a great success for "The Peril of the Sword," and it will probably be one of the most talked-of and popular books of the day. H. M. Caldwell Co., New York and Boston. \$1.50.

**A Philadelphia** publishing house has sold four autograph editions of Mr. Roosevelt's collected works, in all, 1226 sets being disposed of. The price they are reported to have brought is \$775,420. On this amount the President's royalties are \$155,050. In other words, for signing his name 1226 times, Mr. Roosevelt received \$155,050.

**Literary Railroads.** A good track, sufficient rolling stock, round-houses, stations and a telegraph

system used to be thought equipment enough for a railroad. Now the railroads are going into literature. The "folder" o'erburdened with eloquence has expanded into a periodical too large to be called a pamphlet. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe has inaugurated a magazine called "The Earth."

We note that it is devoted to the interests of the Southwest, and judging by its contents we presume that means California as well as Oklahoma. "The Earth" may be printed on good enough paper for Oklahoma, and the matter in its pages may be good enough for Chicago; its cuts may be printed well enough for the consumption of the would-be traveler from Schoharie to where blows Sierra's snows and waves Santa Barbara's palm, but its flimsy paper, poorly printed cuts and scissors matter will scarcely be acceptable among enlightened people.

## IN THE LIME LIGHT

804

Washington Lee Capps of Virginia, is the youngest Rear-Admiral that the United States navy ever had. He is now only 40 years of age, having entered the Naval Academy as a cadet-engineer in 1880, at the age of sixteen, graduating near the head of his class in June, 1884. Soon after graduation, Capps was sent to Paris for a post-graduate course in naval architecture, at the Ecole Polytechnique. He was then commissioned as an assistant naval constructor in the United States Navy, and his rise has been rapid ever since. His marked ability led to his assignment to duty in Manila, and in Hong Kong, where he attracted the favorable attention of the Navy Department by his skillful work in the supervision of repairs to some of the Spanish vessels damaged or captured by the squadron under Admiral George Dewey. When Rear-Admiral Francis T. Bowles, the former Chief Constructor of the Navy, resigned last year, Capps, while only 39 years old, was appointed to his place, with the rank of Rear-Admiral.

The first consular officer appointed by the new Republic of Panama was Ramon Arias Feraud, Jr., who was appointed Consul-General of the Republic at San Francisco, Cal., on November 26, 1903, just three weeks after the coup d'etat which established the nation. Senor Feraud is an intelligent, well-educated young man, who has traveled in Europe and has lived for many years in the United States. He is a native of Panama, where he was born of pure Spanish ancestry in 1875. He remained in Panama until 1887, when he went to Europe, studying in Germany and Switzerland. He came later to this country, and went to

Santa Clara college, where he graduated in 1894, and then went to Rhode Island, where he entered East Greenwich Academy, graduating there in due time. Since then he has lived in San Francisco, where he has been engaged in business.

Senor Feraud is a son-in-law of Ricardo Arias, a prominent cattle-raiser of Panama, and one of the nine gentlemen who proclaimed the independence of Panama.



Mr. Ramon Arias Feraud.

A VERY BIG LITTLE MAN.

**General Esteban Huertas.**

**By A. H. Dutton.**

Although conspicuously small in stature, General Esteban Huertas, commander in chief of the army of



the Republic of Panama, is a man of large mind and one of the most interesting characters in the new-born Isthmian nation. In many respects he is in marked contrast with the typical Colombian, and a worthy representative of the new progressive Republic. He is modest, courteous, kindly, generous and cool under all circumstances. His intelligence is of a high order, and he has little, if any, of the barbarism so characteristic of the average Central American.

Huertas is a self-made man. He began his army life in a lowly station, and won his spurs by hard fighting. His demeanor is quiet, almost reticent. There is no bombast about him. He is not a swash-buckler. Prior to the recent revolution he commanded the "Battalion of Colombia," the crack corps of the Colombian army, with headquarters in Panama, in the Chiriqui fortress. During the rebellion of the Liberals, which ended in November, 1902, he also commanded the small gunboat *Chucuito*, the only man-of-war left to the Conservative Government on the Pacific side of the Isthmus until the arrival there of the American-manned *Bogota*. In the little *Chucuito*, Huertas repeatedly exhibited exceptional daring, even, on at least two occasions, having the effrontery to exchange shots with the vastly more powerful Liberal cruiser *Pardilla*. Although the *Chucuito* was hit several times, she and her doughty little commander survived to do much more good work before the close of the war.

In one engagement, Huertas had his right forearm shot away, but he continued in the fight until the end. Although a dapper, smartly dressed officer when on parade, and in the ordinary piping times of peace, Huertas is a picturesque figure when in the field. When he had command of the *Chucuito*, his favorite costume was a plain khaki suit, with a small cloth golf cap. He speaks nothing but Spanish, but is a genial,

jolly companion, socially. His mild, gentle exterior, which has made him idolized by his troops, strongly suggests the old saying that "the bravest are always the tenderest."

### **The Right Honorable Richard J. Seddon.**

The Right Honorable Richard J. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, is in every respect a very remarkable man; his enemies themselves bearing witness. He is a man of weight, physically as well as mentally. He is not over-tall, but in breadth and girth he would make two good-sized men.

In New Zealand he is to all intents and purposes a Dictator and is often facetiously called King Dick. He has a few trusty henchmen; but as a man of energy and force he is a whole host in himself. He can bounce, bully, coax, cajole, coerce and command; if he can't get you in one way he will by another. He is altogether irresistible.

New Zealand had been run down to the dogs by a land-grabbing oligarchy, but when Seddon took hold, all that sort of thing was soon stopped. He caused an Act to be passed whereby any large sections of land, even though alienated from the Crown, could, after having been appraised by Commissioners appointed for that purpose, be resumed by the Government on payment of the appraised price, and be by it subdivided and re-sold to bona fide purchasers for actual use and occupation, thus enabling men of small means to engage in agriculture, horticulture or dairy farming, whereas as things were, all the best lands had been selected by the grabbers, and the country was little better than an immense sheep-run, for the sole use and benefit of a few sheep-farmers.

Undoubtedly all the eclat and advanced legislation enjoyed in New Zealand is due to the exertions of Mr. Seddon. The laboring classes worship him. They are protected by compulsory arbitration and insur-

ance acts. Women are fully enfranchised, and everything is done to prevent monopolies and trusts. A monopoly on coal was attempted, but Mr. Seddon at once took steps to start a Government coal mine, and sell coal at a moderate advance on the actual cost. The Government has its own bank and insurance office; it also owns its railroads, telegraphs and telephones.

It was at Mr. Seddon's suggestion that men from the colonies should volunteer for active service in South Africa, and every one knows the result.

Mr. Seddon was, and still is, a Member of the Privy Council, and so greatly did Queen Victoria value his services that, when the war was over she said: "When the good things are given away, I hope that dear Mr. Seddon will not be forgotten." When the Duke and Duchess of York were in New Zealand, he was offered a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, but he declined the honor, and when asked what he would like, he said: "I want nothing." Some uncharitable people said that his democratic refusal was prompted by disappointment at not

being offered a Baronetcy. Who knows?

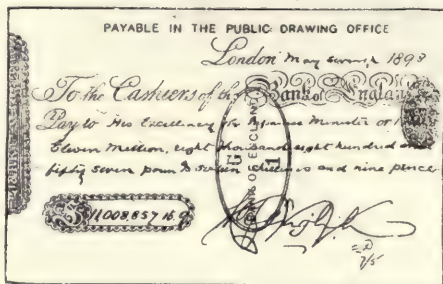


The shield adopted by the Republic of Panama. The motto, if lived up to, should disarm all criticism: Peace, Liberty, Union, Progress. It is a refutation of many calumnies, and any nation living up to those principles is worthy the kinship of civilized communities.

*Check for the Largest Sum of Money Ever Drawn in a Single Draft;  
The Chinese Final Payment of Its War Indemnity to the Empire of Japan*



THE INDORSEMENT.



THE FACE.





*In the Lime Light—Mr. Charles S. Fee*

Passenger Traffic Manager Southern Pacific Co., Pacific System. Formerly General  
Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railway



*Miss Mary Mannering*

The Theatrical Star of the Month

Marceau Photo





*(Mrs. Letson Balliet) Florence Brooks*

Formerly leading soubrette "Spider and Fly" Co.



*California State Building as it looks at present*

Louisiana Purchase Exposition





*A bit of Old Venice*



*Nettie Uart, Soubrette*





*Gus Rogers, Comedian*

Theatrical star of the month.



*In the California Foothills*





*Rainbow Falls—Hilo, Hawaii*



*Machinery Building, Louisiana Purchase Exposition*



# Overland Monthly

Vol. XLIII.

June, 1904.

No. 6.

## THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

### A Bird's-Eye View by an Architect

#### Machinery Building.

**T**HE Machinery Building of the St. Louis Exposition stands on the Forest Park section of the Fair grounds, and occupies a space 525 by 1,000 feet. The structure was erected at a contract price of about \$500,000. It contains the Exposition's big power plant, and is served by a gigantic traveling crane, and by two tracks of railway running through the building from East to West.

The ground allotted for the building is of peculiar shape, viz., a large parallelogram with a huge rectangle cut out of the southwest corner. This shape was necessitated by the existence of a hill 65 feet high, containing masses of rock close to the surface, on a portion of the space allotted for the building.

The architects have furnished the following statement in regard to the structure:

"In a building of this immense magnitude, it behooves the designer to apply symmetrical treatment whenever feasible, and we have, therefore, designed the four facades subservient to this principle. In the south front (towards the hill) the main entrance shows a triple arcade, with flanking pavilions in the center. The north front of 1,000 feet has an arcade of seven arches as a center feature. The two acres of these central features are 160 feet

apart, and in our ground plan we have formed on each of these axes a cross-aisle and nave of eighty feet in width. These aisles are connected by a lower room, with lantern light above.

The east facade shows a comparatively low building centered by two gables and smaller entrance features. The corner features are each made with a triumphal arch entrance taken from the principal motif, with two of the principal pavilions in the line of facades.

"As a landmark, we have used two large towers, each 285 feet high, the highest in the main picture of the Exposition, on the north front of the building. The towers are safely built on massive piers, and form a convenient corner turning feature in the general complex of exposition buildings, the Machinery Building being at one end of the main group.

"The plan has been arranged with special reference to the admission of daylight, which is admitted through clerestory windows to all the principal aisles. These windows afford ample ventilation, and are intended to be readily accessible for opening.

"The radial measurement of unit in the building is 20 feet, and the widths of the various aisles are multiples of this unit, being 40, 60 and 80 feet wide, respectively. The main aisles are 85 feet in height,



Fighting ice bears—Terrace of States.



Babes and Dolphins—Fisheries Building.





Statuary for Palace of Art.

and the secondary aisles 30 feet, affording an abundance of clerestory light. The building is covered on the outer side with staff, with enriched spandrels and other ornamental features, and surmounted by occasional sculpture groups.

This building houses the Exposit-

tion power plant, the largest power plant ever shown as an exhibit, and just west of it is the boiler house.

### Electricity Building.

The Electricity Building was erected at a contract price of \$399,940. It is located on the main central avenue and forms one of the leading elements of the main Exposition picture. It has a frontage of 650 feet toward the north and 525 feet toward the east, facing the main lagoon.

The design is a bold columnated treatment of the Corinthian order. The columns are carried well down toward the ground to give height



Genius of the Liberal Arts.



Girl with Petrol.

to the facades. The latter are well accentuated by elevated pediments and tower effects over the four main entrances and at the corners. Over the accentuated places, as well as over the twin columns, which form a pleasing variation of the treatment of the facades, opportunity for ample sculptural decoration is supplied.

The fenestration is bold and appropriate, giving ample light and substantial wall treatment. On two sides of the building are loggias which add pleasing effects of light and shadow. There are numerous openings on the facades, such as

exhibitors always seek in selecting their exhibit space. The plan of the building is simple and well treated, showing an effort to supply as much exhibit space as is possible with the 292,000 square feet of floor space. The exhibit space is compact and symmetrical. An extensive balcony sweeps around four sides of the building, supplying 103,000 square feet of additional space. The doors of the building are of gigantic dimensions, 11 by 18 feet. The structure has 176 trusses, the largest span being 82 feet in length. One hundred and eighty-five tons of iron and steel were used.



Sculpture for Fisheries Building.

### Transportation Building.

The Transportation Building is 525 by 1300 feet, being as wide as the Varied Industries Building, a short distance east, and 100 feet longer. To the south is the Machinery Building and on the north across Lindell Avenue are some of the chief attractions of the "Pike." Skinker road separates the west end of the structure from the pavilions of Great Britain, Mexico and other



Fountain of Venus.





Arkansas—Terrace of States.



Transportation Building.

foreign countries. The distinguishing feature is the massing of three great entrance ways at each end, so as to form an arcade taking up almost the entire facade. Director-of-Works Taylor says of the structure:

"The Transportation Building covers over 15 acres. The facades show a most pleasing adaptation of the French Renaissance. The building combines a feeling of the magnificent Exposition building and of

the high-class railroad depot which prevail on the European Continent. These two essential elements are apparent throughout the structure. On the east and west fronts are three magnificent arches which embrace more than half of the entire facade. Each of the arched openings is 64 feet wide and 52 feet high. Through the archways 14 permanent railroad tracks will be laid from one end of the building to the other.

"At the sides of the three openings the projecting angles are accentuated by tower or pylon effect, which reaches to a height of 150 feet to the base of the crowning statue. The pylons are not brought out so much as to be obtrusive or out of harmony with the structure. The roof treatment of the building is peculiarly happy. Over each of the big archways is a lofty curve which supplies a background for the architectural features.

"The statuary is happily placed in front and at the base of the main piers at the sides of the grand openings. This affords 16 groups which will illustrate transportation in all its phases as well as the progress made by the United States in this science. There will also be four groups of statuary surrounding the four pylons placed at the east and west fronts. The architect has subdued the use of sculpture in the building. He depends on mass effects and on the grouping of masses. That is, he depends on architecture rather than on tawdry decorations for his effect. The management of the plan is simple and direct. The entire width of the building is spanned by five well designed uniform trusses. Special endeavor has been made to afford plenty of illumination by day without the use of skylights. Light is introduced through the monitor windows over each span of the five trusses.

"The building will contain about four miles of standard gauge railroad tracks. Even with this im-



Ceramic Arts





Machinery Building.

mense trackage two entire bents of the building are left free of rails and afford an exhibit space of 270,000 square feet. At the east end a gallery 20 feet in width extends

across the building. This affords a place for guard room and for the office of the department chief, and will be an excellent place from which to view the picture below."



A group of Dutch dancers

# A BATTLESHIP IN ACTION

BY J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

WITH bombardments and sea fights of almost daily occurrence, and with half Europe preparing for a possible war, there are few things of more interest these days than the lives of the brave men who are waiting behind the armor belts of scores of battleships, ready to respond to the command which may at any moment precipitate them into the midst of one of those ocean tragedies whose terrors are only guessed at by the millions of people for whom they are fighting.

What it means to stand behind these sheets of steel, fired on from guns which can pierce them even from a distance of miles, only a comparatively few know, for the great steel monsters which now protect the flags of nations are of almost recent date. A modern battleship is a box of delicate machinery. The end of the whole mechanism may come at any time, and be over in an instant, perhaps. A well-directed shot from an enemy's gun reaches a vital spot in the great battleship. It flounders for thirty seconds, pitches forward, and in another 30 seconds only a whirlpool of water marks its grave.

## Preparing for Battle.

One may look on one of these leviathans of the deep as a many-storied building of steel. At the very bottom of it, deep down under the water, and safe from all attacks but those of torpedoes, is what might be called the "basement" of the battleships.

Here are the engines, the boilers, the ammunition magazines, and the great bunkers of coal. Men are polishing, oiling and cleaning. Petty officers may be inspecting the magazines, and still other men may be lolling about with nothing particu-

lar on their hands to do, or they may be working the tackle in the ammunition hoists to see that it is in proper shape.

Above this "basement" is the second story of the great warship—the ammunition passage, where, during battle, scores of men seize the powder and shells handed up to them from the magazines, and distribute them by means of hoists to the different guns on the ship.

Above this is the third story, the quarters of the men, the surgeons' room, and where the wounded are brought. And still above this is the great last "story" of the ship, bristling with great guns and turrets, and with the "fighting tops" and the big black funnels rising above.

There may be 500 or 600 souls on great war machines. Some of them are writing home, so as to have their messages ready when the opportunity comes for mailing them. Others are sleeping or reading or doing any one of a hundred things while off duty.

Then perhaps there comes to every ear the thrilling, thundering reverberations of the warships' great battle gong.

In a dozen different parts of the ship bugles begin calling the men to action. Wherever they are, they drop their occupations. Each one of them is a part of the machinery of battle, and understands exactly what to do.

In less than a minute the whole aspect of the ship is changed. Swarms of gunners and aides climb into the gun turrets. Up through the big, hollow steel masts rumble the "hoists," like small elevators, carrying men up into the fighting tops. Down in the basement of the ship a hundred ammunition tenders



march swiftly and silently to the powder and shell magazines. The surgeons gather in their compartment with stern, set faces. The men who are to bring the wounded to them stand quietly by, listening for the first boom above.

Above this silence is the clanging and bolting of heavy steel doors, as the water compartments are shut and every passage closed. The engineer and his staff are hermetically sealed within the engine room. The doors close and shut them in airtight, and down through pipes and into the fires come torrents of air under pressure. Under it the fires burst out with terrific heat. Lurid streams of flame spout out of the black funnels, and soon the warship has her fighting speed.

### The "Brain of the Ship."

In the armored conning tower is the brain of the great battleship—the captain. This conning tower is a 15-foot steel room, and is the center of all the nerves of the ship. From it to every quarter—to the gun turrets, to the "fighting tops," to the stoke-hole, the magazines, the engine room, and to a dozen other places run these nerves in the form of telephones. Of this system of nerves the captain is the central, and near him stand his aides ready to transfer and receive messages.

Presently from one of the big 12-inch gun turrets comes a voice:

"We are ready!"

From one of the fighting tops comes the same message:

"We are ready!" shouts up the engineer above the roars of his engines.

"We are ready!" comes from the ammunition hoists.

"We are ready—we are ready—we are ready!" comes from 50 parts of the ship.

At the last moment the executive officer comes up beside his captain. This man is the "general overseer" of all the mechanism below the water line, and is the third in com-

mand. He is responsible for the proper working of all that great ship and through the battle stands at his captain's side, a living encyclopedia, ready to answer every question regarding the ship that is put to him.

At the feet of these men and their aides a "communication shaft," with a winding stairway, goes down into the bowels of the ship, and near the bottom of that shaft stands the second officer in command. Though his blood may boil with eagerness to fight, this officer must listen patiently to the roar of guns and the bursting of shell until the conning tower above and all the life in it is swept into eternity, when he will take charge of the ship.

There he stands through the fierce fight, held safe and in reserve, so that if the captain falls the ship will not be without a leader.

### Beginning of the Battle.

Now the captain's work begins. He is the pilot of that great ship, as well as the brains of all its mechanism. Near him stand the battleship's expert range-finders. With their apparatus they distance the ships of the enemy. One of these men raises his eyes and speaks to the captain.

"The enemy is 7,000 yards away," he says. (About four miles.)

The captain turns to his aides, and the distance is telephoned to every gun on the ship. Those guns are now trained to shoot at a distance of 7,000 yards, and soon another message comes to them: "The enemy is 6,000 yards away."

Meanwhile the captain eyes his admiral's ship. It may be that now a message is signaled to him to begin the battle.

Down in the big 12-inch gun barbettes every man is at work, and awaiting that signal which the captain has just received.

In less than a minute after the call to quarters the tackle in the ammunition hoist begins creaking. Up

from the bowels of the ship to the chamber under the gun turret comes a shell weighing nearly half a ton. Another tackle seizes it here, and it runs up to the great open breech of the 40-foot gun. Hardly is it in before a sack containing 500 pounds of powder in chunks as large as walnuts follows, and is shoved in against the shell. Then the breech is closed and locked, and the gunners leap back.

It is a crack shot at the gun this time and he runs his eye eagerly along the telescope sight. A petty officer stands near with his ear glued to the telephone which leads to the conning tower. Those seconds seem like minutes, the minutes like hours. The gunners crouch like panthers. They watch the officer's face as if life and death lay hidden in it. The man with his eye along the gun seems hardly to breathe. Then down through the telephone there comes a small, faint voice.

"Fire when you are ready!" it says.

The officer turns about, "If you can bear on the enemy you may fire!" he says.

The gunner leaps back with a cry. An electric button is touched, and a great rumbling roar goes through the ship. To every soul on board it means the beginning of battle. In that instant nearly half a ton of metal goes out with a force that would lift two battleships like the Iowa a foot out of the water at 100 yards.

### In the "Fighting Tops."

Inside the turret the roar of the gun is not deafening, but outside the crash is terrific. A jar runs through the whole ship, and following this is another and slighter one which tells that the big guns in turret at the other end of the ship are at work.

As the enemy draws closer, the whole ship bursts into an inferno of noise that sounds like rolling thun-

der. In the fighting tops the three-pounders rattle away incessantly, and the roar of the six and eight-inch guns is added to that of the larger ones.

Now the captain has no time to direct the gunners. His eyes are glued upon the enemy and the signals from his admiral's ship. Each gun-turret is a machine fighting independently of the rest.

In the turrets the men are protected more or less from the nerve-racking sound. But to the men in the fighting-tops it is deafening. Their ears are stuffed with cotton. But even then at each fire of the great guns it is as if some one had struck them a sudden blow on the head. But to the hell that is displayed below them they must pay no attention. They can look down and see the black muzzles of a score of great guns belching out fire and smoke, but they take only fleeting glances at the spectacle. Their three-pounders rattle without cessation. They know that they are the most exposed of all the men on the great ship, for only a thin steel shield protects them. A shot from a six-inch gun would blow them into eternity, where it would not harm the men in the big turrets. So they watch each tuft of smoke that rises from the enemy in terrible suspense.

Presently a great shell strikes the battleship's side. Looking down, these men see the steel as it gives way, they see the upper works bend and twist before it, and then hurrah as it falls without doing vital injury. They are eye-witnesses of every shot that strikes the ship.

Suddenly a small shell strikes one of the shields. Like pasteboard it crumbles before it, and half a dozen men fall wounded and dying. There may be a man with his head taken off and he is tossed over and out of the way. If possible during battle all dead men are thrown into the sea.

Now down the mast-shaft rattles a chair with a wounded man in it.



Another and another follows. The enemy draws nearer and nearer, and small shot and shell begin whistling across the fighting tops. Then the telephone rings and a small, distant voice comes up through it.

"Leave the fighting-tops," it says. Then these men go down with their companions behind the thick steel sides of the ship.

### With the Captain in the Conning Tower.

In his conning tower the captain watches the progress of the battle, watches his admiral's signals and guides the course of the great battleship. No other man on board is under so terrific a strain as he. He is pilot and steersman as well as commander. Just on a level with his eyes is a narrow slit running around the conning tower, and through this he looks out upon the scene.

At his hand is a little table with a dummy steering apparatus on it. Now he wants the ship to turn sharply to starboard to bring a big gun into play, and he swiftly turns his dummy wheel to the proper degree.

Down through the ship to the wheelman's room go electric wires from this dummy apparatus, and before this wheelman is a similar table and a similar dummy wheel, which like lightning responds to every touch upon the other in the conning tower. So, with his eyes glued on this apparatus, the wheelman is able to respond so quickly that it is just as though the captain himself had hold of the real wheel of the ship in his conning tower.

Now the big machine is made to steer in a circle with her sister ships, engaging various ships of the enemy as she passes them. Then from the admiral's ship comes orders to get into closer action, or perhaps to engage at longer range. At each signal the captain turns his little wheel and upon his own skill and quickness often depends the result of the battle.

Although where, if he had the time, he could easily see the effects of the enemy's shells upon his own ship, the captain's eyes cannot once waver in their duty, and all information is brought to him by his aides.

### Bringing Down the Wounded.

In the big gun turrets the men now work until the water runs from their faces. The ammunition hoists creak with the weight of great shells and tons of powder. Suddenly in one of the 12-inch gun turrets there comes a terrific jar. A huge shell from the enemy has struck the turret. For a moment it feels as if the great ship had struck a rock. Then the white, drawn faces relax, as they realize that the steel has saved them. But it may be that one man is standing with his shoulder touching the side of the turret when the shell strikes. Without a groan he falls back stone dead. So terrific is the impact of a great shell that it kills like an electric shock if a man is where he can feel the blow.

In the turrets of the smaller guns the men are working harder, if anything, for where the giant guns each send one shell about every minute and a half, they send several.

Down on the deck below the surgeons are at work. One man has had an arm shot off. Another has lost a leg. Still others have been struck by steel splinters and flying pieces of shells. Men are passing back and forth on this deck with stretchers.

A call comes down from one of the 6-inch gun turrets. A shell has wiped it out of existence almost, and a dozen bleeding men are waiting to be brought below. Down the winding stairs that run through the communication shafts and the ventilators they are carried and laid on the stretchers. These stretchers become red. The hands and garments of the men who carry them become stained with blood, and the floor becomes slippery. In this way these

men know something of how the battle is going, and when such and such a turret is out of action.

### Down in a Living Hell.

But down below them on the next floor is a living hell, where scores of men, black and grimy, work on and on with no word from above. With the great shells and loads of powder they hurry back and forth to the ammunition shafts, feeding the guns above. To them the battle is concentrated in a steady rumble. The battleship quivers and thrills, and when a big shell strikes her these men down below can feel the shock, but cannot tell the result. Down to them comes air under pressure, which grows hot and foul. But there is not an instant's rest. Petty officers quicken their steps, and they know that they are fighting a great part of the battle. No guns must be idle. It may be that just now is the critical moment when every shot counts for victory or defeat.

Then all at once around one of the ammunition hoists gather a number of men bearing shells. Others join them. But the hoist does not come down. What can be the meaning of it? Those below know only too well. A petty officer runs up, and the men turn back with white, strained faces. Perhaps some of them have brothers or dear friends in the turret to which that shaft leads. And they know that the reason the hoist does not come down is because the turret has been destroyed. Then the petty officer goes to a phone.

"Captain," he says, "there is something wrong with turret No. 6."

But if this is a living hell, it is a worse one down where the engineers and their assistants are playing their great part in the fight. Here the air is even more hot and stifling. These men are shut off from all the rest of the ship. Great steel walls imprison them. And all this is to make the fires glow hotter. The engines strain like race horses.

The boilers are at their utmost tension. For the great ship must be able to move swiftly in a fight, to answer every touch of the wheel without an instant's hesitation. To this place comes no sounds of the battle. The rumble and crash of the big guns, and the shocks of the enemy's shells are drowned in the roar of the boilers and fires and the thunder of the engines.

"I wonder if they're fighting yet," shrieks an engineer to an assistant.

And at that instant it is possible the battleship may be almost a wreck.

### Destruction of a Battleship.

Both aft and forward there is a torpedo tube running out into the sea from a room on a level with the ammunition magazines, but only in close action are these used. From a tower on top of the ship a man aims the torpedoes with an apparatus something like the wheel of a ship. He watches his opportunity, and when the right moment comes he presses an electric button which releases the air apparatus in the torpedo room, and the missile shoots out into the sea. When it leaves the tube there is a whistling sound, like the wind playing in tree tops, and by that sound alone does the crew know that the tube is empty.

In close actions where torpedoes are used the thickest armor is of little protection. Nothing that human hands can build will withstand the attack of a torpedo, and for that reason the armor belt of ships ends a little below the water line.

If it is night, or a fog comes on during the battle, scores of eyes eagerly scan the sea for torpedo boats. Suddenly there may appear a slim, black object a little distance off. If it is at all rough it is half buried in the sea as it shoots forward at a speed of 30 miles an hour. The quick-fire Maxims are brought to bear on it. A hail of small shells and shot rattle against its steel plates, but these little demons seldom retreat.



Even as it falls helplessly in the trough of the sea a torpedo leaves its bow. There are a few moments of suspense on the great battleship. Then perhaps the missile strikes near the engine room. Before it the steel sides of the ship give way like pasteboard. With a terrific explosion, the torpedo wrecks the boilers and engines, and the escaping steam brings death to the engineers and their assistants almost as quickly as if they had been shot.

Now the battleship, even if she does not quickly sink, is hopelessly

disabled and at the mercy of the enemy. She lists, and falls in the trough of the sea. It may be that she goes down. If so, there is little hope of escape for her crew, for she may go so suddenly that men will be still at work in their turrets when the water closes over them.

If by chance an enemy's shell enters one of the magazines the fate of the ship is even more terrible—a fate that now and then occurs in great sea fights, and which is written in American history in the destruction of the Maine.



E WORLD AT LARGE. A Festal Day in the Orient.

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME

MISS Ellen Maher, telephone operator on the West Exchange, was first attracted to Sutter 8691 by a cheery little trick in the voice of the girl who used that telephone almost to the exclusion of every one else in that house. It was a frivolous voice, but musical. It had a little babyish turn in it—such a voice as Miss Maher would have liked to own, together with a tall figure, and beautiful, red-gold hair and large violet-blue eyes. Miss Ellen Maher knew her own limitations.

Such delightfully frivolous conversations were these that Sutter 8691 used to carry on! Sometimes, in the early morning before the rush of market orders had begun, she used to catch little sparkling snatches of them. The girl at Sutter 8691 seemed to have plenty of men friends, and they were always talking about people of whom Miss Maher read in the society columns of the newspapers; of what they did last night at Mrs. Swinnerton's—or of what was going to happen that afternoon at the Bouton's coaching party. Miss Maher would have liked to live like that, with a big house and a telephone all one's own in one's boudoir, and plenty of lovers. Not that she was envious. Envy was not in her—until—

Now it came to pass in time that two certain numbers grew to be most persistent in talking back and forth with Sutter 8691. Of course, there were many others—voices of chattering girls—voices of staid matrons—but these two Miss Maher noticed because they were men. The first was Red 1001; the second Main 45. Miss Maher came to like Main 45 as much as she disliked Red 1001. Main 45 had a fine, big voice, quiet and easy—the voice which would go with a dear stupidity and an honorable character, and

a fine, big frame—just like the hero in her favorite novel. Quite different was Red 1001. That voice lisped a little, and it talked too much and too glibly. To herself, she called it a “girly-girly” kind of voice. If there was anything Miss Maher hated, it was a “girly-girly” man. She had her own ideas of what a man should be, and they didn't at all correspond to the mental picture she had formed of Red 1001. With true femininity, she was sure he wasn't “nice” or good enough for the girl with the pretty little voice which responded so brightly to the call for Sutter 8691, and some particularly irritating quality in his voice caused Miss Maher to believe him merely an animated tailor's dummy. In her secret soul, she was firmly convinced that Red 1001 was a bore.

But Main 45's telephone calls were always promptly answered, and the service between Sutter 8691 and Main 45 was satisfactory in the extreme. At first Main 45 had rung up once a week; then, by easy and successive stages, Miss Maher was called upon for connections twice, thrice, four times weekly. At this point, the telephone service graduated into the daily stage, and now, regularly at nine o'clock each morning, Miss Maher sounded the jingling signal which announced to Sutter 8691 that a “party” was on the line.

They usually discussed some appointment for the day. Listening to these plans for pleasure, Miss Maher came to have a keen appreciation of the blessings of Sutter 8691. Miss Maher liked big men with grave, sincere voices. She also liked outings—outings such as these as she heard planned—to the cliffs, to the sea, or to the shaded woods among the keen, resinous smell of the pines. Main 45 didn't



seem to care for theatres, or teas, or balls, although the girl was always trying to get him to go with her. Sometimes, when they had arranged to drive, Miss Maher would picture them in the light English dog-cart he used because the girl at Sutter 869r liked it; the horses lifting their feet high, and their hoof-beats ringing on the hard roads. Oftener she pictured them in the moonlight. Miss Maher was fond of the pale glitter of the moon. Her favorite heroines all looked their best by moonlight. She could not help wondering how the girl at Sutter 869r would look. She was sure that she was fair—slender and tall. She thought she wore white lace about her throat. Miss Maher sighed a little as she switched off her jangling bells.

It was generally eleven before Red 100r had sounded his signal and Miss Maher had connected him somewhat perfunctorily with the other end of the wire. Sutter 869r's answers in these conversations were rather shorter and more to the point than they were at the earlier hour, yet on several occasions Miss Maher heard her make engagements for drives or box parties to the theatre. When she made these engagements so easily and carelessly, Miss Maher's soul was troubled. She knew she ought not to listen to these conversations, but she was interested, and human, and so—. But she wondered what Main 45 would say.

The weeks went on, and the calls came as usual, until a certain day when, having rung up Sutter 869r, and opened the switch as was now her daily custom, Miss Maher heard the steady tones she liked to listen to say:

"How's the world this morning?"

"Existing, I suppose," returned the voice with a subtle inflection that Miss Maher instantly recognized as displeasure. "I saw your picture of 'Joy' last night."

"You did? The paint isn't even

dry. Are you going to give me a telephone dictum on it?"

"It's rather pretty, I think, but—"

"Pretty! Main 45's voice was just a little ruffled. "Well, go on. But what?"

"I don't see how a dark person can represent 'Joy.'"

"Oh, that's all right. Intensity of feeling—strength of emotion—union of heart and head, and so on. Don't you see?"

"Hm!" was Sutter 869r's brief comment. "Her hair's so black she looks like an Indian, and her eyes—" An expressive silence followed this, and Miss Maher felt the smile at Main 45.

"They're gray. Don't you like them?"

"You do. That's evident."

"I like them in the picture."

"There isn't any reason you shouldn't like them out of it. Perhaps you do."

"Perhaps I do what? Like gray eyes? They're uncommonly rare."

"You'll like them all the better when you find them. Don't despair. Fate will be kind to you in time."

"I hate to doubt it, but she does not seem very kind just now."

"I'm sorry. Would you pardon me if I hung up? I've an engagement in a few minutes."

"Please wait a second. I—"

Miss Maher heard the decided little click. So did Main 45. His half-finished sentence remained suspended in air, and only the telephone operator heard the amazed exclamation of three words which followed the closing of the wire.

When the rush was over, Miss Maher, casting a swift glance about her to see that she was not observed, went quickly over to the unframed square of glass hanging blankly on the whitewashed wall, and looked boldly into the reflected eyes. They were gray, with black lashes. Irish eyes—dark and sombre, with the shadows smudged in. Her cheeks grew a beautiful rose-pink as she

gazed. Then suddenly a lingering smile curved the corners of her lips as she turned away. For some inscrutable reason, she was glad her eyes were gray.

The next morning the signal sounded at the usual hour, but Miss Maher was forced to ring vigorously three distinct times before getting her reply. The cheery little trick had gone from the girl's voice as she took down the receiver, and without the slightest preliminary announced coldly:

"Sutter 8691 is not in."

Miss Maher gasped. So did Main 45. The shock was sudden, if not altogether unexpected, and Miss Maher's sympathy turned wholly to the man at the other end of the line. She decided that Sutter 8691 was cruel—heartless. Miss Maher was young, too, and it counted in her condemnation.

So, as the days went by, and each morning brought only the same little sentence, repeated in the crispest of tones, Miss Maher added the admirable trait of long suffering to the mental picture she had formed of Main 45, and rang her bells so viciously that the fourteen subscribers on the party line sent in a united complaint asking that "Central's" service, and incidentally temper, be amended. It did not please Miss Maher either that the glib person at Red 1001 should have slipped so easily and deftly into Main 45's place. These conversations were not long, but they always ended in some fragmentary phrase which apprised keenly interested ears of some projected plan for an evening's amusement. Red 1001 seemed to enjoy social functions as much as Main 45 had detested them. This phase of the affair bothered Miss Maher a good deal. She meant to see it through now that matters had reached this stage, and she listened without any conscience tremors. She felt she knew for whom the girl at Sutter 8691 really cared. Why, then, did she trouble about Red

1001? Two lovers at once was a novel idea to Miss Maher, and she inwardly wondered how it would end.

It ended in a way totally unexpected, at least by the waiting Miss Maher, whose dislike of Red 1001 was, by this time, so intensified that when he rang up late one afternoon, she allowed him to rume for fully two minutes before giving him connection. At the first sound of his voice she closed the switch with a jerk that she might not hear, and then flung it impatiently open in time to hear the word that vibrated, humming, over the wire.

"Darling!"

"Oh, don't," exclaimed the girl's shocked voice. "Don't—don't speak so loud!"

Miss Maher banged the switch shut, and disgustedly sat down. They were engaged—there could be no doubt of it. Sutter 8691, the girl with the pretty voice that Miss Maher felt she would remember to her dying day, and Red 1001 was actually engaged. Miss Maher could have cried. In her estimation, things were rapidly going from bad to worse. She thought of it that night as she was going to bed in her cramped bedroom over the four flights of narrow stairs. It was hard to be helpless when she wanted more than she had ever wanted anything to bring that voice at Main 45 back again. She dropped asleep still brooding over the situation.

Then fate intervened. Next morning, between a complaint from a subscriber who had received the wrong number and a call from a woman who couldn't see why that number was always busy, Miss Maher saw the tag drop to show that Red 1001 wanted to talk over the wire. Almost mechanically she reached to connect with Sutter 8691.

"Central," said that voice which she hated. "Give me Polk 3857."

Miss Maher jumped to the situation instantly. She knew that number well. So did every other opera-



tor on the West Exchange. It belonged to a girl's voice, insistent, pert, provocative; a voice that said doubtful things to a great many different people, and to whose sayings one listened without compunction.

Miss Maher listened now. Her eyes were shining.

"Hello!" said the girl's voice.

"Hello!" said Red 1001. "Say, I suppose you've forgotten your little friend since yesterday."

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, whereat they both laughed as if some one had said something witty. Miss Maher felt that if there was a voice on earth she hated more than either of those now talking on the line, it was the other.

"I suppose you're dated for to-night?" said the man's voice.

"What's it to you?" asked the girl on the other end of the line. "Do you always take a lady out the second time you meet her?"

"Depends on the girl," said the man's voice.

"Which girl?"

"Back up. You're going too fast."

"Aw, you know what I mean. I know who you are. A little bird told me. You are Frank Mathers, and you're engaged."

"That shouldn't cut any ice in one wee, little dinner date—Hello! Hello, Central, what's the matter with you? You cut us off."

In the last second, Miss Maher's nervous fingers had made another connection. Breathlessly she pressed the button that would ring the bell.

It was only an instant before the answer came. The girl must have been standing near. Miss Maher's speech was tense with excitement.

"Oh, Miss—Sutter 869r, please listen! You don't know me, but I beg you don't say a word, and please listen!"

Quick as a flash she had shot in the plug that switched Sutter 869r on to the conversation between Red 1001 and Polk 3856. The lines were crossed, but with intention. The conversation was going on beauti-

fully.

"Hello! That you, angel sweetness? That Central's a dub. She cut us off. Say, how about that little dinner?"

"I thought you were engaged."

"I thought I told you that didn't cut any ice. I'm disengaged for this evening."

"Tell that to the birds."

"Sure. I'm not so certain but that after I get better acquainted I'll be disengaged permanently."

"It takes two to make a bargain of that kind."

"Well, suppose we see if we can't come to an understanding. How does Depue's at six-thirty strike you?"

"I'm game. Shall I meet you at the restaurant?"

Miss Maher heard with satisfaction that bang she had been expecting. Sutter 869r had hung up with emphasis.

Without ceremony she disconnected that number, leaving Red 1001 to finish his conversation, and called up Main 45.

"Sutter 869r wants to speak to you," she said softly. She made the connection, rang the bell, and met her own glance in the dingy mirror with a defiant smile.

A few minutes later she gained courage to open on the conversation which she had prompted. The last words were singing softly over the wires.

"It will be 'Summer,' and her eyes will be blue."

\* \* \* \*

The chief operator, patrolling the line of her charges, noticed Miss Maher sitting at her desk, her hands idle, and her eyes heavy and dull.

The chief operator stopped.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Anything wrong?"

Miss Maher raised her head. A dim smile forced its way as she glanced at the silent switchboard.

"Wrong?" she said vaguely. "No—I guess not. I'm—I'm a little tired, that's all."



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO. A Corner View.



THE WORLD AT LARGE. An Oriental Street Scene.



# OLD TAUQUITZ

---

BY HELEN LUKENS JONES

WITH the Indians for spokesmen, Tauquitz becomes reminiscent, and divulges the secrets, the escapades, the incidents, the crimes, the debaucheries of the century. From time immemorial the old mountain has loomed as a monumental effigy of evil—a thing to inspire terror of the most infinite type—before the aborigines that huddled and struggled for a meagre existence among the rugged foothills of the range. This mountain is the legendary home of the devil, and within its rock-riveted confines all the orgies of hell are supposed to be in continual progress.

At irregular intervals during each year, strange and fearful noises issue from the bowels of the mountains, while the great platform of earth shakes and trembles as if the foundations were loose. These noises have been heard by white people living in the vicinity. They are not legendary noises, but actual noises caused by seismic disturbances and by combustion of subterranean gases. Scientists and geologists can discover no evidences that Tauquitz is an extinct volcano, nor do they predict that it will ever break forth into volcanic wrath. The mountain is simply an immense nature music box, which when wound up by the elements is bound to play its own unique melody of discordancies, to the utter distraction of the Indians. There is no lava, and there are no volcanic incrustations about the place. The rocks of which the titanic walls are constructed are of granite, clean and smooth-shaven as if hewn by an artisan.

Satan certainly must have had artistic notions as to environment when he selected Tauquitz for the

watch tower from which he could view the world, for it is located in a mountainous region of scenic splendor. From the crest, a magnificent panoramic view of fertile valleys, heat-swept desert, mountains and forests can be obtained; scenes most variable as to characteristics, yet all helping to increase the aesthetic value of the great outdoor picture. On one side of the mountain, the desert influences creep close, burning, scorching and demoralizing the aspect of the country. At the base of the rock mass on the other side, in striking contrast to the desert barrenness, is Strawberry Valley, an exquisite garden several thousand acres in extent, planted and cared for by Nature's landscape artists. It is a typical sylvan retreat that would have instilled supreme joy into the hearts of the Druids. Here pines and streams and birds constitute an orchestra the melodious tones of which would satisfy and console the most fastidious sovereign. Myriads of ferns, flowers, wild growths and delicate grasses carpet the valley and wall the hallways of the mountain, through which the rollicking streams leap over boulders in their merriment and joy of life, as children leap over chairs.

Many, many years ago, the Indians christened this beautiful valley "Devil's Park." They staunchly believed that the emissaries of Tauquitz, his entire household retinue and all his victims participated in field sports and all sorts of furious orgies on the meadow in this park, while the great sovereign of evil himself sat majestically on the pinnacle of the mountain half way between heaven and earth and watched proceedings, roaring with ecstasy at the animated spectacle of



Where the view is unobstructed.



A gorge on the mountain.

demons fighting and wrestling and struggling with demons, and clapping his hands with such magnetic enthusiasm that stars were given birth in the heavens.

The Indians believed the mountain to be the grand reception hall of Hades, from which radiate the various apartments and departments of the great institution. They describe the proprietor as a fine specimen of manhood, tall, broad-shouldered and dark, with marvelous physique, powerful intelligence, and ilimitable strength and influence. That they choose an American to impersonate the mighty instigator of evil and perform the duties of universal jailor is either an impertinent insinuation against the morals of the white man, or a compliment to his capability of superintending the great criminal monopoly.

As they picture Tauquitz, he is the typical American gentleman, always dressed in the mode. During recent years he has been sporting patent leathers, stove pipe hats, broadcloth and gold headed canes. He has conscientiously followed the styles of each consecutive age, and

he has always been so immaculately groomed and has exhibited such a profusion of wardrobe that the resident tailor must have had to exercise his skill to the utmost to keep the handsome devil in proper trim.

Sometimes this celebrity of subterranean regions would issue from his haunts in daylight and fair weather, though more frequently his approach would be heralded by a wild play of the elements, principally thunder and lightning. The lightning was supposed to be sparks escaping from the great furnace, and the thunder the banging of doors as the representative of Hades took his departure from his mountain retreat.

His greatest delight was to roam about the Indian villages, where he made love to the most beautiful maidens. With his captivating manners and magnetic personality he completely fascinated the tawny skinned beauties. While under his influence they were as helpless as birds before some glittering serpent. He would entice the fair ones up the rock-strewn walls of



Tauquitz and take them in the depths, where he was supposed to have a magnificent harem far excelling in glitter and luxurious accoutrements anything on earth. These depredations continued until the Indian tribes were despoiled of their most precious possessions—the bright-eyed, laughing maidens who were the sunshine of the Indian world.

Some of the oldest of the aborigines at Saboba, a sparsely populated settlement among the foothills of the San Jacinto mountains, tell the story of one of their maidens who was bewitched by his satanic majesty and imprisoned in the great rock palace. The story runs like this:

All day the girl had been in the forest gathering acorns, which her people use for making flour. Just as the sun was sinking in a sea of glory on the western horizon, she trudged into camp, her bag of acorns on her back. She was weary and hot and dusty. With a sigh of relief, she dropped her bur-

den, took the yellow clay orio from its resting place under a sycamore tree, poised it easily and gracefully on her head and went for water to the spring among the willows.

She was simply gowned in dark wool cloth of reddish hue, which clung closely to her lithe figure and brought out the melodious curves. The skirt was short. Her feet were bare. Her wonderful masses of hair that gleamed dark and smooth as a blackbird's wing were bound in two long braids, but a few restless wisps rippled about her face, softening the lines and adding to the coquettishness of her appearance. Her complexion was exquisitely clear and rich, and was only half browned as is the case with many half-breeds. Taken as a whole she was a luxuriously witching little maiden.

When she reached the spring a handsome man was leaning against the edge of the rock wall from which the water gushed. The girl was startled, and in her agitation almost dropped her orio. He was



Tauquitz Ridge.

the grandest, most splendid specimen of the genus *Homo* she had ever seen, and all the romantic ideas of girlish youth were awakened and invigorated a hundred fold in his presence.

The fire from his black eyes was soul-enveloping. It seemed to creep and tingle and wrestle in her veins until her very life-blood was shamed into inaction.

The willows clustered close. The two were alone. Tauquitz—for it was he—spoke to her in her native tongue in a voice melodious, a voice that vibrated with half-suppressed adoration and passion.

"Come with me, child. I have a beautiful home. I will give you silks and laces and jewels and everything your heart desires. Come!"

He took her hand. His touch as well as his glance was hypnotic. She was completely and irrevocably under the spell of his mighty influence. Dazed and mentally apathetic, she followed him like a child.

By this time it was night. He led her through patches of mesquite and spiked yucca, through rock-strewn canyons, through forests, and finally they scrambled up and over the titanic boulders that covered the crest of the mountain. He took her into the depths, and as they entered, the great rock door rolled shut with a crash that reverberated through the heavens like thunder—a crash that made the Indians in the lower valley tremble with fright and horror.

Four hours they had been searching for the beautiful Wanda, the flower of their tribe, but when they heard the mountain creaking and the thunderous roar, premonitions of evil thronged their hearts, and they realized the miserable truth—that Tauquitz had been on one of his piratical tours, and had bewitched and carried off Wanda, just as he had carried off other beautiful maidens.

To eliminate the evil influences

which Tauquitz seemed to have shed broadcast in the community, the Indians built great fires, around which they danced and shouted and wept and prayed for two days and nights. When they had thoroughly renovated the atmosphere by this process, they went into an extensive period of mourning, which was succeeded by a fiesta of magnificent proportions. In preparation for the fete the Indians built an immense inclosure of lithe young willows, in which they played games and indulged in various and unique orgies until they felt they had done penance for the sorrow they had experienced. They then ceased operations and resumed the ways of ordinary, every-day life.

Years passed. The companions of Wanda's girlhood had become feeble and tottering with age. They were too old and helpless to even make baskets. They could not see to weave the straws, and the intricate patterns they had once fashioned with such marvelous skill now puzzled and blinded both their mind and their eyes. Their life-work was finished, the book of their industry closed and sealed, and their only recreation was to squat about the huts, and with half-seeing eyes watch the flittings of the younger generation.

About this time Tauquitz became restless and started out on one of his periodical jaunts of worldly inspection. In his haste he forgot to close the door, and thus the entire population of Hades was exposed to the temptation of freedom.

Ever since she had been imprisoned in the royal apartments of hell, Wanda had been striving to escape and return to her people. On the day of Tauquitz's departure, she was wandering aimlessly and despondently about the spacious hallway, when she discovered that the stone had been rolled away from the entrance. A shaft of glorious sunlight, heaven sent, crowded the



opening and transformed the dark depths into luminous splendor, while a delicious breath of the great out-doors, aromatic with the rosinny fragrance of the forest swept into the close, vault-like corridor as water streams into a tunnel.

She gazed wonderingly at the opening. She rubbed her eyes suspiciously. Yes, the door was open. She could escape. The supreme joy of it all made her stagger. She clutched at the rock wall of the great furnace for support. The

palace of Tauquitz gushed the the spring of eternal youth, in which the beautiful maidens of the devil's harem disported themselves each day in order to drive away any defacements that age and time might lavish.

She reached Saboba, her childhood home, just at dawn, when the inhabitants of the village were beginning to show signs of activity.

But everything seemed strange to Wanda. The wigwams and adobe huts had been replaced by a pro-



A view from Tauquitz.

heated stones scorched the delicate flesh of her hands, but in her excitement she heeded not.

Out through the gateway she cautiously crept, moving slowly, silently at first, then speeding madly toward home and liberty, springing over rocks and brush, and every obstacle that blocked her pathway, with the agility of a deer.

The years of her captivity had not altered her appearance in the least, for from a fountain in the

tecting Government with small board structures. The faces that peered at her from windows and doorways were unfamiliar. A sob of disappointment and misery clogged her throat. The animation died from her face, and in her panting grief she tore the laces from her throat that she might better breathe. She was gowned in all the splendor of jewels, laces and silks, but the fabrics were sadly torn and tattered from her wild

flight through the forest. It was a garb weirdly inappropriate in the dusty streets of Saboba and vastly different in texture and style from the one she had worn when she captivated Tauquitz at the spring among the willows. In the distance she could see that same clump of willows, taller, more dense. She shivered.

An old man, wrinkled and grey and decrepit, hobbled from one of the cabins. He came close and looked into the girl's face long and earnestly. He recognized her as the little sweetheart he had loved and cherished and lost so many years. A light like that from a halo illumined the haggard, weather scarred face. Expressions of reverence, adoration and supreme happiness tottered from the toothless mouth.

The girl stepped back, full of repulsion. Could this bent, ungainly, twisted figure with the eerie visage be all that was left of the magnificently handsome Black Hawk she

had loved so well, with whom she had wandered through the forests, listening to softly whispered protestations that thrilled with their joy. Always had Black Hawk been with her. He helped her gather reeds for her baskets. He helped her beat the fibres from the yuccas with which to make the beautiful mats. Together they had sped through the wilderness on fiery broncos, frightening coyotes and rabbits and ground squirrels from their lairs. Oh, the exhilaration of that wonderful life! and memories thronged about her like an encroaching tide. But this old man was a distortion of the past. Again she stepped back, so hastily that the sharp needles of a yucca which was growing by the roadside pricked her viciously.

"Wanda! Wanda! tell me—answer me!" whimpered the old man. "Where have you been?" The wrinkled hands trembled as he leaned heavily on his staff. There was something weirdly pathetic



The Saw-Tooth Ridge of Tauquitz.





On Tauquitz Mountain.

about the figure that half crouched in the dust, and the yearning in the bleared eyes seemed to implore, to beseech the girl's confidence and pity.

Forgetting the admonition of Tauquitz that if she ever escaped and revealed the secret of her captivity, she would fall dead, and overcoming somewhat her antipathy for the eager old man, she spoke. She told him the story of her capture, her imprisonment, her escape. When she had finished a strange palor swept over her face, a convulsion, and she dropped at his feet—dead.

When Tauquitz returned to the mountain and found that through his carelessness his most beautiful maiden had escaped, he was furious. That night he held consultation with the elements, and the result of this consultation was a violent storm that raged and roared and boomed until the very universe shook and trembled as if gripped by the mighty hand of wrath.

The Indians crouched in the vil-

lages in abject terror, awed into mental and physical inaction by the elemental tumult. All the wickedness, the viciousness, the murderous instincts, the antagonisms and the demoniacal tendencies of Tauquitz were expressed and demonstrated to the full that night. The lightning literally tore clouds and sky into fragments, then descended and crashed and fought in luminous streaks among the pines until the forest trees were scarred and torn and split in twain. Thunder roared above the tumult like notes from titanic battledrums. The subterranean furies and powers were also appointed a mighty task, and very well they performed their duties. They took the earth on their Stygian shoulders and shook it until the structural foundations rattled. Then with murderous imprecations they tossed it from them, letting it drop with such a crash that an entire mountain top in the range toppled over.

Never so long as life lasts will the aborigines forget the horrors that

accompanied that storm, which in addition to the furious electrical display in the mountains, produced one of the most disastrous earthquakes ever experienced in the south land. Several Indian women were crushed by falling walls, and the powers of destruction wrought havoc everywhere.

The Indians believe absolutely that Tauquitz was responsible for the storm, and no power on earth could convince them to the contrary. They regard the mountain with great suspicion and avoid the meadows and valleys leading to it as they would avoid eternal damnation. During an electrical storm

they believe the lightning to be sparks escaping from the great furnace as Tauquitz makes his exit into the world, and when rumbling noises issue from the mountain they tremble with fear and anticipation of evil, believing the sounds to be the groans of maidens who are being tortured by their arrogant master.

Never in the history of Tauquitz has a rattlesnake been discovered on the mountain, a fact that indicates the existence of a mutual antipathy between reptile and man for the weird, wind-swept rock mass where Satan is supposed to dwell.



PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA—A feature in the San Jose Floral Festival.

Photo Hill, San Jose



# THE PLAIN OF THE PASSING PEOPLES

Pacific Pastels

BY VINCENT HARPER

OF the lying tongue of the Lisonjero and the way he flattered the Filipinos, this Tale of the Twilight, this Third True Tale of the end of Things, when the Ancient Peoples of the Pacific shall have passed away that the Whites might live. We have heard the wail of the Blacks and Maoris; let us hearken now to the mocking laugh of the false-tongued Lisonjero who flattered the yellow, the Filipino, into dreaming that he alone of the dark-hued peoples could persist on the same small earth with the conquering Whites.

\* \* \* \*

"Mira! Mira! El Lisonjero!" cried the women of Luzon, clapping their hands, the foolish women who love him best who tells them lies, so the lies be sweet.

"Quit work," said the men, the young men only, "for here comes this best of story-tellers, this merriest rogue, the Lisonjero."

"Cuidado, muchacha," said one old man to his new young wife, "be careful, wife, for the man tells lies." But old men are over-cautious, and grey hair jealous of gold and brown, so the old man's new young wife she tossed her head and ran with the rest who clapped their hands, to the market place, where the whole town came to hear the tales of the Lisonjero, the merriest rogue—and the smoothest liar—who ever made laugh at their own undoing a People about to meet their doom.

The parish cura, old Fray Miguel, came out to see what the tumult was, and when they told him "the Lisonjero, the jolly fellow who makes us laugh, has come to tell us, dear Fray Miguel, of the great to-morrow that is to be for us yellow men 'neath the Stars and Stripes,"

old Padre Miguel took snuff and said, with many a dubious shake of his wise old head: "Quien sabe? Who knows what to-morrow holds? Before ye swallow the fellow's tale, best look what he hides there up his sleeve." And he took more snuff and shut his door, and the people said, "What a fossil he is, this Fray Miguel! He is Spanish and old, and that spells narrow, so let us forget what the padre said."

So most forgot what the padre said, but some—wrinkled and old and behind the times—took note of the strange big sleeves of the Lisonjero, and wondered why they were made so full and what it could be that swelled them out, those strange big sleeves of the Lisonjero, in which, the wise old padre said, he might have something hidden.

Now in this crowd, as there always are in crowds of men, there were fools and hotheads not a few, and one with the hottest head of all, a fool named Aguinaldo, who jeered forthright at the Lisonjero, and gathered about him a rabble of fools who thought to fight—not the Lisonjero, but the New White Man who had hired the tongue of the Lisonjero to tell the people about to-morrow. So they fought, those fools, for a little while till the Lisonjero winked his eye and took Aguinaldo and his mad crew behind the wall, and let them feel of his bulging sleeves and slyly hinted—who knows what? But they all came back to the market place, and the fools who had fought now cried out: "Hear ye the Lisonjero out, for he has no end of good things to say. We were fools when we thought to fight him."

And the wrinkled and old and be-

hind the times took note that the sleeves of the Lisonjero were not as big as they were before—before he winked at Aguinaldo and talked with the fools behind the wall. Could it be that he had given the fools a present?

"Hist! Silence! The tale begins!" shouted the women and men at once, and they all listened, yes, even Fray Miguel, where no one could see him behind his door. Such a wonderful tale had never been told, nor black proved white in so smooth a way, nor a people about to die made laugh, as the story the Lisonjero told to the Yellow Men concerning the White.

"Hearken and heed, ye Filipinos, for the day of your glory is at hand."

And the Filipinos held up their heads and patted each other upon the back and tried to look tall as the White Man. This man was plainly a man of brains, since he understood their greatness and spoke so pleasantly withal of the glory that was coming. A man of wit this Lisonjero, who knew great men when he saw them. So they craned their necks—long necks, these geese—lest they lose one word about glory, the glory that was to be their own, the gift of their new white brothers. Those nearest his house heard the cura grunt—a sceptical chap, this cura, and Spanish and old, and that means narrow. And old men whispered to their young wives, to be chary about believing, and to look at those very suspicious sleeves, those strange bulged sleeves of the Lisonjero—which might have something in them. But the young wives tossed their pretty young heads and shrugged their round young shoulders, for they knew that grey hairs are jealous of brown, and that old men dread to-morrow.

"Hearken and heed, ye Filipinos, for the glory of your day cometh," he began, this plausible Lisonjero, "when all that has made this New

White Man the mightiest giant among them all, will make you also mighty; for he comes, this New White Man, I say, not as have come the others, to use you and crush you and keep you slaves, but to assimilate benevolently—to make ye all that he is himself, his partner and pal forever. So, hearken and heed, while I tell the tale of the Yellow apotheosis."

Then pressed they all as close as they could to hear the Lisonjero, and the old men stood by themselves apart, and grunted and raised their sceptical brows and kept their wise old foxy eyes on the strange, big, bulging sleeves that might have something in them.

When all were silent and looking up straight into his face, the fulsome Flatterer went on with the wit of the prophet who sees but good, and gets a hearing because of it.

"They know not aught, my best of friends, who wail of woe and tell ye that your doom is set by reason of his coming, the coming of late of the New White Man, the newest and mightiest of them all. Ye all know better. What were ye, tell me now in truth, before the White Men came of old? Naked and wild and like the beasts, and eating up each other. The White Man came—and ye were blest and lived in houses, and read in books and clothed your shame and believed in God, ye who were brutes till his coming. If when he comes the White destroyer, ye must needs perish, I ask, how came it to pass, as it surely did, that ye still live and are men, not beasts? It was not yesterday the White Man came, but three times ten times ten years since. Three hundred times has the sun come south, three hundred times has the rain returned since the White Man came in his great winged ships to make men of the Filipinos. Men have begotten their sons ten times since the White Man came among you. They say, these wailers who know not aught,



that ye shall be like the Brown Men, the Maoris who were and are no more, or passing; they say that ye, like the Blacks, will die, the barbarous Blacks of Tasman's isle and the dismal wilds of the Never Never. But ye are not like the Browns and Blacks. Ye are Yellow, not Brown nor Black, but Yellow—and Yellow and White have proved that they are able to live and thrive when side by side. Three centuries have proved this. And if ye have risen from brutes to men because of the White Man's coming, what fools they are who say that ye now can live no longer! Consider and reason it out yourselves. The White Man who came so long ago was not as is this New Man, but weak and narrow and full of dreams, while this New Man is full of muscle. If ye grew strong by the help of the weak, will ye not grow on with the strong Man? The old White Man was old, and the old dare not face the morrow, but live in the past, and would fain sit still and know not the name of progress. They hang like girls on the skirts of priests, and believe in old wives' fables, and if they are suffered to mumble their prayers, enjoy their snuff and siesta, they neither know nor care what the great world does, nor the meaning of change and action. Thus it came to pass that, though ye read not the books of the present, and though ye lived and loved and worked and died in houses as did these White Men, ye did not have as ye now will have, the latest of modern improvements. They knew too well, these old White Men, that ye must be kept in darkness, for if ye should hear that your Spanish kings were a race of decrepit mummies, left far behind in the march of Things, ye would rise and demand your freedom. So they kept you dressed in your cotton drawers and housed in your barn-like hovels, and taught you enough to read your prayers, but not to see your glory.

"Then came that Sunday ye all recall, when ye could not hear the mass bells ring for the boom of the New Man's guns, those guns of deliverance that boomed and sank the pitiful tubs that ye thought were ships. And the Stars and Stripes went up—to stay; and ye were free, ye Yellow men, free to become like this New White Man, strong and strenuous, rich and right. Behold now the great transiton, the transformation already made. On every hand ye can see the change. Ye have trolley cars and the telephone; ye have public schools and asphalt streets, and the latest thing in plumbing. Ye have shops full of things that ye now have learned are essential to your comfort; ye have, in short, whatever he has, this New White Man who has forged ahead and stands at the very foremost fore in the advance guard of the van of Progress.

"And who is this White Man? And what has he done? From the best and stoutest of all the Peoples he has taken a part, to knead them together into the Best Ever; and out of his half of this big round world he has tunneled and mined and sown and reaped and woven and forged and builded and boomed—the biggest bonanza the earth has seen, till he counts him rich who has not one million, but a hundred, yes, or five. He has 'caught on' to the business trick, and his social ethics being brand new, he has made of life the Real Thing, while he himself is a thing of joy—a breezy, broad-guage, generous chap, who lives and lets live, and does not crush—like the other Whites—the races whose lands he needs in his 'biz,' but assimilates them benevolently.

And under God's country ye now are—God's country, whose walls are built on the rock of right and justice and freedom and fair play. For a little while ye must be content to be a sort of anomalous subject of Uncle Sam—outside the pale



In Moro Land.

of the Constitution; but try to be happy without a vote, until your Uncle—digests you. Ye are Yellow and small and sentimental, and about as wise as babies. But never mind! Ye shall soon be assimilated and grow tall and white and up-to-date; for your Uncle Samuel will put you wise and let you in on the basement floor of his thundering big proposition.

"In the meantime, ye have, as I said, about all that there is that is coming to you; so enjoy your alarm clocks and patent medicines, your sewing machines, and sewer-gas traps, your pretty much everything canned in Chicago, and you'll turn white on the installment plan."

The Lisonjero stopped to breathe and a mighty shout burst from the people. This fellow certainly knew what was what. He knew that the Filipinos were small and yellow and

sentimental and about as foxy as unweaned babes, because they had been enslaved by Spain, and kept in the dark three hundred years by that toothless, palsied, mumbling crone.

The young men slapped each other's backs and the women giggled and arched their brows and looked with scorn on the few old men who stood apart and shook their heads—old men with their watery eyes forever on the dead, done Past, and daring never to face To-morrow.

The Lisonjero got down from his stand and moved here and there among the people, with many a whisper and knowing wink and a nod to some one to follow him there behind the wall where he and the fools had got together.

Now it chanced that the cura, Fray Miguel, knew a hole in that very same garden wall, and when



he saw that the Lisonjero went often behind the wall, the padre—a very suspicious man, this Fray Miguel, the cura—he went and peeked through that very small hole, a very small hole indeed, but large enough to see through, a large enough hole through which to see the very bulging funny sleeves of the smooth-tongued Lisonjero.

And it came to pass that the cura saw through that very small hole in the garden wall the strangest thing that ever was. He saw that out of his bulging, queer sleeves the smooth-tongued Lisonjero drew three separate sorts of presents, which he slyly gave to each who came to whisper and wink and nudge his arm in a way that was certainly very knowing. Of course, being cura and fond of snuff, this Fray Miguel was fond of gossip, and liked to know whatever went on—especially just behind the wall,

his garden wall where the lizzards run and through which now, as the thing turned out, he could see big meanings by that very small hole. What were these presents, he asked, that the Jollier took from his bulging sleeves and gave to the people with winks and whispers behind his very own garden wall?

As cura he could not show his hand—and one hesitates as well to mention the things that one may see through a very small hole in the garden wall; so the padre called to him prudent men, old and wise and discreetly dumb, and bade them find out for him. Which they did as only wise men can—with the outcome now to be told in this tale.

That night when the band had played and the people walked and chatted about the Plaza, a very old man with a very wise head got up and began to speak, and the people gathered from far and near to hear



In the Lake Lanai Country.

Mindanao.

him. Nobody knew the very old man—with reason: he was the Spirit of That Which Is To Be—but they instantly knew that he was wise, for he spoke like the Lisonjero about the future and knew the Thing As It Is To Be. So the people pressed around him, and he made bold as a wise man may, to enlighten their understanding.

"This morning, my friends," the old man said, "ye heard the Lisonjero, the Jollier, who, with winks and laughs foretold the coming glory. Harken to me, who know the facts, and be wise and learn your folly. In those very suspicious bulging sleeves he brought things that he did not tell you, but which he gave in his sly, shrewd way to the foxiest few among you. His gifts were three, and exceeding strange, and they prove him a Lisonjero, a Jollier he who cares not one peseta for you or the coming glory. Shall I tell you now what these three gifts are? Ye say 'yes,' so I will tell you. The gifts are three and American all and they follow the flag—like the Constitution! The first is a thing that ye never knew, a wonderful thing when one knows its use, and already it lies about the heart of your brand new institutions, and those who are up-to-date and wise will soon know how to use it.

Its name is Graft—a wonderful thing when once you learn to use it—and because it is the shortest road to the new Success that is now proclaimed ye will not be slow to use it. Now, Graft is a science, my Yellow friends, a science they know who grow suddenly rich; and the Jollier told you this very day that that was what you wanted—to grow suddenly rich as this New White Man; but he did not tell you, the lying fool, that the cost of graft is ruin. It is turning the mighty, magnificent strength of the Giant of all the Peoples into the weakness of ancient Rome, and rotting his brawn and muscle. Do ye think,

that if Graft can weaken him, that ye can escape its contagion? Ye fools! it will run through your feeble blood with the madness of deadly poison, for now that ye know how much ye want and behold how much he possesses, ye too will strive to grow suddenly rich, and by Graft ye shall live—and perish.

"The second gift is Graft's own twin brother, and its name is Greed, though they say not so, but call it 'Commercialism.' Behold the Manila that is to-day, and remember what it was yesterday. Can ye see the windows full of things, and not begin to covet? Ye will think ye need and try to get, and ye cannot get without money, and money, ye now have come to know, is the fruit of Commercialism. Your cotton drawers and peace of mind will vanish away together, and ye shall have trousers and itching palms, and Greed shall become your Goddess. Now, when two men want what is only one, the weaker who wants it must perish, and fancy the issue that is to be when ye try to get what the White Man wants! Imagine, I say, a hundred years hence, and tell me, ye Yellow pigmies, who do you think will the plutocrats be who monopolize Manila! Will it be Don Pepe or Senor Mora—or some New York or San Francisco John D. Feller, with a Billion Dollar Trust at his back, who will run the show in Manila?

"The third of Lisonjero's gifts is an assorted package containing Divorce and Pull, of which ye have done without but will come to need in the future, since the big New Man who has taken you in cannot get along without them. And say, if his sturdy Anglo-Saxon stuff is rotting away beneath them, what will your feverish yellow blood do when it learns to enjoy the fling and the flare of the freedom which is but license? When marriage among you becomes a joke—ye with your amorous tropical heat—and ye learn to 'get there' by back door



'pull,' how long do ye dream that you'll be in it?

I tell you, my little Yellow mates, the fight must go to the fittest, and every page of the world's long tale tells the fact of the White Man's fitness. So, go we must, since he now requires these far-away isles, which have been our own. The Maori Browns and the Tasmanian Blacks and the virile Reds of their

own great land, have moved ahead and over the brink to make room for the All Compelling—so strike your tents and recall the prayers that the narrow padres taught you, for your doom is set, and ye also now must give way to the All-Compelling. And if ye wonder why this should be—ask the stars, and they may tell you.



On a country road in the Philippines pounding rice.

(The author has given a clever parable of the future of the Filipino. He has written the views of many of the foremost thinkers of the world. The Editor of the Overland Monthly does not endorse these sentiments. The Philippines are to-day enjoying a better government than they have ever had and there is less graft in the Philippines than in the United States and the people are far happier than our people at home.—Editorial note.)

# CURIOUS HOUSES OF SAN FRANCISCO

## Old Landmarks of a Western Metropolis

BY J. M. SCANLAND

THE "Octagonal House," the west corner of Gough and second one from the south-Union streets, is not only strange in appearance to many people, but it is attractive and artistic in finish. It fronts on Gough, and is numbered 2618. It is one of the oldest houses in the city—aged just half a century, and looks as if it were recently built. Its white walls, octagonal shape, and pretty yard attract the attention of the passers-by and gladden the eyes of the lover of the beautiful in art. This "house with eight corners," as some style it, was built in 1864 for Mrs. Harriet Shober McElroy, who came to this city in 1849 from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Here she lived for a third of a century, dying in 1899, aged eighty-five years. The house is now owned by A. P. Van Duzen, Esq., her son-in-law, and is occupied by Mr. F. Cavaganaroc and family. This is the first house of its kind built in San Francisco and the only one standing. An Eastern builder thought he saw a fortune in constructing octagonal concrete houses in San Francisco, and built five of them. The others were for John P. Bull, on Russian Hill; H. S. Fitch on Green near Jones street; another on Leavenworth in the same neighborhood, and the fifth on Harrison street, near the Second-street Bridge. All have disappeared, except the one on Gough and Union streets. This beautiful octagonal house is two stories in height, with an attic and an observatory. It has eight double windows on each floor, and the house being nearly round, each room is a "front room." This gives the house the advantage of catching every breeze that is blow-

ing and plenty of sunshine and fresh air the entire day. Another advantage is that space is economized, in that the inner angles are cut off into clothes-closets, thus doing away with bureaus, etc. The angles being thus cut off, the interior of each room presents a square space—just like any ordinary house. Economy of space is also made in the dining room and kitchen closets and pantries. The walls are three feet thick, and like the adobe of the Mexican, keeps out the cold of Winter and the heat of Summer. The round-top chimneys are also of concrete. They were originally built of mortar and bricks, but as the earthquake shock of 1870 shattered one of them; they were subsequently built of concrete. From the cupola, a grand and picturesque view is had of Angel Island, Alcatraz, the Golden Gate beyond, and of the great city, with its thousands of lights and the outlines of its dark buildings in the shadows. On moonlight nights the white glistening walls of this octagonal building are seen to rise from the slope of the hill from amid a spot of green verdure like the "castle in the woods" of romance, or the burnished walls of the houses of the Moors on the vegas of Spain. The lot is artistically terraced, and is planted to pretty flowers and vines. A vine of a peculiar variety forms a carpeting, and which may be lifted from the earth as a door-mat. It is not a native to California, but was imported from Italy by Mr. Cavaganaroc, the present occupant of the premises. It is a species of creeper and in May blooms in purple flowers. It is believed that this is the only vine of its variety in the city.



The yard is finely shaded by three California oaks, which were on the premises before Mrs. McElroy built the house. The California oak expands in breadth rather than grows in height, thus giving an umbrageous shade, and it is cultivated for its comfort and use as well as its gracefulness and beauty.

There is a queer-looking corrugated iron building on the north-eastern corner of Jackson and Sansome streets. Few people who enter the Postoffice from Sansome St. take notice of this red-painted, two-

bor. These rookeries are also of sheet-iron, brought around the Horn in sections. The front and rear ends are round, giving the shanties the appearance of a river trading boat of the early days. The upper stories are pierced with holes, which served the occupants as windows, which are now stuffed with cast-off clothing, boards and anything that may keep the wind out and the rain from drifting in. The walls are plastered with colored bills of quacks, fakers and variety shows.

In the rear of the First Methodist



The Octagonal House, Union and Gough Streets.

story house. The iron was brought around the Horn in 1849 by Mr. W. K. Van Allen, and put up to serve as a store and hotel. The second story is liberally supplied with windows. At that time, this spot was part of the water-front, and the house was later used as a saloon and sailors' boarding house. The upper story is almost all windows.

On the northwest corner of Jackson and Sansome streets is a double frame shack, dilapidated, and even more queer-looking than its neigh-

Episcopal Church building, on Powell near Washington street, stands a plain little frame house, 25x40 feet in dimensions. The lumber and shingles were hand-sawed in the forests of Oregon, from which was constructed, early in 1849, the first Protestant Church building in San Francisco. The building is now used as a Sabbath school. Mr. John Trubody, who built the first brick house in San Francisco, was also one of the builders of this house.

Chinatown boasts the first stone-



Corrugated iron "Round Top House," Jackson and Sansome Streets.



"The Rookery," Kearny and Broadway.



front house built in San Francisco. It is two stories, with narrow windows, green shutters and a dingy and time-worn appearance, and has a stone front. The house is of brick mostly. The granite was brought from China, and the house was built in 1851. It stands on the southwest corner of Washington street and Dunbar alley, east of Stockton. The front wall is three feet thick, the marble steps are well-worn and the tablet which marked it as the first stone-front house built in San Francisco, was removed a few years ago.

Another building with an interesting history is the four-story stone structure on the northwest corner of Montgomery and California street. It is the first stone house put up in San Francisco, and was built by John Parrott in 1852. The rock was quarried near Hong-Kong, China, and brought to San Francisco in a sailing vessel. Each block was numbered and marked for its special position by the workmen in China, and they came in the vessel with the material. Chinese laborers carried the blocks from the landing to the building lot on bamboo poles and the blocks were hoisted upon the building by means of incline poles—the Chinese method of building houses. Chinese do not use lifts, stages, ropes or scaffolding. For years this building was used by the Wells, Fargo Express Co.

The second house from the northeast corner of Mission and Dolores streets is one of the few landmarks of the early Mission Dolores period. It is a two-story frame, and was brought round the Horn in 1849, in sections, and built by Captain Chas. Brown, who sailed into San Francisco Bay in 1829—one of the first few, if not the first, American pioneers to settle in California. The house is well preserved, and is surrounded by a pretty garden of rare and well-cultivated flowers.

A daughter of this '29er, Mrs. Mahon, and Dona Rosalia de Haro,

lived in the house. Captain Brown married a De Haro—a sister of the De Haro boys, who were murdered in Contra Costa County by Kit Carson.

A queer looking rookery stands on the northeast corner of Broadway and Kearny streets, and it also has a history. It is a picturesque ruin. The walls are splotted by the action of the rain and wind upon the paint, which is now shown only in traces—like the fading beauty of a woman. The window panes are broken and the windows are stuffed with old clothes and barricaded with boards. The rookery is three stories in front and two stories in the rear, which backs up on the rocky slope of Telegraph Hill into which it is built. The entrance is through a wide, double oaken door on Broadway, over which is an alcove opening onto a rickety platform extending from the second story. The materials for this house were brought around the Horn from New York, in 1848, and put up on the northwest corner of California and Sansome streets—



The first brick house, Sacramento and Powell streets.



The "Antique Castle," Washington and Powell streets.



A Corrugated Iron Building. Sansome and Jackson.

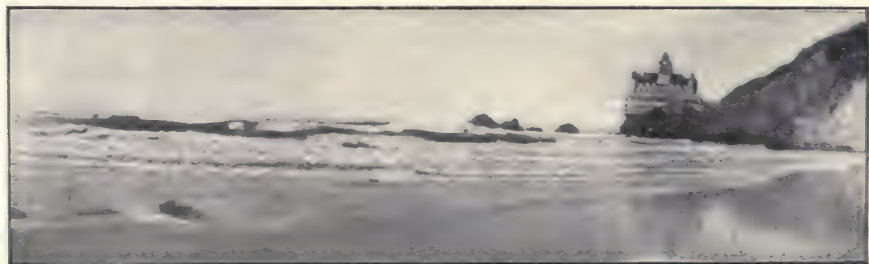


the site now occupied by the Bank of California building. This double frame structure was called the "Tehama House," and was one of the leading hotels of the town. It was moved to its present site to make room for the Bank of California building. The projectors of this building were the first to utilize California stone in houses. Previously the stone had been brought from China. The Bank of California building is constructed of stone from Angel Island in San Francisco Bay.

On the north side of California street, between Kearny and Dupont, a one-story and a-half cottage modestly stands back a short distance from the street. It has a peaked roof, dormer windows, Norman gable, and is slightly disfigured by a mixture of American filigree architecture. It may be taken for a Breton peasant's cottage or an American boarding house that has seen better days. The material was brought round the Horn in 1849, in sections. The cottage was known as the Pettit House," and was conducted by Mrs. Pettit for several years. Some of the most prominent men of the early days boarded there. Like other pioneers, it has passed through many gradations and changes, and from its retired position on the slope of the hill, has seen the waters recede from Montgomery to its present boundaries, and the chaparral removed from the

hill to the west, now known as Nob Hill, and crowned with mansions of the rich. No doubt it seems strange to the people of these latter days why lumber and bricks were brought from New York and Philadelphia for the construction of houses when we had forests of timber at our doors, and plenty of earth for the manufacture of bricks. But, in those days, everyone went to the mines. They wanted to strike it rich, quick; and few mechanics could be had at \$20 a day.

There is little strange or peculiar about the County Jail building on Broadway, except its checkered history. Originally it was a one-story structure, with a basement and a flat roof. In 1856 the Vigilantes took the assassins, Cora and Casey, from the basement, to which they had fled, and hanged them. The sheriff, who seemed to be their friend, posted a detachment of armed men upon the flat roof, but the Vigilantes trained a cannon upon the door, and it was opened at once. Casey, an ex-convict, had assassinated James King, editor of the Evening Bulletin, and Cora, a gambler, had assassinated William Richardson, the United States Marshal. The steps leading up to the jail door had a history also. The timbers had served as a gallows, upon which was hanged a Russian on Russian Hill, the first legal hanging in the city.



# EARLY CALIFORNIA JOURNALISM II.

## Trinity Journal

---

BY DAVID E. GORDON

**T**RINITY was one of the original counties of California, and reached almost from the Sacramento river on the east to the Pacific Ocean. Humboldt County, save that portion of it acquired by the dismemberment of Klamath County in 1874, was detached from Trinity County by an act of the Legislature of 1852-53. Trinity may safely be listed as among the most exclusively mining counties.

The first newspaper published in Weaverville, always the county-seat, was the Trinity Times. Its publication was commenced in the autumn of 1854, and Edwin A. Rowe, local representative of the Pacific Express Company, was the proprietor. The editors were, successively, Rowe, Dr. Edward Trask, and Captain John C. Crowninshield, and the mechanical department was always under charge of John J. Conway. The latter succeeded to the ownership in 1856, Mr. Rowe receiving the appointment of deputy State Treasurer under Dr. Henry Bates, the Know Nothing treasurer elect. The Times was the organ of the Know Nothing party in 1854, and the successful county candidates were almost exclusively of that party. When Cowmy assumed the management of the paper he called to his aid in editorial work Colonel J. G. Howard, an attorney who had recently located in the town. Under Cowmy's management the Times espoused the Democratic cause, and after a devious existence of about a year in his hands it succumbed, anathematizing the County Democracy for the indifferent support they had extended. The plant was purchased by Seaman & Gordon, publishers of the Journal, and

a little later Cowmy transferred his services to the printing room of the Shasta Courier. After the death of General S. H. Dosh, founder of that paper, he became owner and publisher of the now venerable journal.

The publication of the Weaverville Democrat was commenced just prior to the Gubernatorial campaign of 1854, Henry J. Howe and M. T. Crawford becoming the venturesome sponsors. Howe, a young attorney, was editor, and Crawford his mechanical helper. The paper was started as a Democratic organ to combat the Know Nothing Times, though at heart, editor Howe was a Republican. But it accomplished the purpose of rendering the campaign a very lively and aggressive one. The paper was not popular, and having failed in accomplishment of its intended mission, was sold to Seaman & Gordon, after a somewhat stormy existence of little more than half a year. After a few years' residence Howe removed to San Francisco, where he attained notable standing as an attorney.

He has rested at Lone Mountain many years. Crawford remained, without any fixed purpose at heart. He, too, sleeps the last sleep in Weaverville's hillside cemetery.

The Trinity Journal was established by Henry J. Seaman and David E. Gordon, as successors to the Weaverville Democrat, on the 16th day of January, 1856. Politically, it occupied an independent position, though both publishers were among the early Republicans and both voted for John C. Fremont for President in the election of that year. The senior partner had been elected County Clerk two years previously, and being a pioneer of the county,



and one of its most highly esteemed and popular citizens, the paper soon boasted a more liberal patronage than had been accorded either of its predecessors. He assumed editorial control, and his partner, a practical New York printer, looked after its typographical welfare.

Comparison of the Trinity County of 1856 and of to-day would necessarily be a strained attempt. The vote at the Presidential election that year was the largest ever polled in the county. The candidates were Fremont, Fillmore and Buchanan, the latter leading by an overwhelming plurality, and the first-named receiving the smallest vote. But there was no registry law in those days, and everybody but "John Chinaman" voted. He simply paid \$4 a month for the privilege of digging gold. At that early day it was deemed a safe estimate that one-third the foreign vote polled was thrown by unnaturalized residents.

Before the close of the first volume, Mr. Seaman sold his interest to Edward J. Curtis, he having determined to return to the East at the expiration of his official term in 1857. Curtis & Gordon continued the Journal in its former independent course. Curtis was a lawyer and a gentleman of acknowledged ability. He had represented Siskiyou County in the last session of the Legislature, and was not unfamiliar with editorial work. Social in disposition and unusually public spirited, community appreciation attended his editorial efforts. But within a year it became necessary for him to retire from the paper as the result of a former business entanglement in his old home. His interest was purchased by his partner, who remained sole proprietor to the end of the 13th year and volume of the Journal's existence. During a portion of 1858 the publisher called Calvin B. McDonald to the editorial position, which he filled with characteristic ability. Mr. McDonald was brilliant, yet erratic,

restless and over-exacting. He finally went to the Yreka Union, with which he remained only a few months. During many following years he did service on San Francisco and Oakland journals, and I believe until summoned by death. His wife, formerly Estelle Potter, the actress, preceded him to final rest.

With the commencement of the 14th volume, 1869, Mr. Gordon sold the Journal to Edwin P. Lovejoy, son of the noted citizen of Illinois, who fell a martyr to pro-slavery hate. He was an ardent Republican, an attorney of more than usual ability, and a forcible writer. Lovejoy in turn sold a half interest to Julius Andrews, who had been connected with the mechanical department of the paper. Within a year Andrews retired, and Jacob R. Felter, son of ex-Judge A. J. Felter, secured a one-third interest. He, with his parents and sister, are now residents of San Bernardino City. Felter retired from the Journal late in 1873, and C. W.

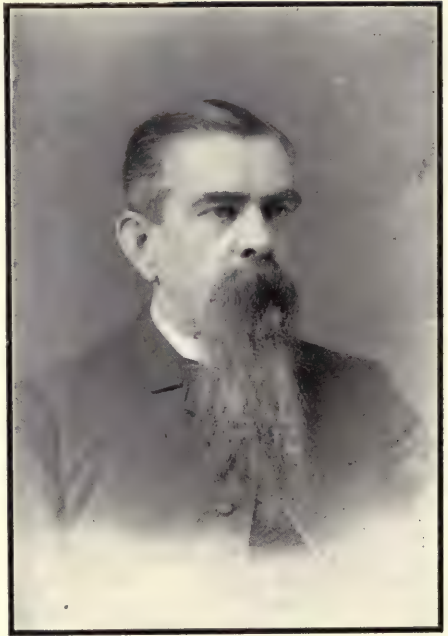


HENRY J. SEAMAN.

"Trinity Journal."

Craig, a printer-graduate of the office, succeeded to a half-interest in the paper. The firm of Lovejoy & Craig was dissolved in 1877 by the retirement of the former, who soon after became a resident of Nevada State, where he died many years ago, leaving a widow, who, I believe, is now a resident of San Francisco. Mr. Craig continued the publication of the paper until 1887, when he sold to Blake & Given. Later Given retired, and the publication was continued by Blake, Bremer & Shurtleff. The latter died untimely several years ago, and Blake & Bremer are present publishers of the Journal, now in its 49th year.

In closing this reference to the now fourth, I think, oldest rural newspaper in California, it is only justice to Henry J. Seaman, the senior founder of the paper, to place on record a brief tribute to the real and always acknowledged worth of the pioneer citizen. A nearer nature's nobleman is seldom encountered in the journey of life. In behalf of the right he was fearless alike with voice and pen. As citizen, friend or adviser, he was always the same, and no resident of old Trinity was ever parted companionship with more reluctantly. In his almost boyhood days he had been received with open hands to the companionship of such sterling early pioneers as General James W. Denver, William M. Lowe, Judge J. S. Pitzer, Hon. Edward Neblett, Judge Wm. P. Daingerfield, Dr. Edward Trask, Captain I. G. Messec, Hon. J. F. Chellis, Hon. John C. Burch, and scores of other seniors in age who looked upon him with almost fatherly affection. I can write with truth that when he said good-bye to Trinity County there was not one left to take his place in the hearts of noble pioneers who had been his companions almost from the admission of the State. He returned to the East in 1857, was married to Miss Maria Luckewbach of Bethlehem,



DAVID E. GORDON,

"Trinity Journal."

Penn., returned to Weaverville in 1858, accompanied by his wife, widowed mother and sister, the latter now the widow of John A. Watson, a pioneer of Trinity County, and residing in San Francisco. He engaged in business in Weaverville until 1860, when he returned to the Pennsylvania home. There he was restrained from taking up arms in his country's behalf until General Lee turned his armed hosts in the direction of the National Capital. Then restraint became unbearable. He shouldered a musket and joined the patriotic host that was rushing to the standard of the Union. A few years later came the summons of the death angel, and the noble soul that had occupied such a high place in the realm of true manhood went out to its maker. The widow of many years followed less than a twelvemonth ago. An only son, a second father in all the attributes of exalted manhood, now occupies a high business position in an Eastern city.



# TAKING THE CENSUS IN ALASKA

A True Story by a Practical Man

BY GUY N. STOCKLAGER; CENSUS TAKER

I RECEIVED instructions from Hon. Sam C. Dunham, special agent of the 12th Census of Northern Alaska, to meet him at Golofnin Bay by December 15, 1899, where I was to receive my appointment as Special Agent.

I arrived at Nome October 1st, having spent the three months prior to this with the Coast and Geodetic Survey, working along the coast from the mouth of the Yukon up towards Norton Sound.

It is needless to say I looked forward to my winter's work with a good deal of anxiety. The idea of being on the trail all winter was not a very pleasant one, but the \$16 per day overcame the disagreeable features.

I decided to remain in Nome until snow fall and go overland to Golofnin. At that time dogs were selling from \$75 to \$100 apiece at Nome, and I decided to wait until I reached the lower country, where I would be able to purchase dogs much cheaper.

I wanted to find a party going down the coast that I could join. There was a reported strike at Norton Bay, and I soon found a couple of boys with a dog team, who were going on the 8th of November, and by furnishing a supply of grub, made arrangements to join them.

Although I had a great many harder trips during the winter, I will never forget this first one. We had the worst time of the year for travel. The sea was not frozen, and we had to go by way of the hills. Early in the season the rivers are treacherous, and on top of the mountains we found very little snow—the strong winds leav-

ing them bare in most places. Our team was the first down the coast, and we were compelled to break trail. Any one who has ever done this can realize what we had to undergo, considering the fact that we had over 600 pounds on our sled.

Between Nome and Golofnin Bay there are five portages, and at each portage we were forced to make two or three trips to get our outfit on top of the mountains; but going down the other side on one trip was generally all we wanted, as in nine cases out of ten we would land in a bunch of willows at the bottom, sled overturned, dogs fighting, and the other two boys swearing. After straightening things out, we had to hunt a place to camp, before dark—generally in the dark. On finding a suitable place, hungry and tired, we commenced fixing up for the night. The tent had to be put up, some drift wood picked out of the snow, dogs chained, the "big feed," and then to sleep and dreams of home.

We were two weeks going to Golofnin Bay (90 miles) and it was about the same thing every day. I have made the same trip by the sea in two days. On arriving at Golofnin Bay I secured a good dog team (not much cheaper than I could have bought it at Nome), and was ready for work when Mr. Dunham came through from St. Michael and gave me my appointment. The Government allowed for an interpreter, and I secured the services of an Eskimo boy at "Dexter's," and decided to take the census of the Eskimos first and the whites later.

My district comprised the territory from Norton Bay up to Top-



The Census Taker's Team.

The Overland Monthly's Special Correspondent stands immediately behind the sled.

Kok and Golofnin Bay and its tributaries, a district about 100 miles square. Too much cannot be said in favor of the Eskimos. With all due respect to my white brothers, I must say that I received better treatment from the natives; although it is true I met the rougher type of the whites. A great many foreigners were dull of comprehension and very contentious—quite often I was compelled to ask numerous questions. I have been told to go to h—— and ordered to get out. But on showing the circular containing the penalty for refusing to give information, I would generally get all the information required. I had to contend with this among the more ignorant class only, but not among the real miners, as they could not do too much for me.

I found the Eskimos in a fairly prosperous condition. They have comfortable houses, built of logs, and completely covered by turf, almost air-tight and very warm. The

logs used for making these "Igloos" or huts are picked up on the beach, having drifted down from the Yukon River. A gut apron in the center of the roof forms the only means of light, and serves the same purpose as the windows in our own homes. A long, narrow tunnel leading from a door exposed on the outside to the hut proper prevents the cold air from entering these huts. The average house on the coast is about 12 by 14 on the inside, but those in the interior (as on Fish River, where the timber is abundant) are much larger; some being as large as 16 by 30. There are generally from five to six huts in a village, and sometimes as many as five families living in one hut. These huts are only inhabited in the severe months of the winter. During the milder season, as in early spring, the natives are to be found camped on the coast in tents, where they earn their livelihood hunting seals, walrus, and fishing for the spring



salmon, which frequents the rivers and streams of Northern Alaska. These fish are dried in the sun and air for winter food.

The seal hunt furnishes a large supply of oils and skins, used for making boats. There are called "kiaks," a canoe used for hunting. The skins are also used for winter clothing. The walrus yields them ivory, which is used for making sleigh shoes and tools for cutting holes in the ice. Formerly this ivory was of great use to them (before the rifle and ammunition were brought into the country by the whites) for making spear-heads, arrow-heads, and other weapons.

Since the great influx of miners, the native has turned his skill towards carving this ivory into various designs, sold as curios, and are very much in demand. All this carving is done with a pen knife and a three-cornered file. The hide

of the walrus is used for making skin boats, "Omeaks," and for making skin ropes and for soling boots (Muk-luks.) These "Omeaks" are large boats, averaging 22 feet in length and 6 feet in breadth. They are used for conveying families, fishing and hunting, going from one village to another, and for traveling around the coast on trading excursions among the tribes. They are generally paddled, but when a fair wind presents itself, a large square sail is set. These natives never go far at sea, always keeping the land in view. On their trading excursions they exchange sea fox, land otter, beaver skins and other valuable furs with the natives, who come over from Siberia, King and Diomed Islands, for chuck-chee, deer skins and sinew. These deer skins are used for winter clothing, the women making them into a garment called "Parka," and for winter



Reindeer and Eskimo herders.

boots. The sinew is used for sewing boots, articles of clothing and skin boats.

The natives are very intelligent, resembling the Japanese in many

great help to the men in cleaning fish, skinning animals, tanning skins, making boats and fishing. During the winter months the women fish with rod and line for



A Yukon Belle.

particulars. They are very clever in the manipulation of tools, nearly all of them having a good idea of the carpenter trade and other mechanical industries. The women are dexterous with the needle, and are a

small fish known as "tom-cod," which prove a great item of food during the winter, when the principal food is raw, frozen fish, dried salmon, grouse, rabbit, fox and seal meat and oil forming the menu. In





Fishing on the Yukon.

the summer months they have luxuries, such as wild geese, ducks and swans.

Among themselves the Eskimos are known by one name, generally indicative of some feature of nature (river, hill or rock), or by some part of the body (mouth, head or arm). It is impossible, as they have no conception of time or date, to ascertain their exact age. There are a great many traditions handed down by their ancestors, and from these traditions it is shown that they were once a warlike people.

They are very kind and peaceable, with cheerful contentment, with a certain contagious light-heartedness that is impossible to resist. It is strange to be in a country where men are poor in common—but none destitute—poor they certainly are by any standard of the white man's complex life. Their life is a hand-to-mouth existence; with a likelihood of enough to eat and wear. Without improvidence, they are without the sense of care, apparent-

ly having no anxious thought of what they shall eat or drink or wherewith they shall be clothed. It is difficult to draw them out to talk about their beliefs. I learned that they believe in an overruling Providence and in a future life, and in rewards and punishments meted out according to deeds done in the body. A good Eskimo, when he dies, goes down to regions that are warm, and the bad to trackless white deserts of ice that are always cold.

After completing the census of the Eskimos, I started in with the whites. The chief difficulty I had to contend with was in getting the men on the trail. As a rule they are not in the best of humor and hate to be delayed on any account; in fact, unless you are personally acquainted, they seldom speak. At first this struck me as very strange, but it is true. This is mostly on the well-traveled trails; for on meeting them off the trail, in the hills, they are very glad to stop and ask



A Scene on the Yukon River.

the news and console one another with a few choice words about the country, trail and everything in general. This is the worst country in the world for downright swearing. It reminds me of a big, good-natured Dutchman I met during the winter, who claimed he could "mush" all winter and not swear. It is needless to say he was not believed. One day I had the pleasure of traveling with him from "Council City" to "White Mountain." We had gone about five miles when I heard a few familiar words, and at once called him down about the statement he had made. He was equal to the occasion, and explained to me that he was not swearing, as he had given each dog a name—the names and numbers of dogs being such he could give vent to his feelings without borrowing any words.

About two weeks after this he was instrumental in saving my life, and although, at that time, I was hardly in a condition to pay much

attention to his exact words, I know they were the sweetest I ever heard. It came about in this way. I left White Mountain with my dog team about noon and started for "Dexter's" (about 20 miles). My Eskimo had gone to a village and was to meet me at Dexter's. I was alone. I had reached the ice on Golofnin Bay, when I noticed it was suddenly getting darker. I then felt a quick breath of wind, the usual forerunner of a storm, and I knew that immediately there would be a fresh whirl of snow and that the trail would be completely covered. I drove my dog team as fast as possible, trusting to their taking me straight to Dexter's, as they can follow a trail when a man can see no sign of it. The storm came up with amazing quickness; the strong wind whirling the loose snow in blinding eddies, nearly taking my breath away. It was getting so bad that it was all the dogs could do to move along. I only had a drill "Parka" on, and



was getting cold, so stopped the team to put on my reindeer "Parka," but to my horror found I had lost it from the sled. The first move was to look back over the trail, and although by this time I could only see a short distance, thought I saw a dark spot a few yards away. I realized that the loss of the "Parka" might mean freezing to death; so left the dogs standing and started back for it. The wind was so strong I hardly could hold my feet, but at least reached the dark spot I had seen and found it was the "Parka." I put it on and turned to go back to the sled, but could see only the rushing cloud of snow. I could see nothing, but staggered on where I believed I had left my sled. There was no sign of it. I kept walking, perhaps in a circle, and getting weaker and weaker. I knew, if I stopped, I would freeze; so on I toiled, each step more difficult than the last. I finally could get no far-

ther, and with a feeling of utter helplessness, I sank down on one knee. I felt that I must not give up and made one more attempt. The snow cut my face like a knife. I brushed the flakes from my eyes and took a long look in every direction, but it was as dark as night. This was not the night's blackness, but a dense gray atmosphere. I staggered on a few steps farther, finally giving up all hope, and fell full length, face down, in the snow. I thought I heard the faint sound of a bell. I raised myself on one arm and listened. I could hear it plainer now and then knew it was no dream. I was filled with hope, knowing that a dog team must be near, and with an amount of energy I did not think myself capable of, shouted and drew myself towards the sound. The struggle was too great, and I fell and knew no more. After that, the first thing I realized was feeling some one rubbing me, and on open-



Steamboating on the Yukon.

ing my eyes, I saw the Dutchman's jolly face. He was holding a bottle of whiskey in one hand and rubbing me with the other. When he saw me open my eyes his words were: "We will soon be there." In about ten minutes we drove into Dexter's Station, where I was laid up for about two weeks. My dog team had arrived at Dexter's nearly an hour before we did. It happened that I had fallen only a few feet from the trail or I would never have been discovered.

Many times I have lost the trail, and, night coming on, have trusted to the dogs to take me to a village or house. They seldom fail, if they have once been there. I have traveled with reindeer and dogs, and for coast traveling prefer the dogs, although for interior travel the deer are far better. You do not have to carry feed for the reindeer, as they paw the snow and melt it with their breath until they get down to the moss (called reindeer moss). This moss is white in color, and it is possible for reindeer to live on it for days. It is wonderful how sure-footed the deer are going over the land and mountains, but the dogs have the advantage on the ice.

I met all sorts and conditions of men, lawyers, doctors, sailors, gamblers, in fact, men of every class and occupation. In Alaska all are equal, as far as social standing is concerned. I have seen lawyers and doctors, with plain, uneducated miners as partners, and in many cases the rough would outshine the polished when it came to a show-down or to a real test of honesty and manhood. You could not distinguish by the dress or appearance.

One evening, driving along about dark looking for a place to camp for the night, my Eskimo saw a cabin in some spruce timber a short distance off the road. This was unlooked for and a pleasant sight; I knew no one living in that neighborhood, and I was glad of a good place to sleep. The owner came

out as we drove up, and told us to fix up the dogs and come in, calling to some one in the cabin in Eskimo to get the fire ready and put some tea on. So on going into the cabin I was not surprised to see an Eskimo girl, and remember having seen her earlier in the winter at a village called Ik-Nik-Tuck. By this time I could speak the Eskimo language, and when the owner stepped out to get some wood I asked her what she was doing there. She answered that she was married to Billy (my host) that he had given her people some grub and she had gone with him. After supper we took our pipes and sat down for a chat. I found him well educated and a good conversationalist. I was the first white man he had seen for over two months, and he was much interested in all the news. It was late before we retired, and I decided to postpone taking his census until the next morning. In the morning I took his census, and you can judge of my surprise when, on asking him the question: "What is your occupation in the States?" he answered "Minister." I merely relate this to show how people fall from grace in this country. I have heard since that he had struck a rich claim, and I have often wondered if he went back to his former occupation. It was right after this trip that I "queered" myself with the Missionary at Golofnin Bay and consequently missed many a good dinner at the Mission. I reached the Mission one Sunday afternoon, and he invited me to attend church. He had only been in charge of the place a little over a year, and used an interpreter in preaching to the Eskimos. The policy of the former Missionary had been to allow some of the old men to pray, and the present one followed his example, although he could not understand what they were talking about. He called on an old man who at once responded. I learned afterward that a white man had stolen one of his dogs and



that dog and prayer was the cause of my hard luck. I followed in a listless manner the burden of his oratory. This consisted in asking for things he wanted, until I noticed he was getting excited. By this time I was a little amused and interested myself, and was all attention. He touched the subject next to his heart in about these words. "I hope the next time the damned white man comes over the ice, on the bay, the ice will break and drown him!" Just as he got this out of his mouth, the Missionary said "Amen." I know the good Lord has forgiven me for breaking out in a laugh that I could not control. I left the church, and have not seen the Missionary since.

I had several amusing experiences with some of the "squaw men" (men living with Eskimo women) who were all afraid I would put them down as man and wife. I was uncertain for a time how to put them down. My census sheets specified that I should give the relations of parties living in the same house. On asking the Eskimo woman her relation to the man, she would, of course, say she was his wife, and by their custom she was, but as they were not legally married, I compromised and put her down as housekeeper. An old-timer, or "sour dough," living up Fish river with a squaw, got riled at me one day, and I had quite a time to pacify him. I was only teasing him, and told him I would have to put them down as man and wife. His conception of the census was that it would go on record, so that any one would see it, and as he had a wife in the States, he told me that if I put him down as man and wife he would bore me full of holes. Seeing he was in earnest I told him I was only joking, and a pull at the bottle, which I generally had with me, did the rest.

During the months of March and April I was kept very busy taking

the census of the people coming over the ice and snow from Dawson (over 1600 miles). The trail passed Dexter's Station, so I was able to catch most of them by waiting there. By the latter part of April I had nearly completed my work, when I received a note from Mr. Becker, the agent from Top-Kok to Port Clarence, that he was behind in his work, and if possible, to come and help him before the ice went out. I at once left for Nome, and, on consulting with him, started for Port Clarence, taking the names from Perry River to that place, and I was able to finish and get back to Nome two days before the ice went out.

We were instructed to send in reports on the mineral resources of our respective districts, and I was thus enabled to get a pretty good idea of the mining of my district, as well as that along the coast as far as Port Clarence.

Why any one should get discouraged with this section, from a mining standpoint, I can't see. It is in its infancy. I won't go into detail, but glancing at the large area and the opportunities and possibilities it presents, you will find it is a country embracing 20,000 square miles of area within which gold has been found, in placer and quartz formation, wherever the prospector has struck a pick or dug a hole. A country of which the 300 miles of shore line is almost entirely composed of auriferous sand and quartz ledges.

Start at Port Clarence—from there through the rich Simiock, Cripple, Perry, Snake, Nome, Eldorado and Solomon Rivers, through the rich Top-Kok district, and up and through the Fish and Newkluk Rivers and their tributaries, including Oplin, with its 1,000 feet of pay streak, and crossing the divide to the Pelican River and its branches and reaching to the Koogaron with its 30 miles square, and the Blue-stone with its mines of unequaled richness back to the starting point.

Consider this large area and then consider the amount of work that has been done.

Regarding the quartz claims and prospects of this section, I will state that they are extensive and rich, and many claims have been located on the ledges that will undoubtedly pay. Assays from practical tests are found running from \$4 to \$500 a ton of the milling ore. On some of these properties owners are preparing to cut tunnels and ascertain their richness and extent. It is impossible at the present time to give an authentic estimate of the value of any one of these properties. The appearance of all of them being exceedingly encouraging.

An encouraging feature of the quartz mining of the Golofnin Bay

and Fish River section is the fact that about 17 years ago an extensive silver mine was opened about 45 miles up Fish River that proved very rich; but owing to the expense and inconvenience, and I may add the impossibility, at that time, of conveying goods across the country, it was abandoned, until more favorable opportunities were presented. The mine was discovered about 25 years ago through the agency of some natives, who brought some of the ore to the coast, where it fell into the hands of Captain Smith, at that time connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company. The natives used this ore, which contained a sufficient amount of lead, to make bullets.



Dog team at rest.



# SUCCESS AND THE SCHOOL-MASTER

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

**I**T is generally agreed that the child is not merely a playing animal, and it may be stated with equal justification that he is by no means solely a working animal.

The requirements of our modern life press hardly enough upon all of us, and it is a question whether they are not beginning to press too hardly upon our children. For, after all, youth should be the period of lightheartedness and comparative irresponsibility and to load down the hearts and minds of infants with the cares of the future does not appear likely either to increase the gaiety of nations or contribute to the real capacity of the children.

There are very few parents who would not assent at once to this statement, but they would begin to lay the fault of such over-pressure as there may be at the door of the schoolmaster. The latter, poor fellow, would be only too glad to ease up the horrid gait at which he is compelled to travel, but there press behind him the university, the professional schools and the business men who clamor more and more loudly for more thoroughly prepared material, making insistent demands which must be satisfied.

So the overloading proceeds, each party throwing off the responsibility, and the child bearing the strain in the name of the future, and under the fascinating sign of intellectual progress.

It would not matter so much if the load fell on the right shoulders. There are some children whom it is impossible to overload with work. All the colleges and all the universities, professional schools, offices, and Government departments combined could not hurry them one particle. They go on their way doing the respectable amount, and no

more, and very frequently, indeed, performing a minimum, yet, mirabile dictu, in the long run, winning a large proportion of the prizes of life, occupying the prominent positions and emerging from obscurity to distinction. You cannot overwork children like this, they are a law to themselves, they have adopted the advice of the father of Fora Gordyef and put the schoolmaster in his place.

But what about the little, conscientious youngsters who implicitly believe all the law and the prophets, whose ambition has been stimulated at home, and to whom the words of the schoolmaster are as goods? These are the real sufferers. It is upon their little backs that the burden falls; they are the slaves of the curriculum and the curriculum cannot be said, as a rule, to do very well by them. It is not from these that the ranks of the successful are generally recruited, the readiest to adopt the school methods, they progress most rapidly, apparently, but find success only in the school work—they are the future pedagogues, the drivers of the curriculum.

But as an educational system cannot really be designed for the manufacture of teachers and professors, there does not appear to be any particular reason why all children should be subjected to a routine particularly adapted to that end.

The modern competition produced by overcrowding in the professions and the higher trades is the main cause of the undue educational exploitation of childhood. Competition has a psychological effect upon those not immediately and definitely concerned in it. An example of this may be seen in the case of a crowd pushing through a narrow passage. There is every

reason to believe that the crowd will force its way through in time, and it is foolish on the part of the hindmost, at all events, to struggle, since they cannot make their way anywhere near the entrance to the passage. Still, a feeling of anxiety and nervousness reaches to the outermost fringe of the crowd, a nervousness which is marked by wild and futile rushes and an impatient stamping and fretting.

The struggle for existence imposed by modern competition has very much the same effect upon education. The battle is scented from afar, and there is an eager and frequently mere nervous bustling about in the schools and colleges. The schoolmasters anxiously reassure the business men, and that final resort of the pedagogue, the competitive examination, is employed as an unfailing means of selection.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is not what the boy learns at school which determines his chances of success in life, or which even determines his usefulness as an active agent under present social conditions. This is continually shown. The success of the uneducated is almost a stock joke, and the comparative failure of the college man has come to be a commonplace. However, this sneer at the chances of the college man is an absurd exaggeration, for as a matter of fact, he is improving his standing and his chances of success every day.

This latter condition of affairs has arisen, it will be observed, chiefly, since the introduction of athletics and physical culture in other universities. But it will be noticed that even while our colleges are turning out their thousands and tens of thousands of stalwart young men, these latter do not by any means possess a monopoly of success in life, for the comparatively untrained and uneducated still frequently display such qualities as to enable them to give their uni-

versity-bred competitors all the advantages of education and still beat them.

Overwork in school cannot increase the number of effectives; it does not make for success, and its foolishness and criminality, even, become apparent when the individual victims are considered.

It is very questionable whether the boy who works very hard at school is to be commended; that is, as far as his future is concerned. Now and again, it is true, that one meets with a youth of fine physical powers who is possessed of great intellectual vigor, who is insatiate in the matter of bodily exercise and no less so in his cravings for mental labor. Such a boy is a born leader, and provided that his moral qualities are, as they are likely to be, of the same grade as his physical and mental equipment, he will go far and accomplish much. It will be seen that there is no need to overdrive this boy; in fact, you could not; he would not let you. He will not work when his brain is tired any more than he will continue to run after he is thoroughly winded.

In such cases it is very evident that the efforts of the schoolmaster are very nearly wasted. If he cannot raise the standard very much for the healthy boy, he certainly cannot force the weaker any further. But curiously enough, the weaker child responds with the greater readiness to the stimulus of the teacher. He forces himself through the school course, takes the college course, goes out into the world and does not succeed.

Why? Chiefly because he is physically unfitted for success. Success nowadays, when everybody has practically sufficient education for their necessities, demands, first of all, a robust physique, a physical system which can endure labor without nervous reaction. This all the teachers in the world cannot give.

The boy who has not a sound,



strong body may save himself much unhappiness if he limits his ambitions accordingly. He is doomed by nature to a comparatively insignificant role, but by no means, on that account, to an unhappy one. Distinction he may not win in the field of active competitive endeavor in the face of his fellow-men, but that should hurt his feelings no more than the fact that he is not eligible for membership in the college football team.

Many examples to the contrary of all this may be given, but generally speaking, it will be found that one circumstance, and that a most important one, differentiates them from the rule as stated.

We have been considering the case of boys who have their own way to make in the world, who are actually without means of support other than they can obtain by their own unaided exertions.

It will be seen that the majority of instances in which physically weak men have achieved great practical results show these men to have been endowed with sufficient private means to enable them to live in a healthy, if somewhat narrow fashion. Of this type Mr. Herbert Spencer was a conspicuous example. It is impossible to conceive of his having achieved the marvelous amount of work which he has succeeded in accomplishing and at the same time providing for his own actual needs and those of a possible family. The energies of the less robust are absorbed in the elementary and necessary task of earning a living.

Here, then, we come to the kernel of this question. Only the effort over and above what is necessary to provide for one's maintenance counts as effective in the fight for advancement. In other words, of two men who are competing, he will be successful who, after provision has been made for his actual needs has the greatest amount of vital energy remaining.

Of two men of equal ability, therefore, it is evident that the stronger physically will be much more likely to win, and should one of the competitors have a stronger intellect and a more comprehensive grasp of things, he will still be at a disadvantage.

Sometimes, it is true, men possess sufficient strength of mind and originality of intellect to more than compensate for their lack of physical strength, but as has been already remarked, they will get but small chance to display them unless they have private financial resources.

The reason is obvious. The struggle in every profession or occupation takes place in the lower grades. Everybody, be he as richly endowed as possible, has to make a beginning, and the work at the beginning is always monotonous and wearisome, calling for the qualities of physical strength, courage, buoyancy and hopefulness, rather than for any conspicuous mental endowment.

This fact makes the possession of a sound physique an essential at the very outset of life, in the passing of those preliminary steps which must be traversed before the purely mental qualities have an opportunity of showing themselves.

The schoolmaster is slow to learn these things. He is nearly always a creature of books, though there is no apparent reason why he should be very much of a bookworm, for the amount of book-knowledge required to prepare boys for the university is by no means very great. As a rule he places his confidence in teaching. Some work has to be done for entrance to college. If the boy has to be driven to do it, there is no use in struggling with him; the chances are that he will do no good if he does, and that the boy's own temperament is a better judge than the schoolmaster. He may easily, and frequently does, have tendencies and inclinations

which struggle in vain for an outlet in his school life and which will manifest themselves for better or worse after he has given up attendance at school.

The cultivation of habits of clear thinking and accuracy are of pre-eminent importance to success, and the latter in particular, for it is just

in this respect that the majority of university bred men come to grief. These are not qualities which the teacher can control; they are largely qualities inherent in individuals.

Thus much of the strain to which school children are compelled to submit is as unnecessary as it is harmful.

---

## IN THE VALLEY OF THE YUKON

---

BY ELIZABETH FLORENCE GRAY

THE spirit of the great Northland has awakened from his long sleep and is calling to the people of all nations to come and enjoy with him his vast possessions. To the fortune seeker he throws open his great treasure houses, his streams stocked with salmon, his

seal fisheries and his rich gold mines. He points out his extensive forests to the huntsman and bids the musician listen to the ballad of some mountain stream, or thrills his soul with that tragic song of the ice-berg torn from the glacier's cold embrace. The whole of his land he



"Our boat \* \* \* was swept into the stupendous gorge." Miles Canyon.





"Far below flashed the river in the receding valley." White Pass Railroad.

offers to the artist who may wander through its length and breadth and never fail to find a picture worthy to be immortalized. He shows the poet his marvelous sunsets, where dwell burning clouds heavy with the dreams which for centuries they have been gathering from snow-crowned peaks and blue glaciers.

Until recently the name Alaska has conjured up a dreary and desolate picture; a land of eternal winter, where the polar bear and a strange race of people, scarcely human, alone were able to exist. But civilization has pressed into this so-called "frozen desert" and found in it a garden of flowers.

Skaguay is the natural gateway to that vast tract of land watered by the Yukon and its tributaries. At the door of our hotel in this crude northern town we were greeted by the question which for twenty-four hours followed us like a haunting spirit.

"When are you going in?" asked the proprietor.

"Going where?" we questioned.

"Inside," was the lucid answer.

Being unwilling to commit ourselves, we replied rather evasively, but were not to escape thus easily. The same question hung upon the lips of the maids, the bell-boys, and the guests. We fled to the stores, but it was there before us. The postmaster handed it to us with our mail. Every one we met had just come "out" or was on his way "in." From the walls of the railroad office it frowned upon us in gloomy black type.

"Are you going inside? Get your tickets here."

"I can endure this no longer," I exclaimed, and turning to the ticket agent, asked: "Where is the inside?"

"It is the land between the summit of the White Pass and Nome," he replied, in a tone that apologized to the world for my ignorance.

Meekly we bought our tickets and stepped on the train.

Accompanied by cries of "good luck to you," it pulled out of Ska-



Lewis Lake.



Lake Bennet.

guay and climbed the mountain side. Far below flashed the river in the receding valley. Cautiously the engine crept around the edge of a bluff, fearful lest it slip from the narrow ledge and be dashed to pieces a thousand feet below. High above us the mountains towered on every side, their gaunt black ribs and dusky summits clearly defined against the deep blue sky. Some were delicately veined with snow, caught in the narrow gulches, while others were boldly splashed with white, forming a marvelous irregular patch-work of light and shadow.

Along the side of a shining stream wound the old White Pass trail, a short time ago alive with humanity. We recall the hardships of the winter of "ninety-eight." In imagination we find ourselves in the midst of a crowd of foot-sore struggling men. The river is a sheet of ice. The valley, choked with snow, is cheerlessly resplendent. With our packs upon our backs we stagger forward. The blood freezes in our veins. Our limbs are half paralyzed with cold. A man too weak to walk falls from the trail, a horse staggers and breaks down. Then a glint of color and the voice of a foaming cataract calls us back to reality. We gaze down at the valley trembling in the warm morning sunshine, and inhale the fragrance of the wild flowers which line its sides. Far below us a stream is daintily picking its way between grassy banks, and we laugh incredulously at the dreary picture of suffering and deso-

lation that has just passed through our minds.

In front, behind, to right, to left stood grand old mountains wrapped in their mantles of eternal snow. Their whitened heads were pressed against the sky's blue canopy, their bases lost in a network of purple forests. Separated by gloomy canyons, the chiseled summits and free sloping flanks glowed as if the mountains were lighted from within. The majestic peaks looked down in indignant surprise at the noisy little creature that had forced its way into their quiet community, and their simple grandeur offered a mute protest against this inroad of civilization.

As the engine turned a curve a cataract burst into view. It slipped, tumbled and slid down the mountain until it struck a jagged rock and broke into spray; then, gathering itself together for a final plunge it fell hundreds of feet to join the water on the floor of the valley. This was the first of the many crystal streams which came rushing down the mountain side, heedless of fallen trees and impeding boulders. Sometimes the water, less boisterous in its course, lost itself on the wrinkled face of the mountain and entered the valley by a dozen circuitous paths; or it dropped from the brow of a sunny cliff, so far above us that it seemed to fall from the blue sky. At times it reached the base of the rock as an iridescent mist, and again, phantom-like, vanished midway between heaven and earth.



At last the train reached the summit of the White Pass, where the American and British flag floated peacefully side by side. The engine shrieked its cry of warning. The train swiftly descended the mountains to the little town of Benet, dozing beside a glassy lake.

The Bostonian opposite me groaned. "I can't stand it," he whispered. "I've taken in so much magnificent scenery that I'll have to prick myself and let some of it ooze out, for I can't contain any more."

At Caribou Crossing we left the train and followed the fortunes of the early miners to Atlin. What matter if the trip was made at night? The false dawn began before darkness had spread its black wings over the earth, and the range of white mountains along the shore blushed bewitchingly under the lingering kiss of the setting sun. Morning on Lake Atlin was, if possible, more beautiful than evening of Taku Arm. The twilight of the midnight hour was brought to a close by a faint glow of yellow in the southern sky, and the sun with its Midas touch, turned the water of the lake to liquid gold, and set aflame the ragged edges of the floating clouds. Some drifted hither and thither like anchorless ships, while others formed a glittering crown upon the hoary head of some stately mountain peak. The one level place on the bank was occupied by the little town of Atlin, still asleep.

The wolfish howl of a Malamute

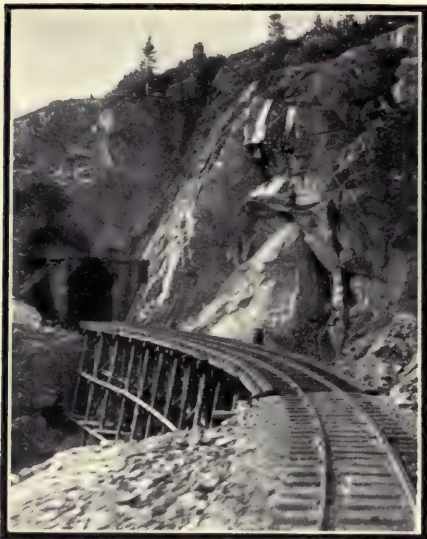
dog broke the quiet. Windows were thrown up, doors opened and the work of the day began. Dog teams hurried through the streets of the picturesque log-cabin town. In the distance lay the great Atlin gold fields, still rich in the precious dust.

A scow loaded with lumber offered the opportunity of shooting the White Horse Rapids. Dreamily, we sailed through a chain of lakes strung like diamonds on the river's silver thread. The massive gateway of Miles Canyon loomed in sight. Two men placed themselves at each of the four sweeps, and with every sense alert listened for the commands of the pilot. The water seized our boat with a firmer hold and swept it through a narrow opening into the stupendous gorge beyond. From the water's edge arose perpendicular walls of octagonal basalt prisms so regular in structure that they seemed to have been piled by hand one on top of another. The pilot shouted his orders to the men at the sweeps. With every muscle strained they struggled with the mighty torrent. But the river carried the scow where it willed; now perilously near the rocky cliffs, now into the center of the magnificent gorge. Past us sped the polished walls of the canyon. Their grandeur appeared blurred to our bewildered senses.

Without warning the rocks vanished. We were in the midst of the rapids, a seething, foaming, hungry mass. Whirling eddies dragged



Caribou Crossing.



One of the tunnels.

down the water into huge dimples. Suddenly, as if the tension had been loosened, the mist sprang into the air. Around the boat it formed a filmy cloud. To and fro the scow was tossed, a mere plaything in the hands of the boisterous waves. Into the air it was flung. Forward it plunged barely touching the surface of the angry water. In front of us appeared the ghostly arms of the old Norwegian hero, White Horse. Since his disappearance beneath the rapids, he lies in wait within his watery grave, ready to seize and overturn the hapless boats that pass his way. We felt him grasp our scow. We watched him drag the

bow beneath the water. He twisted and wrenched our frail craft until the boards groaned and threatened to split in twain. Finally we slipped from his grasp. Our wild ride was over. Before us stood the tented town of White Horse.

As we stepped ashore my arm was seized by a woman who had confided to me that she was writing an article on Alaska.

"Do you know where they keep the reindeer?" she exclaimed.

"No, I didn't suppose——"

"I've spent the entire day hunting for them," she interrupted, "and these stupid people either don't know or won't tell."

"What makes you think there are any here?" asked I.

"I have it in my note-book," declared the journalist, producing the evidence. "A large quantity of reindeer milk is shipped from White Horse to Dawson."

The corners of the pilot's mouth twitched.

"I'll show you the reindeer," he volunteered.

In a storehouse filled with freight for Dawson he pointed out hundreds of cans of condensed milk, "Reindeer Brand."

The Fifty Mile River fell asleep in Lake Lebarge, and awakened to find itself flowing between blossoming banks under the name of the Thirty Mile. Like a huge serpent it twisted and turned within its narrow limits until we wondered that



A river view.



the steamer did not become dizzy trying to follow its crooked course.

Over the land brooded a spirit of restfulness. The song of birds and the breath of flowers drifted to us from the shore. The wind sent soft waves of green over the landscape, shading from the silver sheen of the cotton-wood to the deep green of the pine and spruce. From the deck of the steamer we inhaled the lotus-laden air and forgot the worry and turmoil of the outside world. About midnight the sun painted the sky pink with its last rays. An hour later it turned the clouds to gold with its morning kiss.

The cry of "Five Fingers" brought us on deck. Across the river's course lay four huge boulders apparently flung there by some prehistoric giant. My hand tightened on the railing as I saw the narrow passage toward which our bow was aimed.

"Does the captain never miss it?" I asked, apprehensively, of the mate.

He smiled upon me condescendingly. "There isn't a captain on the Yukon who can make that run as ours can. He couldn't miss it! He has never been known even to graze a rock, and——"

There was a terrific grinding, the vessel trembled convulsively, and I sprang back just as the railing was wrenched from its place. For an instant the massive cliffs loomed above us, then the steamer slipped from its perilous position into the smooth water beyond. I looked for



Pine Creek Falls, near Atlin.

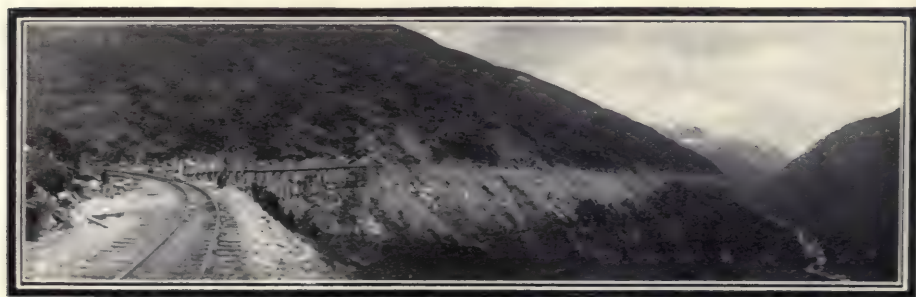
the mate, but he had disappeared, and I did not see him again during our trip.

A few hours later we again gathered on deck to obtain our first view of Dawson. Brown and seared the little town lay in the hot sunshine, with neither trees nor flowers to relieve the monotony of the landscape. Behind it arose the green Dome, before it rolled the Yukon.

We hurried through the streets to a restaurant, for our breakfast had long been delayed.

"Cows' milk, twenty-five cents a glass; oat-meal, seventy-five cents; two boiled eggs, a dollar," read my father.

"Eggs have gone down since Last



Along the railroad.

Chance Charley cleaned out this place," remarked a burly miner opposite.

His tone implied a story and we eagerly asked for it.

"Wall, about two years ago Charley and Tom Aiken were a-courtin' the same girl. One night Last Chance took her to dinner, and she was terribly put out because she couldn't have eggs. Heaven knows

ing asked for 'em. 'We've nine hundred and fifty-five,' said the manager, 'and they're sellin' for a dollar apiece.' 'I'll take 'em all,' yelled Charley, throwin' a poke of gold dust on the table; 'here's an even thousand.'"

The extreme heat of the following day frustrated our proposed trip to the Creeks. Long ago we had abandoned all attempt to regulate our



"Suddenly, as if the tension had been loosened, the mist sprang into the air." White Horse Rapids.

Charley would have bought 'em for her at any price. The next day a steamer came in, and that night Last Chance heard Tom boastin' that he was goin' to give that girl a dinner that was a dinner; that there warn't goin' to be many eggs in this restaurant when they were through. Wall, Last Chance Charley didn't wait to hear any more. He rushed up here like mad and demanded how many eggs there were and what was be-

life by the clock, and had fallen into the custom of the country. We slept when we were tired, awakened when we were rested and ate when we were hungry. Accordingly, at ten in the evening we went to the stable to secure a vehicle. Amazed, we repeated the price named for our drive.

"Wall," crossly said the man, "don't it suit yer?"

"He has misunderstood. He





A mountain gorge.

thinks we want to buy the team," I whispered to my father.

The man frowned down upon me. "I guess you're a cheechako," he grumbled.

I was inclined to plead "Not guilty" to this accusation, until the freckled-faced stable-boy remarked with a grin: "You're a cheechako until you've seen the ice break up in the Yukon, and then you're a sour dough."

With no perceptible darkening of the sky, day melted into day before we had reached our destination. The small vegetable gardens we passed were pointed out with great pride by our driver, and we were assured that the continuous daylight caused the seed to bear fruit in one-half the time required on the outside. Two feet below the surface, nature had provided an ice-lined refrigerator where the picked vegetables might be kept fresh and crisp.

On Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks we found the miners still taking out gold from those claims which a few years ago blinded the world with their glittering treasure. The thawing machines were puffing and blowing as they sent up their columns of steam through the frozen ground. The men were throwing the loose rich earth into the yards of sluice boxes which cut the landscape. Now and then some idle miner would pan out a few handfuls of dirt and give us the shining dust as a souvenir of our visit, and another would present us with a nugget which had been picked up on the claim.

A person staying in Dawson during the early part of July will see a strange union of the British and American people. Dominion Day of the Canadians and the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the Americans are celebrated alternately on the first and fourth days



Loading wood on a Yukon steamer between Dawson and Nome.



The same operation between White Horse and Dawson.



"Discovery" on Eldorado Creek near Dawson.

of July, the two nationalities joining in one general merry-making.

The first Fourth of July in Dawson will long be remembered by the inhabitants and their native dogs. The day was ushered in with pistol shots and the huskies and malamutes were taken by surprise. To them the day of judgment had arrived, and, being dogs whose lives were far from blameless, they feared to meet their Maker. Down the streets they ran, howling and jumping like creatures distraught. Into the main thoroughfare they poured, forming one compact mass which swept everything before it. Finally the dogs reached the river, but the dark stream had no terror for them. They plunged in, stemmed the current, scrambled up on the other side, and disappeared in the forests beyond.

"Brown and seared the little town lay in the hot sunshine."

From Dawson, a few hours' journey down the Yukon again brought us into American territory. The sides of the canyon gradually diverged, and at Circle City we entered that watery wilderness known as the Yukon Flats. Here the river reached out like a greedy miser and seized everything within sight. The banks entirely disappeared. As far as the eye could see stretched the Yukon. For twenty-four hours the captain felt his way through a maze of green islands. Sometimes the sand-bars appeared above the surface like huge crocodiles basking in the sunshine. But more often they lay concealed beneath the shallow water. When the steamer found itself upon the back of one of these it groaned and trembled. Then it indulged in a series of contortions. It



Mining, Bonanza Creek, Dawson.



Yukon River Indians.





Lake Atlin.

wriggled, twisted, squirmed and finally pulled itself off the treacherous shoals.

At Ft. Yukon the river touched the Arctic Circle, then wandered aimlessly in a southwesterly direction. Near by green islands studded its surface, but toward the horizon they melted together and formed one vast undulating plain.

Finally this river with the proportions of an inland sea contracted itself in a strong and vigorous stream. Through the mountains it carved a path. On either side the massive straited rocks protruded their frowning foreheads and threatened to blockade its way, but undismayed the river pressed on.

Thus the Yukon with constantly varying scenery completed its course of two thousand miles and

emptied into Behring Sea through a delta sixty miles wide. Here the water was so shallow that although our boat drew but three feet, it wallowed in the mud like a huge turtle.

At St. Michaels we boarded an ocean steamer, and a few hours journey brought us within sight of Nome. The long, narrow town stretched along the shore, and behind it arose the bald, expressionless hills. Unlike the calm, self-possessed Dawson, Nome bustled about in a most forward manner. Miners were still at work upon the smooth, wave-swept beach, but there was



Rocking.

much grumbling over the small amount of gold found in the tailings.

For two days the steamer on its way to Seattle carried us through the pathless plain of Behring Sea. Then came the cry of land, but a dark cloud hung over the scene and concealed the beauties of the Aleutian Islands and Unimak Pass. While we were mourning over our ill-fortune, the heavy folds of the black curtain were drawn aside, and silhouetted against the burning sky appeared the dark wigwam of the Great Spirit. Its base was lost in the drifting clouds, and from its top



An Eskimo Princess.

curled the black wreathing smoke from the fire within. Like a picture from the spirit-land the great volcano, Mt. Sieldon, hung in the heavens. For an hour or more the

dark outlines of the mountain were sharply etched upon the only bright spot in the cloud-lined sky. Again the misty curtain dropped. It was our last glimpse of Alaska.

## THE IRREVERENT GUY

BY EDNA A. NEEDLES

**I** WAS all ready for church and sat on the piazza awaiting the others.

Guy, my husband's brother, was the first to come down.

"Isn't this a perfumed morning for you?" he exclaimed, ecstatically sniffing the soft spring breeze. "I 'I should think," he added, looking off across the acre after acre of rosy peach bloom by which we were surrounded, "that you would feel like a nymph in a pink and white world."

"Perhaps I do," I returned demurely. "Haven't you noticed in me a sort of sylvan innocence and playfulness? But to think," I continued, dreamily, "that all of those millions and millions of pink blossoms belong to Tom and me! Guy, don't you wish you were raising peaches instead of studying law?"

"Sometimes," he absently replied, his dark eyes roving from the rosy clouds of the orchard to the shimmering blue slopes of Diablo, our distant, beautiful mountain.

I studied him for a moment in an amused and admiring silence. Guy's face is, I really believe, the homeliest I ever looked upon. He remarked once that he didn't see what his ancestors meant by throwing him down such a job lot of features. Yet, despite the fact that his nose reminds one involuntarily of Cyrano de Bergerac, that he has a Lincoln mouth, and the cheek bones of an Indian, there is in his expression such a mingling of goodness,

intellect, and force, there is so much dignity in the poise of his head, and such humor in his smile, one thinks of him simply as being interesting and unusual looking—better looking, perhaps, than many a handsomer man.

Just now he seemed a bit nervous.

"Ten minutes more," I remarked tranquilly, "time for us to tell each other all our secrets."

"I've told you all mine," he returned.

"No, you haven't. You haven't told me why you and Isabel have been so cool to each other these past seven days."

"My irreverence," he laconically replied.

"Your irreverence!"

"That's what she calls it. You see, last Sunday the rector was droning away, droning away, in that soporific style of his, and I was being soothed into a gentle half-sleep when I caught Isabel's eye fixed on me with such scorn that it stabbed me awake in a minute. I began listening, then, and found the good old man mixing his Shakespeare and his Bible in an astonishing manner. I suppose it was from that nervous trouble of his that makes him sometimes give one object the name of something else. It was funny, nevertheless, and I couldn't help laughing—partly for the fool reason that it made me think of that story of Tom's about the woman who borrowed the Bible,



thinking it was a novel, and returned it with the remark, 'Well, I see they got married!' I was fairly choking, and looked to Isabel for sympathy. Alas! I didn't get it. I tried to explain coming home, but she said she never could bear to see a young man laugh at an old one, and above all, to laugh in church and at a clergyman! She said a sense of humor uncontrolled by reverence was a real sin.

"I think she would have forgiven me if I had acted deeply repentant, but I didn't, for I couldn't agree with her in her estimate of my conduct. And so——"

"Dear me," I interrupted, "I wish Tom and I had gone last Sunday—but I thought——"

"That was thoughtful of you!" laughed Guy, quizzically.

I blushed, but before I could say anything in reply, Tom was upon us.

And then came Isabel, white-gowned, white-souled, a very lily of womanhood. Dear girl! How I dreaded the thought of her leaving us for her Eastern home! Perhaps she wouldn't, after all. I glanced at Guy.

"Carriage is waiting," announced Tom, and a few moments later we were moving swiftly along the three miles that separated us from the village. The road lay between flowering orchards, and the grass on either side of the beaten track was golden with buttercups and a-fire with poppies.

"Doesn't it warm you to look at them!" exclaimed Isabel.

As we drove into the village, Tom asked: "Are we going to the Methodist church?"

"Why, this is the fourth Sunday, isn't it! Once a month," I explained to Isabel, "Mr. May holds services in a little mission five miles from here. When he is away, we usually go to the Methodist church. Mr. Phillips, the pastor, is a fine young fellow, and it is really a pleasure to hear him."

But that pleasure, on this occasion, was not to be ours.

As we entered the church, an elderly man with side-burns rose and gave out a hymn. Mr. Phillips, it seemed, had been called south by the sudden death of a relative, and this Mr. Judkins was temporarily to take his place.

The reverend stranger revealed himself at once as a Cockney.

He opened his sermon by announcing, "The great blue lips of 'Eaven smile h'above us!" He followed this up with the thought that the minister stands "with one h'eye fixed h'on 'Eaven, and the h'other h'on 'umanity." This was but a prelude. The minister's earthward eye, we were now informed, must be prepared to recognize his Satanic Majesty, who, despite his invisibility, was a real entity.

"And 'ow the devil, does 'e look?" queried Mr. Judkins.

Then he described the foe, as his earthward eye had discerned him.

The devil, we were told, had an extraordinarily large nose; this was, indeed, his distinguishing feature. Beside this, he might be known by his bright dark eyes, high cheekbones, and wide, smiling mouth.

As Mr. Judkins delivered himself of this vivid description, though the light in his watery eye was undoubtedly that of imagination, he seemed to be looking directly at Guy. Guy took out his handkerchief and thoughtfully rubbed his nose. Tom and I were struggling with suppressed laughter, but Guy and Isabel, who were in front of us, sat in erect and dignified quiet.

When, however, the preacher, making up a fearful face to emphasize his point, asked: "Where the devil does 'e go?" and then began describing Satan's earthly abode—a place of bottles and glasses and drinking and swearing—Isabel's shoulders began shaking, and at his next words she burst into helpless and irrepressible laughter.

"You h'all know where the devil

'e dwells," thundered Mr. Judkins. "But let me spell it. One hess, one hay, one hell, two hoes and a hen."

Guy looked at Isabel reproachfully; then fixed his attention on things above. I never before saw in his face such devotion. He seemed to be drinking in all that the preacher said. Now and then he meditatively tapped his nose, or appreciatively nodded his head, as if saying: "Yes—yes, indeed. How very true!"

Tom and I went from one spasm into another, and as for Isabel, at the end of the sermon she was very nearly in hysterics. Guy, however, walked out after us in stony and rebuking silence. Our giggles brought no answering smile.

We were well on the way home

before he permitted himself utterance. Then, "To laugh!" he exclaimed, "to laugh in church, and at an old man!"

Isabel, flushing, dimpling, her lips still twitching, with a charming little gesture of entreaty, impetuously extended her hand. "I'll forgive you if you'll forgive me," she implored, a delicious and unwonted spark of mischief in her deep grey eyes.

Guy took the slender, outstretched hand, and not letting it go immediately, remarked dreamily: "And 'ow, my brethren, is it spelt? One hess, one hay, one hell, two hoes and a hen!"

Then the two hands clasped in hand, laughed together as Tom and I were doing.



PICTURESQUE SAN FRANCISCO. Old Fisherman's Wharf.



# THE DANGERS OF UNIONISM

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX

**I**T must be so clear as to be axiomatic that no organization can successfully exist in the United States which is not supported by public approval. The vast majority of Americans have always favored unionism because they believed it would improve the social, moral and intellectual, as well as financial conditions of its members, and it is because of that belief that public opinion has endorsed unionism and that by virtue of that endorsement unionism has been able to accomplish so much; for undoubtedly it has won many victories.

When the wage earner demanded that he should be required to labor only eight hours a day, the employer of course demurred and said it was impossible and meant his ruin; but public opinion did not agree with him, and the eight hours a day has spread all over the land. Since it was inaugurated the greatest industrial movement the world has ever known has taken place in this country; America has "invaded" the Eastern Hemisphere with her products of all kinds, until English statesmen wear American-made shoes; German royalties ride on American bicycles; Austrian uniforms are sewed on American sewing machines; Russian railroads are laid with American rails; the descendants of the Pharaohs cross the Nile on American bridges, and the Siberian camels are harnessed to American plows to break up the soil of the steppes. From every part of Europe, even free-trade England, goes up a cry: "Protect us from American competition," and this notwithstanding the longer hours and smaller pay of the foreign workman. The success of American foreign trade has shown conclusively that brains can overcome the com-

petition of time and money. It has been shown that the educated American workman, aided by machinery and using his energy, ability and intelligence to the full limit, can do more and earn more in eight hours than his European brother can in ten, or twelve, or fourteen. Note, however, that he can do that by "using his energy, ability and intelligence to the FULL LIMIT," ONLY because his energy, ability and intelligence must meet and overcome the foreign competition of lower wages and longer hours. If the American workman would maintain the position he has acquired and would extend it, and that means if he would have continued work at good wages and short hours, he must exert himself to the limit during the hours he does work. But the short-sighted leaders of the unions, who either know nothing of economics or ignore their plain teaching, would follow the cutting down of the hours of work by reducing the amount of labor performed during the hours that remain. The experiment is not a new one, and has been tried, notably in England, with the most disastrous results. The unions there forbade their members doing over a certain amount of work a day. It reduced every workman to the level of the least competent; it produced a condition of industrial atavism, which has paralyzed many interests, and allowed the foreigner to secure a substantial foothold in British markets, even at home.

In the shoe business, for instance, the unions decided that the population of Great Britain needed so many shoes a year, and that there were so many shoe-makers to make them; consequently, each shoemaker was allowed to make only his

share of the number of shoes required, on the absurd theory that for every extra pair of shoes A made, B would have that many less to make, and consequently, as both were paid per pair, A would be making money unnecessarily at the expense of B. Again, in brick-laying, the unions have reduced the number of bricks a bricklayer is allowed to lay a day, until in some cases he must not lay eight an hour, or more than one every nine minutes, and on no condition can the number exceed a hundred an hour. The same condition exists everywhere; a premium is laid on laziness and incompetency; Americans are supplying the goods that Englishmen want, but which the unions will not allow Englishmen to make; pauperism has increased until its percentage is higher in Great Britain than in any other part of the world, and one-sixth of the population over sixty years of age is in the almshouse.

That the condition of labor in Great Britain is largely, if not entirely, due to unionism and its pernicious regulations, was clearly shown in the case of the Westinghouse Company, which desired to erect a branch plant in England. The plans were submitted to English contractors and they said it would take four years to complete them. The company sent over one of its managers to take charge of the work, and he completed it in eighteen months. He announced on his arrival that he wanted so many bricklayers. He easily secured them, but when they began to work it was under the union rules. The American manager called them together, and said: "Boys, I do not care whether you belong to a union or not, but if you want to get wages from me you have got to work, and work hard. If you cannot do better than you are doing I will discharge you at once." Immediately the bricklaying began in earnest. The number of bricks laid per man rose from 800 per diem to over 2,000, and

in many cases 3,000. The walking delegates put in an appearance, and the bricklayers sent a committee to protest against such abnormal vigor; but the American manager would have none of them. The men got as much money for laying the bricks (they were paid by the thousand), as though they had taken four years to do the work, and of course they really made more money, because they had only to support themselves eighteen months instead of four years, while they were earning it, and had still thirty months left in which to earn more money.

The various English industrial commissions which have visited this country all report that the superiority of the American workman to his European competitor lies in his working harder, and up to the full measure of his ability. That is shown in the case of Englishmen who have come to this country to labor. They keep up to the Americans around them and accomplish as much, because there are no limits set by the unions here, or the amount they may produce.

That the results of working hard while you are working are really in the interests of the workers should hardly need to be demonstrated, because, as has been said above, there is a shorter time in which living expenses must be met, and more money to be made, in a given time by the industrious, than by the lazy workers; it is the laborer's interest, no less than his employer's, that business should be increased and trade extended. If, for instance, the United States should be able to secure the trade of South America now in the hands of Englishmen and Germans, would not that mean a greater demand for American labor? To-day in nearly every line we produce more than we can use at home, and we must extend our trade or keep our workmen idle. To extend our trade abroad we must meet foreign com-



petition, which is very sharp, and from which our tariff walls will not protect us. Yet in face of all the facts, many labor leaders would cut down our products and forbid a man to use the full measure of ability that God has given him. They want to degrade labor, not to elevate it. They want to reduce all wage-earners to a common level, which of necessity must be the level of the most incompetent, because all cannot reach the heights though all can sink to the depths. In this suicidal policy of unionism lies one of the greatest dangers that threaten it today; for the great mass of American workmen will not consent to be debased to the level of the lowest type of imported labor in his trade, which is virtually what this theory means; since it is the foreigner without any education; without any ideas of liberty and freedom; whose existence at home has been a virtual slavery; who usually produces lowest type of labor in this country.

President Gompers has pointed out another danger to unionism in the continual conflict between the different trade councils as to their right to control subordinate unions. We have had strikes in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, not to mention other cities; the results of this rivalry, and which had absolutely nothing to do with any question of wages, hours of labor or condition of employment. It was a row between rival walking delegates with which the outside world had no interest, and for which it was in no wise responsible, and could in no wise settle. Yet employers were forced to suspend work and lose money while the unions wrangled among themselves. Here in Washington, while the improvements at the White House were in progress, and it was of the greatest importance that they should be completed, speedily, one of these aimless difficulties arose and was only settled after great pressure had been brought to bear on both factions to

force them to stop quarreling.

What difference, it may be asked, does it make whether a given union is affiliated with this or that organization? None, really. But to the walking delegates, to the men who are manipulating the machine, the larger the number of men under them the greater their power and the more "graft" if they are in that line of business. But of course such internecine troubles weaken the whole movement, for "a house divided against itself shall fall."

The means taken by the unions to enforce their demands, such as the boycott, the violent interference with non-union workmen, the refusal to allow an employer to employ whom he pleases, the impositions on the general public and innocent outsiders who can in no way settle the difficulties, are creating an intense anti-union sentiment all over the country, which has already found expression in the organization of the Citizens' Alliance, which now has branches in all the principal cities, and which, backed by immense capital and determined men, proposes very shortly to try issue with the unions.

To refuse to buy of a man whom you do not like is a privilege which every citizen has and should have. For an organization to require its members not to patronize one of its enemies, is a legitimate and a natural thing to do; and even to peacefully ask your friends to join you in boycotting an obnoxious store or establishment is a right that cannot be questioned. But to stand out before a man's place of business and denounce him and his customers violently for hours; to throw articles at the heads of those who go into his store; to break his windows, throw filth at his house, and assault his employees, is a condition of affairs that cannot be tolerated for an instant in any well regulated community.

Perhaps the strike of the hack-drivers in Chicago, with the out-

rages committed by the strikers on those who were trying to peaceably bury their dead, has done unionism more injury than anything that has happened in its history in this country. Everywhere, not only in Chicago, but in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New Orleans it was denounced in the most bitter terms; and if some desperate mourner had taken a shot at one of the strikers who were insulting his dead, his action would have been indorsed all over the land. In this connection unionists should remember that the majority of our population does not live in cities, and that the farmer, while he is little seen and less heard, forms the most numerous class in this country. He reads in the paper of these boycotts, of these outrages, of these attacks on innocent people and insults to the dead, and he condemns them to a man. The hack-drivers of Chicago, by their brutality, have driven thousands of farmers, the natural allies of labor, into the opposition camp. Without their sympathy and aid, unionism cannot succeed.

Along the same lines are the attacks which the unions are making on the Army and Militia of the country. Americans may not admire soldiers as individuals, but they will not allow the Army to be insulted and men punished or ostracized by organizations largely made up of foreigners, and almost always controlled by them, because they join the State Militia. It comes dangerously near insulting the flag; and if unionism dares to do that it is death. The action of the New York Painters' Union in expelling one of its members because he belonged to the militia of that State is yet fresh in the memory of most newspaper readers. It is true, the Union saw its mistake and receded from its position, but it could not and has not wiped out the results of its error. It alarmed the whole country by its attempt to abolish

the citizen soldiery, and men ask: "Why is it desired to do away with the militia, if no lawlessness is intended by the unions? In many cities, to become a policeman or an officer of the law is to at once disqualify yourself from membership in a union; and again men ask: "Why this opposition to those who represent the law of the land?" Judges on the Bench have been threatened because they decided cases against unions and issued injunctions to restrain their lawlessness. One labor leader (a foreigner at that) threatened Speaker Cannon of the House of Representatives with defeat at the polls because he would not reverse all precedent and party policy in Congress and appoint two minority Congressmen to the chief places on the Labor Committee.

One very strong and influential element, the Grand Army, has been antagonized by the unions, who refused to allow union bands to play with the military bands in the processions at their late encampment in San Francisco, the unions actually demanding that the Army of the United States should be boycotted by the veterans. Everywhere since then, a veteran who was at the encampment and who knows the circumstances of the case, has propagated the gospel of anti-unionism wherever he has gone; and that means that it has been spread in thousands of rural communities all through the North and West.

Unionism, too, has made the mistake of opposing the industrial education of the masses. It is the enemy of every American boy who wants to learn a trade, and the opponent of the intellectual advancement of industrialism. Trade schools it opposes whenever it has the opportunity, and it refuses to allow but a very small number of apprentices, as I pointed out in a previous article. (See "A Unionized City," in Nov., 1903, *Overland Monthly*.) To show to what extremes it goes



in this direction, I may mention that the Carpenters' Union in a certain Eastern city protested to the school authorities because the pupils of one of the schools were allowed to put up some shelves and closets in which to put their baseball suits, the union claiming that the work should be done by union labor; and as there were no funds for that purpose the shelves were not built at all.

The right of every man to work as he pleases and for whom he pleases, regardless of whether he belongs to a given society or association or not, is getting to be an issue in this country; and once it is clearly brought before the people for their decision, there can be no doubt what that decision will be. Why are labor leaders so blind as to want to raise such an issue?

Unless they change their tactics and devote themselves to advancing the legitimate aims and objects of Unionism, that is to say, the intellectual as well as material advancement of its members, unless it becomes reasonable in its demands; unless it

observes the spirit of the Constitution, unionism is doomed in this country. The American people will not consent to relinquish their individual freedom at the dictates of any man or set of men, and the demands of unionism to-day are a direct violation of individual rights. It may die hard. It probably will be a bitter struggle; but the children of the men who put down one form of slavery in the United States in the last century will suppress another in this.

It will be a serious misfortune, not only to labor, but to the country, if unionism is crushed. In its basic principle it is right; and labor needs to combine as much as capital for its protection; while the country needs to offset one sort of combination by another; but if unionism would succeed, it must get broader, wiser, better men to lead it, or it is doomed. There are too few John Mitchells, Arthurs and Sargeants, and too many Sam Parkes leading the movement to-day for it to succeed and continue successful.



A Puget Sound Classic.

# THE AMERICAN SILK-WORM MOTH

Telea Polyphemus

BY ELLEN ROBERTSON MILLER

"Every worm beneath the sun  
Draws different threads;  
And late or soon spins toiling out  
Its own cocoon."

—Tennyson.

THE *Telea Polyphemus* is sometimes spoken of as the American silk worm moth, because there has been in this country an effort made to use its cocoons in the manufacture of silk.

The distribution of the insect is quite universal, and the caterpillars can, as I know from experience, be easily reared in captivity.

One morning at the end of June, the man who cared for the electric lights brought me a badly burned and broken specimen of the moth. As it was a female, I placed her in the breeding cage or vivarium and waited developments. During the afternoon she began depositing her white eggs. These were one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and by a reddish secretion were glued to twigs and the interior of the box. Two hundred and eighty were laid before the moth died. Nine days later I found their small caterpillars were hatching, and many of them turned and devoured their empty shells as a first meal. They had reddish heads and light yellow bodies, over which were scattered brown hairs.

The larvae of the *Polyphemus* will eat the leaves from nearly any variety of forest tree, being especially fond of thorn, apple and oak; however, this food must be always fresh. If the twigs are put through a cork into a bottle of water they will not need to be removed oftener than once a day.

The caterpillar, when matured, is a fine-looking "worm," from three

to five inches in length. It has outgrown and discarded a number of larval skins and at last appears in one of pale apple green, with seven oblique yellow lines on each side of its body and rows of metallic tubercles. After feeding, or when disturbed, it assumes a characteristic pose by drawing its dark head into the hood-like folds of the thoracic section and holding this portion stiffly away from the support to which it clings with its big elephant shaped prolegs.

The *Polyphemus* is single-brooded, and the cocoons made in the vivarium during the fall, were never suspended by a silken ribbon, as were all of those which I found in parks and forests; but no doubt many spun in the open eventually drop to the ground and are hidden among leaves.

Possibly the habits of the caterpillar vary. Its size is certainly much smaller in some localities than in others; necessitating a smaller cocoon as well as a moth of lessened dimensions. This is because nourishment for the entire life and work of the insect must be secured during its larval days.

The mouth parts of none of the silk moths are sufficiently developed to permit of their sipping, as the sphinx moths and butterflies do, from the flower nectaries; therefore, their life upon the wing is of short duration.

When ready for this long sleep, the caterpillar ceases to eat, and expels from its body all surplus liquid; then within a partly rolled leaf it spins its winter house, using but a single thread of two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards.

There is no doorway left as in



the cocoon of the *Cecropia* and *Promethea*; and when the moth has emerged from its enclosed chrysalis it is obliged to secrete an acid liquid to soften the silk before it can drag through its great damp body, to which are attached the merest suggestion of wings. These soon extend as the air and blood are drawn into them, and in a few hours the insect is dry, firm, and ready for flight. It will measure five or six inches across the wings and have a most delicate and harmonious color scheme, of soft tan, brown and pink; there is a transparent window spot in each wing outlined in yellow, and those on the hind wings are accentuated by added bands of black blue.

In a female the feathered antennae are much narrower than those on a male, and their body is large and heavy with eggs; these are laid soon after the mating, and unlike most mother moths and butterflies the *Telea Polyphemus* sometimes makes a mistake in their disposition, so that her newly emerged caterpillar children do not always find food for the taking or at least food to their liking. This carelessness on the part of the adult may explain

why the larvae are less particular than many other species, eating as they do from so great a variety of our trees.

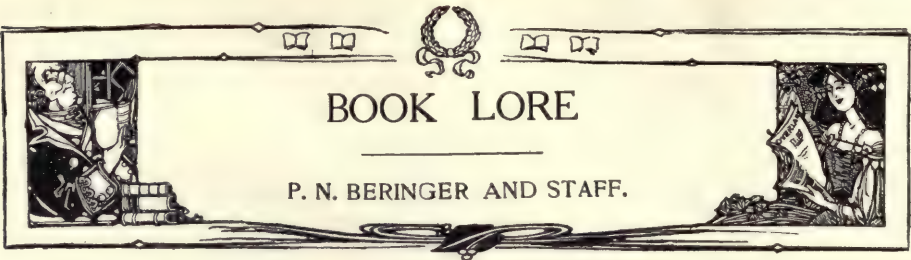
Were it not for several of the ichneumon flies, which deposit their eggs in the body of this caterpillar, the *Polyphemus* might overrun the land, because of the many eggs laid by the moths and the abundance of the food supply. Empty cocoons are frequently found with a hole in one side. This is the work of some bird which has breakfasted upon the pupa, and incidentally prevented the existence of two or three hundred individuals.

A white fungus also attacks the *Polyphemus* cocoons, causing the entire interior to look like cork.

If the larvae are reared in a breeding cage, many natural enemies can be avoided; however, accidents are of frequent occurrence.

The cocoons are easily unwound; the thread is strong and brilliant, but not fine like that of the Chinese silk worm; and in time it may be of real economic value in America, although at present a profitable manufacture of their silk is prevented by the price of labor.





## BOOK LORE

P. N. BERINGER AND STAFF.

### The Story of the Lopez Family.

The Story of the Lopez Family is full of platitudes and not a little good sense. It is thoroughly edited, and the editor has done well, considering the fact that nearly all his information has come second hand. He has a very limited knowledge of Asiatic character, just so much as a man may gather in Boston. He has come in contact with a brother of Miss Lopez, and from the letters of a very charming young woman and the conversation of an exiled and intrigue-loving brother, has constructed a book. The book makes interesting reading (especially to one who was on the spot), and it is one of the many pieces of literature issued by the Boston junta during and since the war in the Philippines. It is mild in comparison with the fool utterances of fool college professors and New England statesmen. I have treated this phase of the subject before. Those who have been in touch with a certain class of the disaffected in the Philippines know just how wrong a David Starr Jordan, an Erving Wilson or a Senator Hoar may be on a most simple question in statecraft or national policy. There is another question. It is a question of humanity and the duty of a great nation toward other nations. And the proof of the pudding is—RESULTS.

Though Mr. Sixto Lopez may be disaffected and his friends in Boston may form an association to achieve the independence of the Filipino it does not materially affect

the situation. The thing that most concerns those that love the good name of the United States is that the Philippines are more prosperous than they have ever been, that the people are happy and that less attention is being paid in Manila to ultimate independence than in Boston or at Stanford. The fulminations of a Hoar at this writing does not kill off Americans as they have in the past. The writings of a David Starr Jordan do not induce poor, half-educated natives to shoot American boys. There was a time when I would willingly have had the Bryans, Jordans and Hoars muzzled. The march of events has made this unnecessary; they are now harmless. Lopez is harmless. The people of the Philippines will not take him seriously. They are too prosperous and too wise to want a change.

Had Mr. Lopez selected some American officer not so well known as General Bell on whom to blame certain conditions Miss Lopez believes to have been wrong, some credence could have been given the story. As it is, we find that the Lopez brothers were well treated during their incarceration. By their own evidence it is shown that they received better treatment than the other prisoners.

The Manila Times recently published the following item:

"Just what the civil service means to these islands may be realized better by imagining what they would be without it. The 'spoils system,' even with our present strong and honest administration, would place itself in more or less obnoxious evidence, and we would have to fear



all that was predicted by the pessimists and oppositionists at home regarding the Philippines being a treasure trove for political freebooters. As it is to-day, these islands are almost, if not altogether, exempt from such a pernicious influence. In fact, as one States paper recently pointed out, even freer than our home Government can boast. Such a result is due in a large measure to the existence of our civil service and the manner in which it has been administered. That its administration has not been altogether frictionless will of course be readily admitted—though not regretted. So long as human nature is what it is, just so long will civil service rules be apt to create ripples on the sea of officialdom; and the more honestly and impartially these rules are enforced, the more likely are they to create disturbances.”

#### Some Books Giving Light on Oriental Subjects.

“The Russian Advance” gives an accurate and interesting description of Russia’s policy of expansion, which has become a cause for war. Senator Beveridge investigated the conditions, the peoples, the industries, the markets, the religions of Russia, Japan, China, Manchuria and Korea. The volume is of importance and value to the men and women of this country who are interested in the development of the new political, diplomatic and commercial relations of the United States with the East.

(By Senator Albert J. Beveridge. With maps; crown 8vo, cloth, uncut edges, gilt top, \$2.50 net.

“The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser,” in a series of chapters called “In the Barracks of the Czar,” “Why We Left Russia,” “The Russian and his Jew,” “Side-lights on the German Soldier,” “Emperor William’s Stud-farm and Hunting Forest,” and “Russification,” is a

striking presentation of the people and conditions along the line which divides the possessions of the German empire from those of the Czar of all the Russias.

(By Poultney Bigelow. Notes from both sides of the Russian frontier. Illustrated by Frederic Remington; post 8vo, \$2.00.)

In the ample literature concerned with the Russia of to-day there is probably now no more attractive volume, externally and internally, than “The Czar and his People; or, Social Life in Russia.” The cities, the country, court life, and art, are all treated in a fresh and interesting manner.

(By Theodore Child. Illustrated. Square 8vo., \$3.)

The author of “A New Way Around an Old World,” Dr. Clark, is the founder and president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. The book is a chatty account of the novel trip across Siberia over the new Trans-Siberian Railway. Dr. Clark and his party were the first Americans, and probably the first foreigners, to go around the world, crossing Asia, by the new, all-steam route. The volume is illustrated from numerous photographs of the most interesting details of the new tour.

(By Francis E. Clark. Profusely illustrated; post 8vo, \$1.50.)

“China in Transformation” is published most opportunely, and gives a most valuable summary of the situation, commercial and political, up-to-date, with opinions and suggestions by a thoroughly experienced and competent expert. Every page of the present volume should be carefully studied by those who desire to gain a right understanding of the present position in China. Mr. Colquhoun has made several journeys through portions of the empire, and he has studied the Chinese question from the “egg to the apples.”

(Archibald Ross Colquhoun. With Frontispiece, Maps and Diagrams. 8vo, Cloth, \$3.00.)

**"Overland to China"** is a companion volume to "China in Transformation," recently published by the same author. It is a description of the author's travels across Asia into China, and it gives the reader an excellent idea of the customs of the Asiatic races. The illustrations, chiefly made from photographs, supplement the volume and help the reader to realize the boundless extent of these far-away lands and the semi-barbaric customs of the races who populate them.

(Archibald Ross Colquhoun. Richly illustrated; maps in color; crown 8vo, \$3.00.)

**Mr. Colquhoun**, author of "Russia Against India," is a well-known authority on Eastern affairs. He has represented the British Government in India, and has served as a special correspondent for the London Times in China. His book is an admirably comprehensive study of the great Asiatic question of today in all its phases. The author's purpose is to arouse sufficient interest in his readers to induce them to make a study of the question for themselves, and to decide in their own minds whether or not it is desirable that the Anglo-Saxon race should be worsted in "the struggle for Asia."

(Archibald Ross Colquhoun. With special maps; post 8vo., \$1.50.)

**Dr. Hedin**, author of "Through Asia," left his native city of Stockholm in 1893, and from that time until, in 1897, his task was accomplished by entering Peking, he was engaged constantly in a desperate struggle with the tremendous difficulties which beset his way. His successful passage through Pamir, where progress became a ceaseless battle against snow and ice, and cold, and where often the only

method of advancing was upon hands and knees; the thrilling ascent of the "Father of All Ice Mountains," Mustagh-ata; his terrible fight against thirst and exhaustion in the desert of Taklamakan—all these go to make up an almost unparalleled story of human daring, suffering and endurance. It would be difficult to mention any book of travel covering so extensive a field richer in substantial information, interest and entertainment from beginning to end.

(Sven Hedin. With nearly three hundred illustrations from sketches and photographs by the author. With 2 maps and 2 plates printed in colors. 2 vols. Large 8vo, \$10.)

G. P. Putnam's  
**Turkish Life in Town and Country.** Sons' issue

a valuable series of handbooks entitled "Our European Neighbors," of which series this book is the latest issue. The writer is Lucy M. J. Garnett, who writes from a close and keen study of Turkish types. It is well worth while, for anybody who has been educated into a fanatical hatred of the Turk to read this book and see what a really decent fellow he is at the bottom. There are some fifteen chapters, each of which deals with some aspect of life in Turkey in an interesting and occasionally clever manner. The most obvious questions are well answered, and speaking for myself I am bound to say that I find my somewhat slender knowledge of the facts and conditions of the life of the Turk considerably extended, and more particularly I discovered that I knew much about the Turk which was not so. The illustrations, half-tones of photographs are excellent, and give a better idea of the characteristics of the people and country than pages of printed matter. Turkish ignorance is very amusingly shown in the instance related of the prohibition of the French play, "L'Avare," upon



the ground that it was an adaptation of a Turkish comedy in which the Sultan was disrespectfully treated. This is all the more amusing when the well-known miserly qualities of Abdul Hamid are considered.

George W. E.

**The Woodhouse Russell and  
Correspondence. Edith Sichel**

have collaborated to produce what they call a novel under the above title. The people whose characters are revealed by this correspondence are not by any means nice or pretty types. They are for the most part stupid people, and have all the mean traits and petty selfishness of that class. The studies are said to be in idiosyncrasy. So they are, but idiosyncrasy is a long Greek term for the plain English "piggishness." The various physical and moral peculiarities by reason of which their possessors endeavor to impose upon their fellow men and to secure for themselves an undue amount of pleasure and luxury under the plea of physical weakness or the possession of the artistic temperament, are fairly well exposed, so that one rises from the reading with a feeling of disgust, not good humored contempt, but actual loathing for the quackery which is indulged in by apparently decent people. The publishers' notice says: "This is an excellent book to counteract a fit of the blues." One seldom reads a more unfortunate announcement. If anything were ever calculated to produce such a fit it would be the contemplation of these characters. One might just as well try and be cheerful by watching the absurd antics of a person afflicted with locomotor ataxia. Cleverness and wit are claimed for these letters as their predominant characteristics. One is reluctantly compelled to deny the claim. There is not enough of either quality to redeem a very sordid and somewhat commonplace analysis of the despicable motives

of a far from agreeable collection of humans.

(Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

"**The Indians** of the Yosemite Valley and Vicinity" is a well written little book by the man who knows the most about the original inhabitants of the Valley of the Grizzly Bear, Galen Clark. The booklet is highly interesting, badly bound, and the illustrations, by Jorgenson, are lamentably poor.

(Galen Clark—Yosemite Valley—California.)

"**Poccalitto—A Tale of Telegraph Hill,**" is a collection of sketches by Eugenia Kellogg. The little opening sketch of poor Poccalitto, the humpback of Telegraph Hill, is a good sample of the tales. The book is well written, and the stories are interesting in the extreme. It is a pity that this little volume did not find a good publisher, one with a name that would sell the book. It deserves to run into several editions.

(The Unknown Publisher, San Francisco.)

"**The Peril of the Sword**" is a story by Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt, and it is dedicated to Earl Roberts. As a description of the relief of Lucknow, it is a remarkable volume. The fighting and the stirring times, at Cawnpore, on the march, the story of the first and second relief and the retreat from Lucknow, are graphic, and belief-compelling descriptions. There is a love story interwoven, and a certain amount of chit-chat. The chit-chat, if eliminated, would improve the narrative. The love-element is only fairly well done, and the attempt at humor is only evident as an attempt. The Englishman is proverbially lacking in that regard, and when an English army officer attempts anything in this line it is usually a lamentable failure.

H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston, Mass.

"A Knight of Columbia," by General Charles King, is a story of the Civil War, in which the author shows most forcibly the feeling between the North and South on political and social subjects. One of the strongest elements in the book is the patriotism for the Union, the hero, a graduate at Columbia College, making a speech upon graduation which makes him famous. The story opens on Commencement Day with a series of dramatic events, the hero of the story is a victim of assault and robbery; the father of the girl he loves is financially ruined and stricken with paralysis, and his chum proves himself quite a

cad by letting the girl think her lover is mixed up with another woman. After recovering from the assault, the Knight of Columbia receives a commission in the regular army, which he declines in order to enter the ranks and work his way up. The author describes the events of the war, combining a charming romance with the career of the young soldier. The volume is bound in red cloth with an effective design in black, white and gold. The illustrations, which are not up to his usual standard, are made by George Gibbs.

(The Hobart Co. \$1.50.)



## ON WATCH.

By Captain C. M. Scammon

The wind is howling through the sails  
As though the storming, lashing gales  
Wept Neptune's meeting, while the spray  
And foaming seas kept holiday.



# MEDIATOR'S SALVATION

BY CHARLES ELLIS NEWELL

MORRIGAN and I had been the closest kind of friends for many years, and when I received his telegram, saying that he would arrive in San Francisco on the Tuesday's night Overland, I immediately made preparations to receive him, and to that end I ordered a supper such as I knew him to be fond of; at a quiet little place where we frequently dined together when he was on the Coast.

Morrigan was the very best kind of a fellow; full of reminiscence and story, and our little suppers were generally concluded by him with the material for a new story for me.

Much to my satisfaction the Overland proved to be on time, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing Morrigan's genial countenance and feeling the warm clasp of his hand. He was accompanied by a well dressed Negro boy, who carried some small luggage and whom I took to be Morrigan's valet. I was surprised, too, for I had often heard him express himself vigorously in disapprobation of such "damned" nonsense. I was further surprised also at the almost paternal solicitude with which he placed the boy and traps into a hack and sent him off to the Occidental, saying: "I don't know what time I'll be up to the hotel, Dick, so you need not stay up for me, but go to bed."

The boy returned a polite answer in the most perfect English; his voice had that undefinable quality in it which is invariably the product of educational influence. However much I marveled, I was wise enough to do it mentally; but I felt impressed; that somehow or other that boy was going to be concerned in one of Morrigan's stories; nor was I mistaken, for after the exchange of platitudes of personal event, and we had arrived at that period when

a fellow who has dined well feels mellow, and the ascending curls of smoke represent pretty much of present trouble; Morrigan introspectively began:

"Hanged if he ain't worth it, even if he was twice as black. What do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him?" I answered. "Why, he's a daisy. Who do you mean?"

"That's so," he replied, good-naturedly; "I'd quite forgot that you did not know. I mean my son."

"Your son," I stammered; "why, you are not even married, and if you——"

"Of course," he interrupted, laughing heartily, "I don't mean to shock your morals. I meant my adopted son; the colored boy you saw with me to-night." He saw that I was perplexed. "Yes," he continued, "adopted him up and down, dyed in the wool; as fast as the law can do it. Why, I'd rather be the actual father of the white soul under his black skin than to acknowledge paternity of some white trash I've run across."

"You must have had strong reasons for doing this," I answered; "still, your business is your own, and it's not for me to adversely criticize your actions."

"Don't you think for a moment," he returned, "that I am callous to the opinions of my friends, and it is for this reason precisely that I am going to tell you the story, and I don't think that you, or any one else, could see wherein I could have done otherwise in all justice. What I tell you may sound Quixotic, but when you know that this boy was the means of saving me over forty thousand dollars, and a horse worth half as much more, with no other incentive than gratitude, and small occasion for it at that, you will per-

haps understand it all.

"It has been five years since the thing happened, and I have refrained from saying anything about the boy, because I wasn't sure how he was going to turn out, but I can show as neat a bit of gentleman in him as one would want to know. What! make a jockey out of him? Well, I don't think, not with the mind he's got. Why in the last five years I've had him at school, in Chicago; he has passed through every grade of the public and high schools, graduating only last week with the highest percentage ever turned out. That boy is going to put "M. D." after his name if it takes my last horse.

"You must excuse this long preamble, old fellow; but I must admit that I am apt to grow a bit garrulous whenever I get talking about him. However, here's the yarn.

"You remember the story I told you about Mediator's last race and the stable boy Jake, don't you? Yes! Well, it was five years ago this fall at Garfield Park, when this same Mediator was a three-year-old, and running the legs off from everything that came up against him, regardless of weights or any other old handicap the judges saw fit to impose, but it wasn't the least bit of use; you could not stop him with anything short of a bullet or a dose of poison, when he got going, and I reckon the owners of other horses came to the same conclusion—at least two of them did, as I subsequently ascertained; but I'm getting ahead of my story, so we'll call it a false start, and go back.

"The next race in which Mediator was entered promised to be a most exciting one; not because of the size of the purse (which was a big one) but on account of the entry of two new horses, Corrinthus and Invercand, of whom much had been heard and much was expected.

"In view of these new entries and the natural uncertainty as to the outcome, I was in hopes that Media-

tor would be held at a little longer odds than usual, and as I had the utmost confidence in his ability to win out, I was prepared to make a good clean up.

"The afternoon before the race I was on the track, when it occurred to me that I had forgotten to give some important instructions to my stable man, which required immediate attention, so I took out my note book, scribbled a few lines to him, and then looked about for a bearer. I noticed a ragged looking black boy peering through the pickets of the fence. I asked him if he knew where the Morrigan paddock was. He said he did, and I noticed that as he did so he raised his hand up to his brimless old straw hat.

"Take this note up to Mike, the stableman, then, and here! here's a dollar for you.

"I have never been able to figure out to this day what possessed me to give that boy a dollar, and I shall never give away another dollar or any amount of dollars with half the satisfaction I felt on hearing the little fellow's profuse thanks.

That evening I took a stroll among the down-town poolrooms to see how things were going and incidentally to drop into Boyd's for a steak and a chat. Well, while I was prepared to find Mediator at somewhat longer odds, I hardly understood why the two new horses should be hot favorites, while my horse seemed to be considered a skate at 3 to 1. This afforded me plenty of food for reflection; and the subsequent scraps of conversation which I overheard while eating my steak, which, by the way, seemed far below its usual standard of excellence sent me home to a restless bed.

"The next morning I again visited the poolrooms, and by George! the bottom seemed to have dropped plumb out of Mediator odds. However, I'd be hanged if I was going to crawfish, with what I considered the best end of it all through; so



I took five thousand dollars worth of him at 5 to 1.

I was making my way out of the crowd when I felt something pulling at my sleeve; I looked down, and recognized immediately the boy who had been my messenger the day before. He was all out of breath, and his eyes were as big as salt cellars as he half whispered:

"Ah's bin lookin' fer yer all mawnin', sah! Ah's got suthin' mighty ticular ter tell yer, sah."

"Well, what it is," I answered.

"He looked cautiously around and answered in a low tone: 'Ah kain't tell yer here, sah; don't yer know some place whare Ah kin tell yer on de quiet, sah?'"

"I took him around to a private room near by. I wish I could tell you the story he told me, in the exact darkey dialect he used; with the gestures and grimaces and intonation of voice, but I can't—no white man could—so I'll tell it briefly in my own way.

It seems that the boy was a waif, and had drifted up to Chicago from Memphis, and had been hanging about Garfield Park in the hope of getting employment, living in the meanwhile by picking up a penny here and there running errands. He had discovered a hole in the ground under the wall of my paddock, which some dog had scraped, probably, in pursuit of a rat, and by enlarging it a little he had been able to crawl through and sleep in the hay; concealing the hole with a piece of board when he came out in the morning.

It is perfectly marvelous how "wise" these boys, that hang about a race track, get to be, and there is little in the way of a trick or a job, that they are not on to.

So, when he was awakened during the night by someone fumbling at the padlock of the stable door, he knew instantly that something wrong was going on, and ran softly to the door and listened. He heard a low voice curse Mike for an Irish fool, for bringing the wrong key,

then, while Mike was evidently gone after the right key, he heard enough conversation between the two who remained to make him understand that they were going to give Mediator a shot.

You don't know what that means? Well I'll tell you. A strong solution of Hydrastated Colinthimus (by the way, don't you ever monkey with it) is injected with a hypodermic syringe just under the fetlock of the hind leg. The result of this, is to produce a constriction of the muscles of the ankle, which, while not enough to produce any visible lameness at once, still, is enough to ultimately knock any horse's chance of being of further use, except in an ice wagon.

What do you suppose this blessed boy did? what you nor I, nor fifty thousand other men would have done. He rapidly and as quietly as possible, unhitched Mediator's halter strap; backed him out, and then did the same for the horse in the next stall, which he led into, and tied in Mediator's place, then he tied Mediator in the other horse's place.

He had barely completed this exchange and was still in the stall by Mediator's head, when the door opened and the men came in, closing the door after them.

I wish you could have heard the boy tell this part, he said.

"Sho' enuff Mar's, Ah done tu'n white, an' mah teef rattle so Ah hatter hol' mah ha'id."

Presently the boy heard the horse in the next stall make a half dozen vicious kicks, and he knew the men had administered the dose, then they sneaked out, locking the door behind them, satisfied that they had done their work well.

After everything had grown quiet the boy returned the horses to their proper places and went to sleep again in the hay.

You may be sure that after hearing this, I lost no time in getting some more money into action, and also, that when that boy showed up

on the grounds in the afternoon he didn't wear that old straw hat either.

I never found out for sure, who it was that put up the job, for no threats would ever scare 'Mike' into giving them away, and as I did not care to have the truth known, I had to let the rascal get off scott free.

But I knew all that I wanted to, that afternoon, when I saw my gallant brown crack-a-jack show his heels to the pack of selling platers, who barely escaped being distanced,

as my youngster came walking under the wire.

Well that's all, except that I sold the horse that did get the dose, for twenty-five dollars, to a bottle and rag man, got as stiff as though he'd been hamstrung, always acts that way.

Heigh! ho! pretty near two o'clock is it? I tell you, although we racing men's time is pretty much filled up with excitement, there is yet room for a little romance now and again.

Well, good night, I'll introduce you sometime to Dr. Morrgan.

---

## GOVERNOR TAFT ON THE FILIPINO

---

**The Springfield (Mass.) Union says:**

**Out of 80,000,000 Only 500.**

The anti-imperialists are rejoicing greatly over the fact that some five hundred signatures have been obtained to the petitions to the National conventions of all political parties for a declaration in behalf of independence for the Filipinos. The population of the United States is nearly 80,000,000. Out of this vast number it is not at all surprising that half a thousand should be willing to declare themselves in favor of granting the Filipinos their ultimate independence. The number is hardly sufficient, however, to persuade any political party that serious consideration should be given those who remonstrate against the present Philippine policy.

Of many ridiculous things have the anti-imperialists been guilty, but they have never displayed

greater asininity than in this attempt to get the various political parties to commit themselves to this "ultimate independence" idea. What, if anything, does it mean? How can we determine to-day what the future of the Philippines will be? Who is to judge the capacity of the Filipinos to undertake the responsibilities and obligations of self-government? Ultimate independence may mean independence a century from now. Some people believe it will take at least that length of time before the Filipinos are competent to set up a government of their own; others insist that the Filipinos are to-day ready to organize and maintain a government and take their place in the family of nations. All that a declaration of "ultimate independence" could accomplish would be to throw the islands into a fresh turmoil, at least that is the opinion of Secretary Taft, and he ought to know, if anybody does."

















